

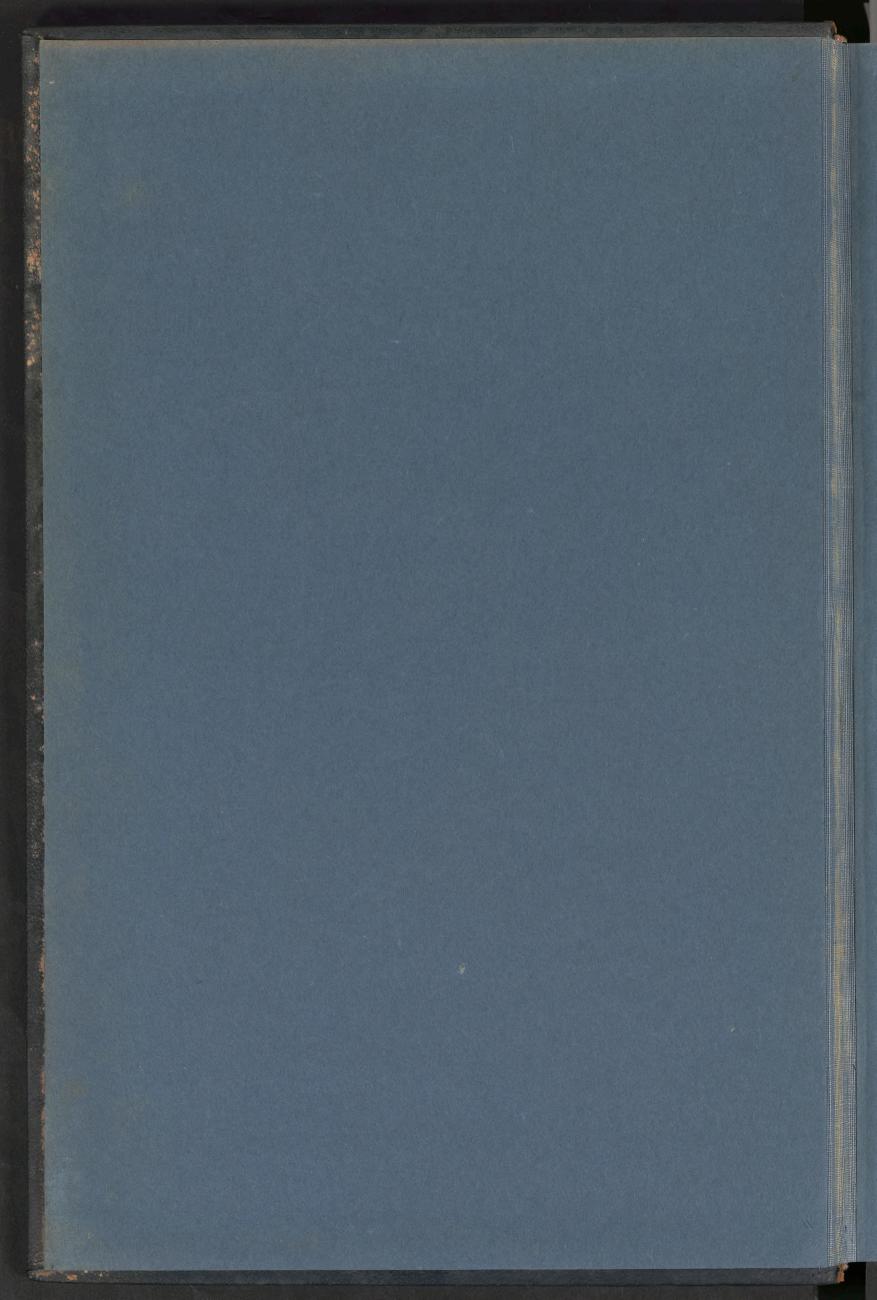
UNCENSORED WAR STORIES TOLD A RED CROSS WORKER

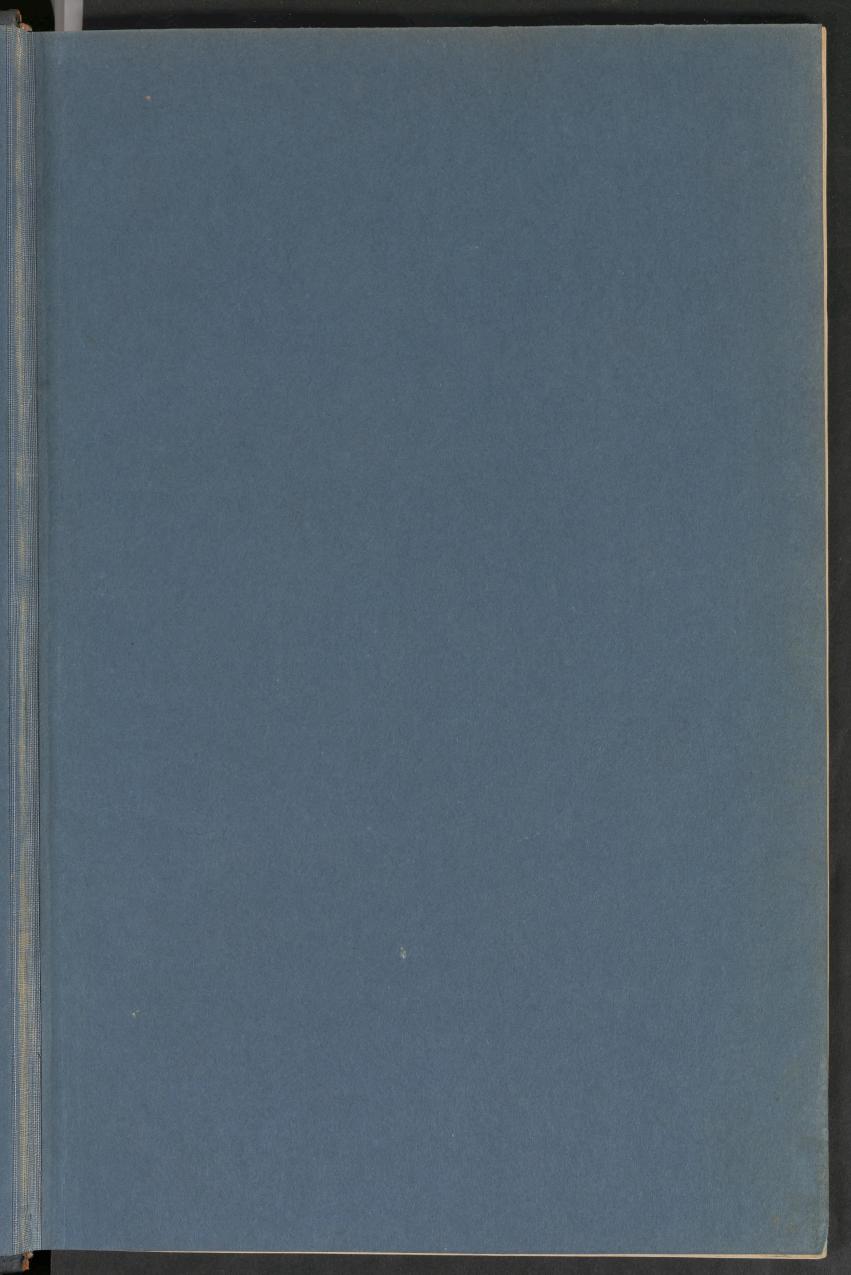
BY

EMMA WEST DURKEE

DEPARTMENT OF MILITARY RELIEF

AMERICAN RED CROSS







"THE AVENUE OF THE ALLIES"

After the Painting by Childe Hassam, 1918.

Five typewritten copies of this book have been made of which this is

NUMBER ONE

All the photographs except where otherwise indicated were taken by the author.

Emmallest Burker

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UNCENSORED WAR STORIES

TOLD

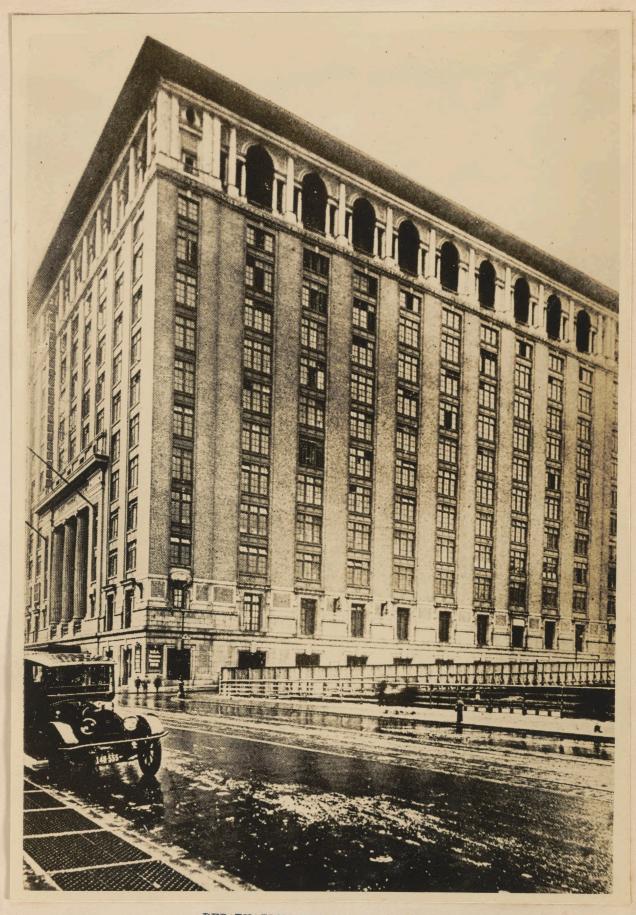
A RED CROSS WORKER

Ву

Emma West Durkee

Department of Military Relief American Red Cross

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DEBARKATION HOSPITAL NO. 5,

Grand Central Palace, Lexington Avenue and Forty-Sixth Street,

New York City.

To My Husband

COLONEL CHAUNCEY BENTON HUMPHREY

Infantry, United States Army,

One of the

Many Big-handed and Big-hearted Soldiers

Who "fit and won the War."

PREFACE

Three years spent as a Red Cross Ward-Worker in United States Army Hospitals during the Great War is an education in itself. Our National Army summoned men from all walks of life and from every part of the country for military service abroad. Those of us who were privileged to meet these returning veterans at the great Debarkation Hospitals, and later on in other military hospitals, were often able to help them out of difficult or trying situations that had arisen during their absence overseas. The adjusting of soldiers' problems brought to light countless little stories, many of which have already vanished from memory. Some of these stories threw interesting sidelights on the Army experiences or antecedents of the men themselves, others were amusing because of the quaint way in which they were told; a few were sorrowful.

Of the nineteen thousand men who passed through Debarkation Hospital No. 5, in New York, hundreds of them left with me a very clear impression of their personality. Even after a lapse of four years their faces and the stories which they told can be vividly recalled. Here are a few leaves, picked up in passing, that have fluttered from the book of their hearts. They have been gathered together as a little tribute to the many brave men who fought and suffered so gallantly "Over There."

E. W. D.

New York City, May 1, 1923.



RED CROSS HOSTESSES AND WARD-WORKER,

Mrs. John Ward Dunsmore,
Miss Emma West Durkee,
Mrs. Charles Dwight Reid, Junior.

CONTENTS The Grand Central Palace, New York City, as a Debarkation Hospital December, 1918, to July, 1919. The American Red Cross Staff at the Hospital. Stories about Some of the Patients: The arrival of Patients shipwrecked at Fire Island. Special foods for very sick men. A Theatre-party given for the whole Hospital. A Wedding in one of the Recreation Rooms. A Story about the 77th Division. Total Disabilities. Sergeant Bernard Decaux, 141st Regiment, 39th Division. Corporal Roy E. Richards, 79th Division. Private Roy Weeks, 110th Regiment, 28th Division. Chief Ollie Kinney, of the Mohawk Indians. A Boy in a Wheel-chair. Mrs. Brush, of New York, one of the Ward-workers. Sergeant John R. Breckenridge, 109th Field Artillery, 28th Division. Private Mike Chopich, 362nd Infantry, 91st Division. Private Skillman, Medical Corps. Men of the Engineer Corps. Men of the Tank Corps. How Major C. F. Neergaard, A. R.C., Came to the Rescue. Chaplain Conboy's Mass. Sergeant Clarence Nichols, Motor Transport Corps. "Souvinirs." Private J. Schuh, of the Intelligence Department. Sergeant Vernon Hendry, 353rd Infantry, 89th Division. Private Gaetano Orlando, 110th Infantry, 28th Division. Jewelry-making on the Twelfth Floor. A Sight-seeing Drive for Private Prince, 88th Division, and two of his Friends. Sergeant Jesse B. Wilmoth, from Edna, Kansas. Private Stanley Culver, Distinguished Cross, and Corporal Wirt Elliot, Croix de Guerre. Private John Belyew. Eight little Thumb-nail Sketches. * * * * * * A Few of the Colored Patients on the Twelfth Floor: Private Moses M. Ashley, and a Poem of his own Composition. Private Allen Ledoux, ex-Pullman car porter. New York Entertainments arranged for Colored Patients. The Story of a Negro Soldier. Private Eddie Giles and Miss Conde, Colored Ward-worker. Sergeant Clinton H. Wooding, 93rd Division, organist. Sentences taken from Letters received from Soldiers' Families by the Bureau of War-Risk Insurance at Washington. * * * * *

Letters of Major Chas. F. Neergaard, A.R.C., Field-Director of Debarkation Hospital Number 5, while designated for Duty with Troops on board the U.S.S. "Plattsburg."

The Share our Wounded had in five great New York Parades:

Parade of the 369th Infantry Regiment, "The Buffalos",

the 165th Infantry Regiment, United States Army; Parade of the 77th Division, or "Metropolitan Division", Brigadier-General Robert Alexander, in command;

Parade of the 1st Division, marching with General John J. Pershing.

"The Shadow Legion", by Garnett Laidlaw Eskew. Poem:

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A Collection of Unusual War Experiences:

The Diary of Lieutenant Robert Price, 1st Battalion Trench Artillery.

Colonel George Evans Stewart, Congressional Medal of Honors, Infantry, Commanding the American Expeditionary Forces sent to North Russia.

Captain Robert C. Snidow, Coast Artillery Corps, American Relief Expedition in Poland.

* * * * * *

Major-General Henry T. Allen, Commanding the American Forces in Germany.

UNITED STATES ARMY DEBARKATION HOSPITAL NO. 5, GRAND CENTRAL PALACE, NEW YORK CITY,

1918 - 1919.

SOME MEMBERS OF THE MEDICAL STAFF.

Man Harbons, Amer Mores Son

CHIEF X-RAY LABORATORY: Major W. H. Stewart.

CHIEF DENTAL CLINIC: Major William C. Fisher, Dental Corps.

Abranta L. A. Arench, Medical Corpe	
COMMANDING OFFICERS:	
Major William W. Conger, Medical Corps, U.S.A. LieutColonel P. W. Gibson, Medical Corps, U.S.A.	Street Floor.
ADJUTANTS: Major Lewis A. Walker, Medical Corps.	
Major Louis Albrecht, Medical Corps. Lieutenant Williamson, Medical Corps.	Street Floor.
PERSONNEL ADJUTANT:	Street Floor.
1st Lieutenant L. G. Lamar, Sanitary Corps.	pereer ricor.
QUARTERMASTER: 1st Lieutenant H. Andrews, Quartermaster Corps.	Street Floor.
COMMANDING OFFICER-DETACHMENT MEDICAL DEPARTMENT:	Minera Trace
1st Lieutenant V. B. Hirst, Medical Corps.	Fifth Floor.
COMMANDING OFFICERGUARD COMPANY: Lieutenant Arthur O'Neill, Quartermaster Corps.	Sixth Floor.
PROPERTY OFFICER: Captain J. H. Boyle, Sanitary Corps.	Second Floor.
MESS OFFICER: Lieutenant H. W. Mallow, Sanitary Corps.	Main Floor.
SUMMARY COURT OFFICER: 1st Lieutenant George A. Schwartz, Medical Corps.	Street Floor.
Captain Wallace A. Dunlap, Medical Corps.	Street Floor.
REGISTRAR: Lieutenant A. W. Pugh, Sanitary Corps.	Street Floor.
SANITARY OFFICER: Captain John D. Caldwell, Medical Corps.	Street Floor.
Captain L. A. Brewer, Medical Corps.	Third Floor.
CHIEF MEDICAL SERVICE: Major John E. Conboy, Medical Corps. Captain W. A. Lackey, Medical Corps.	Eleventh Floor
CHIEF LABORATORY: 1st Lieutenant Louis W. Smith, Jr.	Second Floor.

Third Floor.

Third Floor.

CHIEF NURSE: Miss C. W. Nuno, Army Nurse Corps.

Eleventh Floor.

TWELFTH FLOOR NURSES:

Miss Anna M. Zeilsdorf, Army Nurse Corps, Supervisor on twelfth floor; from Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Twelfth Floor.

Eighth Floor.

Miss Harkens, Army Murse Corps.

Miss Hester M. Dann, Army Nurse Corps; from Gloucester, Mass.

Miss Keough, Army Nurse Corps.

FLOOR EXECUTIVE--Third Floor. Captain L. A. Brewer, Medical Corps.

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FLOOR EXECUTIVE-Captain E. A. French, Medical Corps. Fourth Floor.

FLOOR EXECUTIVE--Captain F. W. S. Raiter, Medical Corps.

Seventh Floor.

FLOOR EXECUTIVE--Captain J. E. Hoyt, Medical Corps.

FLOOR EXECUTIVE-Minth Floor.

Captain E. W. Guilford, Medical Corps.

FLOOR EXECUTIVE--Tenth Floor. Captain E. L. Protzman, Medical Corps.

FLOOR EXECUTIVE--Eleventh Floor. Captain H. L. Kretschmer, Medical Corps.

FLOOR EXECUTIVE-1st Lieutenant G. H. Brady, Medical Corps. Twelfth Floor.

Chaplain (Captain) Thomas G. Conboy, U.S.A., Roman Catholic. Chaplain E. Ashley Gerhard, Protestant Episcopal. Chaplain Remsen B. Ogilby, Protestant Episcopal. Rabbi Brown, Jewish.

Supplied through the kindness of Major Charles F. Neergaard, A. R. C.

CHIEF NURSE: Miss C. W. Nuno, Army Nurse Corps.

Eleventh Floor.

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Miss Anna M. Zeilsdorf, Army Nurse Corps, Supervisor on twelfth floor; from Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Twelfth Floor.

Miss Harkens, Army Nurse Corps.

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Fourth Floor.

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Seventh Floor.

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Eighth Floor.

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Captain E. W. Guilford, Medical Corps.

Ninth Floor.

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Captain E. L. Protzman, Medical Corps.

Tenth Floor.

FLOOR EXECUTIVE--

Captain H. L. Kretschmer, Medical Corps.

Eleventh Floor.

FLOOR EXECUTIVE-

1st Lieutenant C. H. Brady, Medical Corps.

Twelfth Floor.

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Supplied through the kindness of Major Charles F. Neergaard, A. R. C.

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UNITED STATES ARMY DEBARKATION HOSPITAL NO. 5.

GRAND CENTRAL PALACE, NEW YORK CITY.

1918 - 1919.

SOME OF THE MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS ORGANIZATION.

Field Director:

Major Charles F. Neergaard.

Associate Field Directors:

Major Laurens R. Bowden, Home Service. Major Daniel F. Downs, Home Service.

Social Service Directors:

Miss Ellen Louise Adee (Mrs. Lorenzo Daniels).

Mrs. E. E. Risley.

Mrs. Charles F. Neergaard.

Miss Florence Harvey.

Assistant Field Directors:

Captain Wm. H. Wild, Banking.

Captain Philip La Montagne, Outside Recreation.

Captain William S. McCay, Educational Employment.
Captain William S. Edgar, Educational Employment

and Evacuation.

Captain Joseph Balaban, Educational Employment

and Evacuation.

Captain Arthur H. Meyers, Fraternal Organizations.

Captain Henry M. Post, Entertainments.

Captain Henry E. Stephens, Inside Entertainment. Captain William Westerfield, Medical Corps Men.

Lieutenant Fremont Peck.

Lieutenant E. V. Frothingham.

Lieutenant Julian Myrick.

Lieutenant Paul Williams.

Lieutenant Edwin Bigelow.

Evenings and Sundays.

Bureau of Information and Advice on

Compensation and War Risk Insurance:

Major George C. Beach, Assistant Field Director.

Allow Pander, fork Hideaning to Liberate.

Searchers:

Six official Red Cross Searchers.

Social Service Nurse:

Miss Alice Conover, Army Nurse Corps.

Red Cross Supply Room:

Miss Marion E. Graham, Director.

Head Guide:

Miss Burritt.

Some two hundred guides.

Information Desk at Entrance:

Miss Katherine McHale, in charge.

Miss Carter, Assistant.

Entertainment Desk: Miss Adele Bull.

Telegrams and Stamps:

Miss Katherine Morton.

Interior Decorating:

Mrs. Samuel Adams Clark.

American Library Association:

Miss Alice Bunting, Chief Librarian. Miss Ina Rankin, Assistant Librarian.

Sterilizing Room: Miss Fannie Myers, Army Nurse Corps, Director.
Mrs. Bruce Clark.

Mrs. Gordon Grant. Mrs. Arthur Voegtlin.

Mrs. Hamilton Fish Benjamin.

Mrs. Andrew Knox.

Mrs. Andrew Knox.

Mrs. Richard Armstrong.

Miss Marion Bloomingdale.

Clerical and Stenographic Force:

Miss Mildred Jelley, Director.

Secretaries to Field Directors:

Miss Eleanor H. Means.) Major Neergaard. Miss Eleanor H. Means.
Miss Margaret Bretz.
Miss Ranch.
Miss Sherburne.

(Major Downs.

Corporal Samuel Fieldman, Athletics. Orderlies:

Corporal Adolph Sharpell, for Major Neergaard.

Corporal Maurice Barry, for Captain Arthur H. Meyers.

Mr. Peck, in charge. Canteen:

Miss Sadie Rattigan. Coat-Room:

Some of the Ward-Workers and Hostesses:

Mrs. Foote.

Mrs. Robert J. Turnbull.

Mrs. Charles Thomas Payne.
Mrs. Castle.

Mrs. de Gersdorff.

Mrs. Thomas J. Preston (Mrs. Grever Cleveland).

Mrs. Frederick Martin Davies.

Miss Helen Bradish (Mrs. William Walton Rixey).

Miss Emma West Durkee.

Miss Isabel Stettinius (Mrs. John B. Marsh).

Mrs. Moses Taylor Pyne.

Mrs. Logan, 4th floor.

Miss Alida Carter (Mrs. William M. Agar).

Miss Margaret S. Carson (Mrs. Henry C. Holt).

Mrs. Henry P. Wherry.

Miss Augusta de Peyster.

Mrs. J. P. Hallihan (634 West 135th Street).

Miss Aileen Jacobs, from Pasadena, California.

Miss Louise Redding (S.C.D.)

Miss Jean Cobb (Left to go to Washington).

Mrs. McMurrich.

Miss Scholle.

Mrs. Humbert.

Mrs. Edwin O. Holter.

Miss Clara Simon.

Miss Murchison.

Miss Simmons.

Miss Twohey.

Some of the Ward-Workers and Hostesses - Continued: Mrs. Johnson. Miss McClaine. Miss Cutler. Miss Folsom. Mrs. Mapes. Miss Seager. Miss Higgins. Mrs. Lewis. Miss Braverman. Mrs. Louis Neilson. Mrs. Dell. Mrs. Nathalie Stewart. Mrs. Gough. Miss Helen Wood. Mrs. S. Baldwin. Mrs. William Barnum. Miss Kimball. Mrs. Gillette. Mrs. Bakewell. Mrs. Cassidy. Mrs. Robb. Miss Hunter (Colonia). Mrs. Roberts. Mrs. Murray Dodge. Miss Gage. Mrs. Babcock. Miss Templeton. Miss de Zaldo. Miss Bartruff. Mrs. Aldridge. Miss Ehrmann. Mrs. Torrance. Mrs. Hartshorne. Miss Scoville. Mrs. Moffatt. Mrs. Bartlett. Mrs. Arnold Wood (Resigned). Miss Goddard. Mrs. Barclay (Ill). Miss Churchill. Miss Robbins. Mrs. Ells. Mrs. Hoagland. Mrs. Rogers. Mrs. Barstow. Miss Jones. Miss Smith. Mrs. Wessel. Mrs. Haskins. Mrs. F. K. Hollister. Miss Walton. Mrs. Martin. Miss Ashwell. Miss Peabody. Miss Delafield. Mrs. R. Martin. Miss Simon (Mrs. Haas). Miss Keep. Mrs. Castles. Mrs. Brush. Miss Baker. Mrs. Robbins. Miss Dow. Miss Wainwright.
Miss Allen. Miss Young. Miss Buckley. Mrs. Huntington. Mrs. Dixon. Miss Henry. Mrs. Kittredge. Mrs. Hamilton. Mrs. Colbrun. Mrs. John Carson. Mrs. Baldwin (S.C.D.). Mrs. Sidenberg. Mrs. Bishop (East View). Mrs. Bisnop (Last View).

Mrs. Thomas (Ill).

Mrs. Fitzograld.

Miss Ludlow (Colonia). Miss Iselin. Miss Dowling. Mrs. Leonard Brown. Mrs. Sturges. Mrs. McLean. Miss Wise. Mrs. Templeton.

100

Miss Winant.

Mrs. Sam Fuller.

Miss Haskell.

Miss Eberhart.

Mrs. Candee.

Mrs. Nash.

Miss Louise Harkness.

Supplied through the kindness of Major and Mrs. Charles F. Neergaard, American Red Cross.

Mrs. Putnam.

Mrs. Archer.

Miss Connett.

Mrs. Traitell (S.C.D.)

Mrs. Lloyd Williams.

Miss Condé, colored. Mrs. Stewart, colored.



TROOPS DEBARKING FROM A TRANSPORT.

(Copyright, 1919, by The New York Times Company.)

Dermond T. B. Eronemon, that Division. (a tempore of Concession Registra).

Composed O'Relies, let Amy Desirement Are Springriald, Save.

UNITED STATES ARMY DEBARKATION HOSPITAL NO. 5.

GRAND CENTRAL PALACE, NEW YORK CITY,

December 22, 1918 to June 15, 1919.

1st Sergeant Charles L. Setty, Motor Transport Corps, (regular Army during 18 years).

1st Sergeant Card, Machine Gun Co., 325th Infantry, 89th Division.

Sergeant Allbright, Distinguished Service Cross, 5th Division.

Sergeant Lucas Weeks, 23rd Engineers, from Dennison, Iowa; fought in Argonne and at Dun-sur-meuse.

Sergeant Bernard Decaux (Decko), 141st Regiment, 39th Division; from New Orleans, Louisiana.

Sergeant John R. Breckenridge, Medical Corps, 109th Field Artillery, 28th Division; from Kingston, Pennsylvania.

Sergeant Walter Weir, afterward at Camp Upton and Fox Hills.

Sergeant James A. Daugherty, 301st Tank Corps.

Sergeant Pengra, 89th Division.

Sormoral Came. Mercital

Sergeant Worthington, 353rd "All Kansas" Infantry Regiment, 89th Division; from Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Sergeant Vernon Hendry, 353rd Infantry, 89th Division; from Kingman, Kansas; psychologist.

Sergeant Cloyd Sanford, 345th Field Artillery, 90th Division.

Sergeant James Shaw, 82nd Division; from Dallas, Texas.

Sergeant Henry Bojer Staples, Quartermaster Corps, U.S.A.; from Bangor, Maine.

Sergeant Clarence Nicholls, Motor Transport Corps, from Ogdensburg, New York. Sergeant William Howell, (Mess Sergeant), 141st Infantry, 36th Division, (thirty years in old regular Army).

Sergeant John Kirk, of Kansas City, Missouri.

Sergeant J. C. Dale.

Sergeant Herman Ruh.

Sergeant Albert O. Weller, (English).

Sergeant William G. Terrell, 116th Infantry, 29th Division; from Pennsylvania.

Sergeant Jesse B. Wilmoth, Military Police, from Edna, Kansas.

Sergeant Gregory, 145th Infantry, 37th Division, from Cleveland, Ohio.

Sergeant Moyer, 130th Infantry, 33rd Division.

Corporal Wirt J. Elliot, Croix de Guerre with Star, 2nd Brigade, 52nd Division, French Tank Corps, (Schneider and Renault Tanks); from Billingham, Washington.

Corporal Angelo Biscardi, Croix de Guerre with Star, Company D, 4th Infantry, 3rd Division, from Kenosha, Wisconsin.

Corporal Edelman, Croix de Guerre, 301st Heavy Tanks, with 27th and 30th Divisions.

Corporal Wildred Tournelle, from Boston, Mass.

Corporal A. G. Erskine, Despatch Rider, Company O, 24th Engineers; (wounded at Luxembourg).

Corporal Roy E. Richards, 79th Division; from Berwick, Pennsylvania.

Corporal Hill, 322nd Infantry, 81st Division.

Corporal Kurtz, 37th Division; from Illinois.

Corporal Oakes, (looks Irish).

Corporal Hersch, Jewish.

Corporal Dotson Scruggs, 313th Engineers, 88th Division; from St. Louis. Missouri, Railroad Fireman and Engine Driver.

Corporal T. B. Krouskup, 42nd Division, (a teacher of Commercial English).

Corporal O'Brien, 1st Army Engineers; from Springfield, Mass.

Corporal E. M. Buston, 101st Infantry, 26th Division. Corporal Harry Schaeffer, Signal Corps, 4th Division.

Corporal Max V. Rothrock, 120th Infantry, 30th Division, from Spartansburg, South Carolina.

Corporal Curtis Wood, 329th Infantry, 83rd Division (Company Cook); formerly a butcher; from Berry, Alabama.

Corporal John L. Miller, Company E, 316th Infantry, 79th Division; from Leona, Pennsylvania.

Corporal Camp, Hospital Unit T, unattached.

Corporal Hill, 322nd Infantry, 81st Division.

Corporal Walter J. Reedy, 5th Division Engineers, 1st Army.

Corporal William R. Padgett, Company B, 16th Infantry, 1st Division.

Corporal H. W. Russell, 55th Infantry, 7th Division; from Beardstown, Illinois.

Corporal Arthur Bentley, 11th Company, Aerial Gunners' School, Air Service. Corporal James F. Wiedenbauer, Mechanic; French Artillery of Assault Renault

Tanks, Advanced Sector. Corporal C. C. Bierman, 72nd Engineers; from Springfield, Illinois.

Corporal Helton, 83rd Division. Chief (Private) Ollie Kinney -- Indian Chief -- , Service of Supplies, Quartermaster Corps, from Belleaire, Ohio.

Mechanic Charles Wert, 32nd Division.

Mechanic Charles Floyd.

Wagoner Emmet Brophy, 2nd Division.

Wagoner Robert C. Barrett, Supply Company, 117th Infantry, 30th Division, from Churchill, Tennessee.

Private Stanley Culver, Distinguished Service Cross, runner, 314th Infantry, 79th Division, from Town Hill, Pennsylvania.

Private Frederick Peterson, 8th Coast Artillery, 1st Army Corps; from the Bronx, New York City.

Private Richard Johnson.
Private Raymond J. Bowers.

Private Masetti, Infantry, 32nd Division.

Private Lela C. Strickland, 313th Field Artillery, 80th Division, Teamster; from Cottonwood, Alabama. Private Levi, Infantry, 78th Division.

Private W. J. Shea, Railroads.
Private Martin, Railroads.

Private Harms, Infantry, 33rd Division.

Private Charles Pleia, 7th Division.

Private Melanson, 26th Division.

Private King, 78th Division.

Private Francis, Railroad Transportation Corps.

Private George P. Farnoll, Evacuation Ambulance Company 16, S.S.U.; from Detroit, Michigan.

Private de Lucca.

Private George Thomson.

Private Bill Davis.

Private Louis Deanowski.

Private C. C. Grantham.

Private Angelo Provenzano.

Private Louis Bastedo - "Son L.B."

Private Fred Vogt.

Private Charles Morrell.

Private Robert White.

Private Henry Seubert.

Private Christopher Crosby.

Private John Herman.

Private J. C. Wiles.

Private Morris C. Vaterna, Gosphany I. 18th Industry, let Divisions

Private Malcolm Scruggs, Cousin of Dotson Scruggs.

Private Kaphart.

Private John Sroka.

Private Forstner, 301st Heavy Tank Corps, 1st Battalion; with 27th and 30th Divisions.

Private John Belyew; from Big Sandy, Tennessee.

Private Masterson, 26th Division; from Dorchester, Mass.

Private Gowey (formerly Sgt.)

Private Mike Chopich, 362nd Infantry, 91st Division (Serbian); from Birmingham Canyon, Utah.

Private Roy Weeks, 110th Infantry, 28th Division.

Private Gaetano Orlando, 110th Infantry, 28th Division.

Private d'Orsay. Air Service.

Private Pace, (born in Turin, Italy).

Private Homan (German accent).

Private William A. Stout, (nice type of American country boy).

Private Russell, from Massachusetta.

Private J. Shuh, Intelligence, Base Censor's Office in Paris.

Private Edward J. Stell, 104th Sanitary Train, 29th Division; from Omaha, Nebraska.

Private Thornburg, Quartermaster Corps, Advanced Sector Insignia.

Private Johnson, 26th Division.

Private Stillman, Infantry, 79th Division, from Brooklyn, (young, snow-white hair).

Private Raymond McCarthy, 144th Infantry, 36th Division; from Fort Worth, Texas.

Private Max Keefer, 9th Infantry, 2nd Division; from Texas.

Private Jones, Infantry, 33rd Division.

Private Morris, Infantry, 35rd Division.

Private Parker, 5th Division.

Private Paulk, lat Army.

Private Thermiel, Advanced Sector Insignia; from Boston, Mass.

Private Robbins, Infantry, 32nd Division.

Private Klein Schmidt, Infantry, 32nd Division.

Private William Jackson, 35th Division.

Private Gaetano Dinatello, 306th Infantry, 77th Division; from Buffalo, New York; at Camp Upton, February, 1918.

Private R. J. Prindle, Section Sanitaire des Etats-Unis - saw entry into Strassburg and Metz.

Private Charles Porter ("Slim"), 36th Division; from Dallas, Texas.

Private Frank T. Maher, 326th Infantry, 82nd Division.

Private Kelby, Machine Gun Company, 36th Division; from Dallas, Texas.

Private George Lewis, 51st Pioneer Infantry; from Hartford, Conn. (Organist).

Private Poos.

Private Robert Dyer.

Private Robert Wells.

Private John D. Nicholls.

Private Paul Cogdal.

Private Charles Lembke.

Private Ted Villines.

Private Prince, Infantry, 88th Division, Mountaineer.

Private Joseph E. Prince, 141st Infantry, 36th Division.

Private James Morris, 167th Infantry, 42nd Division; from Alabama.

Private Ray Gladsom, 348th Machine Gun Battalion, 91st Division.

Private James Pinkney Allbrookes, 30th Division.

Private Conrad Bletter, Company A, 306th Infantry, 77th Division, from Portland, Oregon.

Private, 1st Class, Robert Gamble, Company F, 1st Gas Regiment, Chemical Warfare Service; from Los Angeles, California (gassed).

Private Charles Ross, Company F, 58th Infantry, 4th Division.

Private H. B. Vanscoy, despatch rider, Army of Occupation.

Private F. V. Paterno, 41st Division; from California.

Private Morris C. Watson, Company I, 18th Infantry, 1st Division. Private Wayne P. Smith, 29th Division; from Newark, New Jersey.

Private Robert M. Rogers.

Private Claude Gaines, cook; Brigade Headquarters, 306th Tank Corps; from Kansas City, Missouri.

Private Ben Gann, 7th Infantry, 34th Division; from Groesbeck, Texas. Private Frank K. Harrison, Company I. 9th Infantry; 2nd Division; from Bayridge, New York City.

Private Geesman, 34th Infantry, 7th Division; from Philadelphia, Pa.

Private Curti, Army of Occupation; from Pittsfield, Mass.

Private Townsend, 33rd Division; from Orlando, West Va.

Private Strike, 33rd Division, Army of Occupation; from Cedar Rapids, Iova. Private Dezinas, 3rd Division, Army of Occupation; from Jackson, Michigan. Private Albert W. Edwards, 168th Infantry, 42nd Division, Army of Occupation; from Charleston, Watsatch County, Utah.

Private Frank Harrington, 301st Tank Corps; from Westport, Minn.

Private James Harrington, 309th Infantry, 78th Division.

Private Kirkenbarr, 36th Division; from Gainsville, Texas.

Private William M. Petty, 119th Infantry, 32nd Division; from Omaha, Nebraska.

Private Wertz, Motor Transport Corps.

Private Nicholas di Stasio, Company E, 306th Infantry, 77th Division; from Bath Beach, Brooklyn.

Private Custer Hunter, Muleteer, 30th Division; sent to General Hospital No. 6, Fort McPherson, Ga.

Private Mortimer Burger, Artillery, 1st Army; from Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Private John R. Anderson, Company H, 101st Infantry, 26th Division.

Private M. M. Harr, Company L, 168th Infantry, 42nd Division.
Private Charles E. Moore, 3rd Battalion, 308th Field Artillery, 78th Division. Private Murlin C. Smith, Military Police, 36th Division; from Hubbard City, Texas.

Private Heider, 26th Infantry, 1st Division.

Private Hilbert, 302nd Engineers, 77th Division.

Private George W. Austin, Company F, 327th Infantry, 82nd Division; from Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Private Ralph C. Beard, 26th Division: from Framingham, Mass.

Colored.

Sergeant Clinton H. Wooding, 372nd Infantry, 93rd Division; from Washington, (Organist).

Private Murphy.

Private Eddie Giles, Labor Battalion.

Private James D. Ridout, Signal Corps, 19th Infantry (Telephone Operator); from Baltimore, Maryland.

Private Robert Burns, 344th Labor Battalion, 2nd Division.

Private Israel Green ("Izregree").

Private Allen Ledoux, of the Waggon-lits.

Private Illargh Dillard, 327th Infantry, 87th Division, from St. Angelo, Calif. Private Henry Haward, 857 Tank Corps (?).

The second of the second control related to the second control of UNCENSORED WAR STORIES ter servit or emperation of the opening or all cleanes of patings for A RED CROSS WORKER BY and come of the patients and provided by as the respital. The Red Dross, indeed, Emma West Durkee residence and representations are an extense home, the recentsference and Department of Military Relief

American Red Cross American Red Cross 24 1 35 2 7 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 --- 000000--- Table 0 apan 120 120 apan has so large to that it the great Develyterial Hospital of New York. In

UNITED STATES ARMY DEBARKATION HOSPITAL NO. 5, Grand Central Palace, New York City. make, becomes alterests out a tentropolarie alt. In a expecte of presenting, their throat-onlines day takes the law acceptance or other integrities the RECOLLECTIONS

Of An AMERICAN RED CROSS HOSTESS. * took of this were also to walk, es for bullo-eque luctus es affice es veto all these man had for some two last department from their regiments their more two pages and at this altribute Sciences Lowe the to composite their electrica one to just that the their like at the the United States Army Debarkation Hospital No. 5 was opened in New York on December 22, 1918, at the Grand Central Palace, a huge twelve-story loft and exhibition building situated near the Grand Central Station. This building was taken by the Government at a rental of \$360,000 a year, and adapted to use as a military hospital by the installation of the very finest medical equipment obtainable. The fire-proof construction of the building, which covers an entire city block, its location near Park Avenue, light and air on all four sides, ample elevator facilities, and many other advantages made it the most attractive war-hospital in the city. Our Debarkation Hospitals, as their name implies, were primarily intended for the reception of overseas patients immediately on landing from the transports. They served as way-stations and clearing-houses for all classes of patients: for the patient who had almost completely recovered and was on the point of receiving his discharge from the Army, and for the gravely sick or wounded whose convalescence might be a matter of many months. Everything necessary for the physical care of the patients was provided by the Army, but much remained to be done for their comfort and happiness, and this was undertaken by Red Cross workers serving at the hospital. The Red Cross, indeed. was recognized by the hospital staff as a necessary part of the Army organization, and it undertook the social service work, the welcome home, the entertainment, and the handling of many of the soldiers' problems. These workers had been trained and assigned to the different Army hospitals by the Department of Military Relief of the American Red Cross. Debarkation Hospital No. 5 was a wonderful building, capable of caring for 3,400 to 5,000 patients. Wards filled the ten upper stories, and each floor had its own mess-hall and Red Cross Recreation Room. The capacity of each floor alone was nearly twice as large as that of the great Presbyterian Hospital of New York. On the main floor were located the Reception Room, Chaplains' office, Red Cross Executive Offices and Supply Room; a complete theatre, which served on Sundays as a chapel, and the hospital's huge kitchen and dependencies. The ambulance platform where patients arrived, and the Receiving-Ward, were also located on this floor. When ambulances reached the hospital with their precious burden of sick and wounded, litter-cases were sent directly up to the wards. Ambulatory patients passed through railed-off spaces in the Receiving-Ward, and their names with other essential data were entered on slips, duplicates of which were supplied for the big index at the information desk on the ground floor, to which visiting parents applied for passes to see the returning veterans. They were required to check whatever they had of value. Most of the men had brought with them little souvenirs of no great intrinsic worth, but they were greatly attached to mementoes collected during their stay abroad. Many a doughboy arrived who had difficulity in getting about on crutches though this did not prevent him from bringing home surprising souvenirs which were often rather heavy. The next step in the admission ceremony, was when the patients removed all their clothing, which was immediately sent down to the sterilizer. A few days later, indeed as soon as possible, each man was fitted out with another uniform that had been mended and pressed and made as nearly new as possible. During their brief stay in the Receiving-Ward, each man's condition was quickly diagnosed, and the doctors in attendance assigned him to the proper ward. Every

patient was carefully examined for the presence of "cooties", and, if necessary, he was disinfected; in some cases his hair was even sheared or shaved. All those able to take them were given hot and cold baths in the shower room, where they apparently loved to linger luxurating in an abundance of hot water and soap. They next passed into the dressing-room where they were given pajamas, socks, bed-room slippers and a handkerchief. And, as a measure of precaution, their throat-cultures were taken for fear of diptheria or other infectious diseases before going upstairs to the wards.

Throughout the stay of the patients in the Receiving Ward Red Cross men were on hand to help those unable to dress themselves or to manage their baths alone, and when they emerged in the main hall with wet hair and shinning faces, they were met by Red Cross women who welcomed them and piloted them to their floors. As soon as fresh uniforms were re-issued to them they were given passes for twelve-hour leaves as often as they desired if they were able to walk. As all these man had for some time been detached from their regiments their service-records had been left behind, and the only way out of this difficult situation was to pay them on their own affidavits. They Pay-Masters office at the Debarkation Hospital was so well administered that this took but a short while to do, and our patients came and went much of the time almost as freely as civilians. In the matter of leaves the Hospital gave permission for absence as often as possible, but those who went "A.W.O.L.", that is, were absent without leave, were sent, when they returned to a special ward known as the Guard House, at the door of which an armed sentry stood day and night.

The report from the Debarkation Hospitals showed that the death rate was less than one percent of the patients received, notwithstanding the fact that many of the cases landed in a critical condition and that the influenza epidemic had not yet been conquered. The men arrived in groups of 50 to 1300 twice or thrice a week. Their stay at the New York debarkation hospitals generally lasted about a week, and as soon as possible they were sent on to the special and base hospitals nearest to their homes for further treatment or discharge. The efficiency with which the patients were received and evacuated was really remarkable. The largest number of patients received in any one day at the Grand Central Palace was 1,328. Of this number 1,106 arrived late one afternoon and yet they were in bed in less than four hours. Their valuables had been checked, their histories recorded, fresh hospital garments supplied, and every man had taken a bath. According to the Commanding Officer of the Hospital, Colonel Paul W. Gibson, Medical Corps, United States Army, and the Adjutant, Major Lewis A. Walker, Medical Corps, as many as 1,100 evacuations were sometimes made in 24 hours.

Furnishing amusements for these men, all in more or less critical condition, was undertaken by the Red Cross and the records of the work doen by this organization at the Grand Central Palace shows the splendid way in which they City welcomed our newly returned soldiers. The Stage Women's War Relief had built a complete theatre in the Hospital, and from its opening until the last night not an evening passed without some sort of entertainment. For those men who were too ill to go to the theatre, entertainers visited the wards, usually at least half a dozen wards each night, and bed-patients from neighboring wards were brought in to share them. Moving pictures were successfully thrown on the ceiling for the benefit of those men who could not be propped up in bed.

There were invitations galore to dinners and luncheons for the men who were able to go about. Much of the time the guests went on crutches. Our records showed that no less than 14,500 dinners were given to the patients by patriotic New Yorkers. For example, Mr. John McE. Bowman entertained 2,000 sick and wounded at one time at a dinner which he arranged for them at the Biltmore Hotel.

Among the amusements which the hospital could always count on were 50 tickets available every day for a ride on the sightseeing yacht which made a trip around the Island of Manhattan. During the base-ball season 50 tickets a day were sent to the hospital for the games; and two or three huge sightseeing buses came each day to take crowds of our boys on trips about the city. The buses were donated usually by The Red Cross Shop or by The Knights of Columbus and were decorated with the devises of these organizations. Hundreds

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of private individuals lent their automobiles for sight-seeing tours, and the records show that 12,000 rides were thus provided. Theatrical managers were layish in their gifts of tickets and 4,500 of them were distributed among the men.

The Red Cross Home Service did a tremendous work at Debarkation Hospital No. 5. Many of the returning soldiers had gotten out of touch with their families while overseas. Often the families of the men had moved and letters telling of their change of address had not been received. The Home Service had worked out a marvelous system for getting the soldier again into communication with his loved ones. The Red Cross also maintained a well stocked store-room which supplied the sick and convalescent with a great many things essential to their comfort.

Everything possible in the way of medical care was done by the Army for the welfare and recovery of the patients, but to the lay mind the problem of feeding these large numbers of men was not always taken into account, and yet in this the Government, or more especially one of the officers at the hospital, was remarkable. At the Grand Central Palace, Lieutenant H. W. Mallow, furnished three meals to each patient for the modest sum of 58 cents a day and deserved great praise for the abundance and variety that his menus boasted. The menu for one day follows:

BREAKFAST

Fresh Fruit. Tomato and Rice Soup. Oatmeal. Pot Roast and Spaghetti. Milk. Broiled Potatoes. Sugar. Peas. Scrambled Eggs.

Toast and Butter.

Coffee.

Coffee.

Pudding.

Bread and Butter.

Coffee.

SUPPER

Creamed Chicken. Celery.

Mashed Potatoes. Butter Beats. Stewed Apricots Bread and Butter. Ice Cream.

One may feel that the menu looks all right, but there may be a question as to the amount of food that went into it. That doubt can easily be disposed of by a glance at the order-slip for that day, when there were only 1,500 pat-

> 1,500 oranges. 1,500 apples. 180 pounds catmeal. 150 quarts milk. 1,000 loaves bread. 60 pounds coffee.
> 90 pounds butter. 2,250 pounds potatoes.

45 ten-pound cans of tomatoes. 750 grapefruit. 750 pounds sugar. 750 pounds beef. 375 pounds chicken. 45 bunches colors 800 pounds sugar. 45 bunches celery. 375 pounds spaghetti. 15 pounds tea. 45 pounds tapioca. 150 pounds apricots. 120 pounds jam. 75 quarts ice-cream.

The ten mess-halls, one on each floor, were supplied from a huge central kitchen on the main floor, everything being carried up by elevators in what were practically fireless cookers. The food arrived just as hot as when it left the stove. All the patients who were well enough went to the mess-halls on their respective floors and returned to their wards and to the Red Cross Recreation Rooms with approving comments on the meal that they had just been given. For those who were not able to take the ordinary fare six diet-kitchens for the preparations of special foods were managed by a staff of dietitians.

On each floor of the hospital where there were wards a group of twelve or more Red Cross women, specially trained as hostesses and ward-workers, who were members of the Home Communication Service of the Department of Military Relief, and who looked after the welfare and social needs of the men. The ward-workers distributed all sorts of small convenient things, provided by their organization to patients who needed them, and the hostesses presided over the Recreation Rooms furnished by the Red Cross on every floor. These rooms served as living-rooms for patients unable to leave the hospital and in them the patients could receive the friends who came there to see them. A billiard-table, player-plane, many comfortable willow-chairs and sofas upholstered in pretty blue and pink cretonne, with curtains to match, long writing-tables, games of many sorts, and flowering plants made these rooms delightful.

One of the many pleasant duties of the Red Cross women on each floor was to share in welcoming newly arrived patients. As soon as they emerged from the elevators all the hostesses and ward-workers who could be spared came eagerly forward to greet them with smiles and proffers of fruit and cigarettes.

Each man was asked to send a telegram or message home, for we all realized the joy such a message would bring to the patient's family or friends. Generally these telegrams were couched in much the same terms. Nearly always the wording was: "Just arrived, feeling fine" -- even though the patient was recovering from some fearful wound. Another type of message, however, occurred with amusing frequency: "Broke as usual, wire fifty dollars at once." This "broke as usual" telegram led to quiet enquiry on the part of hospital Red Cross men, who found that although the soldiers had received \$30.00 each when they sailed from France, very many had gambled and lost it all on the trip home. Certain men, however, had fared better, for we heard of one, at least, who had amassed as much as \$1500 on the voyage; others had accumulated several hundreds of dollars which they sent their families by telegraph.

Perhaps the most thrilling experience for all those who served at Debarkation Hospital No. 5 was our opening day. Murses, doctors, surgeons, pharmacists, corps-men, cooks, butchers, bakers, even the fire-men, were on edge with expectation and excitement. It was a tremendous, eagerly awaited moment when the first ambulances backed up to the door of our Receiving-Ward, bringing the vanguard of several hundred patients who arrived on the S.S. Mongolia" three days before Christmas. Among them were both ambulatory and litter-cases. They emerged from the elevators at the floors to which they had been assigned, their faces shiny with soap and hot water, and their hair still wet from the recent bath. These men, like those who followed them, still felt the motion of the ship.

Just at first the Army's arrangements for providing thousands of men with fresh clothing from top to toe in a day or two was not working as smoothly as a few weeks later. Our first patients were obliged to spend Christmas at the Grand Central Palace, as it was impossible for men, clad only in hospital garments, to leave the building, even though they might be in very fair physical condition. To many this was a bitter blow, but to most of them it was a splendid Christmas for all that. The Red Cross looked after everything. There were green wreaths and garlands of ground-pine throughout the building, real Christmas-trees in each of the ten recreation-rooms, and especially in wards where the very sick men lay.

On Christmas morning Red Cross socks filled with fruits and presents, canes and sweaters, were on each patient's bed, and all of the hospital staff were remembered. The doctors, those gorgeous, haughty beings, smiled at the canes and fruit given them, and our nurses received appropriate gifts. What effort and fatigue all this entailed on members of the Red Cross staff must have been exper-

ienced to be fully appreciated. The hospital had opened three weeks before schedule at the urgent request of the War Department in order to receive 774 patients from the U.S.S. "Mongolia" and on Christmas Eve itself 1500 more patients arrived unexpectedly. Our opportunities for service were unlimited. None of those who were there will ever forget that strenuous Christmas day.

Very early in the morning the famous choir from St. Thomas's Church went singing from ward to ward through the great twelve-story building. Afterward there were lovely services in the Chapel and at noon a sumptuous Christmas dinner was served with reast turkey, mince-pie, plum-pudding and everything! Of

course it was not "home" but it was the next best thing.

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One New York boy, however, was bent on spending Christmas with his family. It was too maddening to be really in New York, some twenty blocks from his father's house, and not to be able to leave the hospital for lack of uniform. He tried every wile imaginable without success. He could, of course, telephone his people and Christmas Eve he was downstairs awaiting their coming. A big limousine drew up before the hospital entrance, the boy flew out onto the sidewalk in his pajama-suit and bath-gown, leaped into the car and was off, with his father's over-coat around him. Such behavior on the part of a soldier — absence without leave during war-time — was a serious offense. The boy, however, spent Christmas with his parents and returned to the hospital the next day, still wearing the bath-robe and pajamas. He said that to him it had been well worth the Guard -house or Court-martial.



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Reading from Left to Right--Standing: Associate Field Director Mr. Laurens R. Bowden, Miss Bull, Miss Graham, Miss Adee, Miss Means, Miss Conover, Field Director Mr. Charles F. Neergaard. Sitting: Miss Burritt, Mrs. Castle, Mrs. Foote, Mrs. Risley.

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Among the staff of Red Cross volunteer workers at Debarkation Hospital No. 5 there were many very fashionable New York men and women. One great lady was especially impressive as she moved in stately fashion about the recreation-room thick with the smoke of assorted tobaccos. The humble dress she wore as a Hostess was beautifully cut and made of the finest grey serge, her lawn weil was a marvel of gauzy crispness, and even her kerchief had been pressed into tiny folds like those found only on marvellous French lingerie. Red Cross workers were expected to wear no jewels but she was one of a small number who owned splendid strings of pearls. Her necklace, worth a fortune, seemed a part of her very being. These splendid pearls were so large and beautiful that they impressed many a patient, some of whom came to some of us and said:
"Sister, they ain't real, are they? Why, they can't be!"

But, of course, she said they were, for she was the magnificent Mrs. Blank. We called her the "Lady Abbess" because she so truly looked the part. Often when she sat helping some simple, much-awed "Yank" soldier, who was trying to put together the pieces of his picture-puzzle, the contrast which they presented was most interesting.

The Red Cross supervisor on our floor was the wife of a Captain of the 77th Division, and she also wore a splendid necklace of pearls. One day a tall, gaunt Southerner, Sergeant John Kirk, from Kansas City, Missouri, asked her if she would decorate his uniform with the usual gold wound and service-stripes, and little felt divisional insignia. Something in her expression struck him as appealing and sad, and he questioned her a little about herself. She said that her husband was a soldier, and that he had not yet returned from France. Then Sergeant Kirk asked her how she was living. She told him she lived by herself in a little apartment. The Southerner said that sounded lonely. Our Supervisor remarked that she usually prepared her own breakfast, but that her family and friends often invited her out to dinner, and added that her luncheons were generally taken at a restaurant. This restaurant, however, happened to be that of the most fashionable women's club in New York, the Colony Club.

The soldier thought for a while, then he said:

"You look thin to me, Sister, and your life sounds lonely. I'm sure you don't get half enough to eat! Here's a dollar, and I want you to go out and buy yourself a good square meal somewhere!"

Mrs. Turnbull was deeply moved by the evident sympathy and genuineness of the offer, but she told him that we were all volunteers and therefore could accept no pay for our work. However, he again pressed the money upon her with such cordial feeling that she finally took it as a gift to the Red Cross.

No one told the brave fellow that this handsome young matron was the daughter of one of our former Embassadors at the Court of St. James and that she had been presented at the English Court not very long before.

Another beautiful young woman who attracted a great deal of admiration on the part of all the soldiers was Miss Margaret Carson, the daughter of Brigadier-General John M. Carson, Distinguished Service Medal, of the Quartermaster Corps. The men were much flattered by the sight of her in their midst, wearing the Red Cross uniform.

"Say, isn't she a brick to do it?" one boy remarked.

We were forever making and sewing those little divisional insignia to the upper parts of the sleeves of the soldier's uniforms. Some of them took hours to do, and twenty thousand of them were made at the Grand Central Palace out of bits of velvet, silk or felt. Often they were further embellished with silk or gold embroidery.

An old soldier of the Regular Army, Sergeant William Howell, 141st Infantry, 36th Division, from Indiana, whose term of service had lasted nearly thirty years, came to sit near a Hostess one morning while she worked busily away at the Frances Fleveland Review.

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11 Sept. 19

Dear Miss Durkee:
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ornaments for another man's coat. He told her that during most of his time in the Army he had been company cook and like many others of his profession in the Military he was very proud of the way in which he handled his particular job. He was wounded on November 23rd, 1918, while detailed to fetch a load of blankets for his company. The truck in which he was riding was entirely filled with these blankets and making fast time over poor roads and around curves, when it was suddenly confronted with another truck. The driver put his brakes on sharply in order to avert a collision, and Sergeant Howell, who was seated on top of the load and facing backward, was flung off upon a heap of crushed stone piled by the roadside. His right arm was broken in eleven places and the surgeons told him he could never expect to have its full use again, though they hoped to improve its present condition through further operations.

Before long, however, he told about the adventure which had come to him that morning and which he was fairly bursting to tell. Among others of his ward he had just received his fresh uniform after reaching the hospital and was naturally eager to have his wound and service-stripes sewed on as soon as possible. Any one who has watched our soldiers wrestling with needlesful of khaki thread two yards long, which they invariably made use of when they tried to sew on a button or make any little repair themselves, will understand why all the nurses and Red Gross workers on each floor turned to with a will and helped them in these little housewifely tasks. Many men explained that a needle was so hard to thread that once you had it done it was better to put in plenty of thread as then the operation would not have to be again repeated for a long while.

Perhaps it was because Sergeant Howell was now no longer young that any youthful enthusiasm he might once have felt for sewing had vanished. Coat in hand, he sought out one of the Red Cross ladies on his floor, asking her if she would sew on his gold wound and service-stripes after finishing with another man's coat which she was then at work upon. While this Hostess worked upon his blouse they talked a little, and he gave her some of his impressions of France. When the work was finished, he thanked her and she said quite simply:

"That is what I am here for, Brother."

As he turned away, a corps-man told him whom this lady was, saying that she was "Mistress Grover Cleveland." Sergeant Howell looked as proud and delighted as though he had said "the Queen herself," and then he added:

"I had, of course, often seen her pictures, but I never hoped to meet her.
I'll never let any one remove the service-stripes that she sewed on that blouse."

Mrs. Preston was much pleased by the veteran cook's delight at the little service she had done him. It seemed that this Sergeant had been an ardent admirer of President Cleveland, and he felt greatly touched and honored, as did many of the other patients, by the gracious presence of the president's widow at the hospital.



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THE AMERICAN RED CROSS SUPPLY ROOM at Debarkation Hospital No. 5, Miss Marion E. Graham, Director.



A GROUP OF HOSTESSES AND WARD-WORKERS with their baskets.

NAME

DATE

WARD NO.	ARTICLES DISTRIBUTED.	AMOUNT
	. Bags, drawstring .	
	Hair Brushes	
	. Canes	
	Chewing Gum	
	. Chocolate	
	Cigarettes (P. packages; C. cartons)	
	. Cigars	
	Cocoa	
	. Combs	
	Drinking Cups	
	. Games	
	Handkerchiefs	
	. Kits	
	Matches, packets	
	. Paper and envelopes .	
	Pencils	
	. Pipes	
	Playing cards	
	. Razors	
	Razor blades	
	. Rubber tips for crutches .	
	Shaving brushes	
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	. Talcum Powder	
	Tobacco, smoking	
	. Tooth brushes	
	Tooth paste	
	. Towels	
	Wash Cloths	
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Requisition List furnished to Ward-workers, which they filled out for the Supply-room.

American Red Cross



Atlantic Bibision

The Department of Military Relief acknowledges with appreciation the valuable service rendered by

Emma 20. Darkee

U.S. Debarkation Hospital Nas

during the year 1918—1919.

Directors of Women Personnel

Director Hospital Service



CRETONNE

Used in furnishing the Red Cross Recreation Rooms

at Debarkation Hospital No. 5, as well as other

Military Posts in the Second Corps Area

of the United States Army.

The templets of the armidd soldents suffered from templetasis. Here the total suppleted to medical discusses.

In midwinter a large group of patients arrived from a steamer which went ashore in a heavy fog near Fire Island. The high wind and heavy seas were very threatening and pounded the ship as she lay broadside to the treacherous Long Island coast, caught on an outer sand-bar. She was just far enough from the beach to make it very difficult for coast-guards to reach her with the life-boats, and yet too near shore for rescuing vessels to approach very closely. After two days and two nights spent on the sand-bar, it was considered advisable to transfer the patients to other vessels so that they might land in New York. Ambulatory patients were dressed warmly and helped into life-boats waiting alongside in the seething surf. Stretcher-cases were bundled closely in blankets and also lowered to the boats. Every care possible was taken, and the men were only removed because of the shortage of fuel and privisions on their own ship, as well as the great danger of her breaking to pieces in the furious storm. But nearly all of them were drenched by the transfer and most of them necessarily remained wet for half an hour and more. They were at once given hot drinks, and dry clothing was supplied as soon as possible, but in spite of all that could be done a number of them contracted pneumonia, and many of them were bruised and hurt by the removal.

A Red Cross Chapter, located nearest to the wreck, sent a group of women across the Great South Bay in launches and fishing-boats to the scene of the accident. They took with them great quantities of hot coffee and fresh rolls. An improvised canteen was at once set up on the beach and steaming coffee, sweaters and other comforts were supplied to the coast-guards, life-savers, and some of the patients, who gathered when they could around a roaring bonfire of drift-wood. The sick were quickly dispatched to the main-land in launches, and brought to New York hospitals by waiting Red Cross ambulances.

Fortunately, this accident was the only one of the kind that occurred near the Port of New York.

The trip home on an Army transport in the depths of winter was not a very pleasant experience for many of the patients. We never heard any real complaints, perhaps because the men had been through far more trying experiences than over-crowding and some discomfort. But so many of them spoke of incidents which occurred on the voyage that they gave us a very fair impression of seatravel at the end of the War. The ships used were, for the most part, former ocean liners or freight-carriers that had been adapted to Army transportation by ripping out the original partitions and fittings, and the large open spaces thus obtained had been filled with berths constructed of gas-pipe stanchions to which canvas strips were secured so as to form beds. This type of berth was eminently practical for the accommodation of large numbers of troops, because the canvas could be freshened at the end of each voyage. Usually the berths were three tiers high, the lowest berth near the floor and the top one very near the ceiling.

As many of the ships had not been originally designed to carry the hundreds and, in many cases, thousands of passengers which the War-emergency made necessary-in the case of the S.S. "Leviathan" whole divisions, twelve thousand strong, whose passengers were so numerous that it was impossible to feed them more than twice a day-the ventilation below decks was often poor, and the air heavy and unpleasant. Large numbers of the wounded patients suffered from sea-sickness. Many of the men who arrived on litters in New York had succumbed to medical diseases. It often happened that patients who started from France in fairly good shape caught colds that developed into influenza or pneumonia at sea; these men, of course, landed on stretchers.

The most touching feature in the return of wounded soldiers from France was the litter-cases. As soon as our Field-Director, Major Charles F. Neergaard, heard that new bed-patients had arrived he would hurry to the Red Cross supply-room with a wheel-chair, which he and Mrs. Neergaard, one of the Social Service

Directors, piled high with treasure-bags, tiny pillows for the stretcher-cases, and other comforts; then the Major hastened away with his supplies toward the Receiving-ward. Patients on stretchers were usually too sick to be bathed at the delousing-plant, or "Delo" as we all preferred to call it, and they were sent directly up to the wards, where they were cared for and fed. As soon as possible their wounds were dressed. They often told us this was the first dressing they had received in seven days, that is, since they left France. But their wounds had not suffered because of this. It almost seemed the contrary.

As a rule, nurses did not accompany the patients. Nearly all of the men spoke of not seeing any on board; they were cared for by Medical Corps men, who naturally did their best, but were not always experienced nor very skillful.

"Surely you had doctors on the ship?" we asked them.

"Oh yes, of course," they always replied. "A doctor came to see us at least once a day. He'd sort of smile at you and say:

"'How are you feeling?'

"We'd always say we were feeling fine! It was so much less trouble. If you said you wanted your wounds dressed they generally told you to go to the office. There was always a line there of waiting patients. I felt too weak to stand long enough to await my turn. My wound is really doing fine; it almost seemed to help it by being let alone.

"But it seems like Heaven to be really here!" That was always their refrain.

As if by magic, great quantities of flowers appeared to greet them. were provided by the hospital's Good Fairy, Mrs. Samuel Adams Clark, who was not a uniformed Red Cross worker but a "free-lance," as she expressed it. also planned many of the most agreeable things arranged for the other patients and the personnel, and had permission to go anywhere in the building. orous, comforting presence was a joy in itself, and her voice and manner were the kind that went straight to the hearts of those homesick men. It was the Hostess's delight to help her to arrange flowers for new arrivals, and whenever she knew that many bed-patients were coming she begged for the privilege of staying overtime. Seemingly endless slender wases of flowers for bedside-stands were prepared and they went from bed to bed, giving each patient a rose, or a few sweet-peas, or carnations. It was not long before whole wards were brightened by the delicate bits of color. Often frail hands would reach out to touch the pretty things which were all the more appreciated after a week at sea. was thanks enough when these tired men smiled a little. Sometimes, however, they seemed too dazed and shaken, or too listless, to even lift an eye-lid.

Mrs. Clark also obtained quantities of flowers for the many recreation-rooms throughout the building, either great bunches of cut flowers or lovely

potted plants in bloom.

The arrival on our floor of a large group of ambulatory patients one afternoon was memorable. They had just been assigned to their places in the wards and still felt rather unsteady after the voyage. Our big Red Cross room looked especially nice that day, with its fresh flowers, bright cretonne curtains and chair-cushions, its billiard-table, and piano. Someone had had the happy idea of asking several really good singers to come and entertain the patients. Our new arrivals crowded perhaps almost too closely about the piano, and the singers whose songs of cheer and welcome seemed to suggest to each lad the eagerly-awaited meeting with their families. We never saw faces more radiant with happiness than those of the men. It was almost more than happiness, somehow, that shone forth and that we long remembered, it was a glorified tenderness and thrill and ecstasy at being really here, within reach of their dear ones at last. They said, as did so many others, that it seemed nothing short of heavenly to be once more on American soil.



THE AMERICAN RED CROSS OFFICES on the Main Floor.

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EXECUTIVE OFFICES OF THE RED CROSS FIELD-DIRECTORS, on the Main Floor.

VISITORS.

After sending home telegrams announcing their arrival, the next important event for the returning soldiers was the visit of their parents. Many of our patients landed on Saturdays, and sharply at two o'clock on Sunday afternoons throngs of fathers and mothers, brothers, sisters, and best girls began to arrive on every floor by means of two huge guest-elevators. Nearly always they were conducted to the proper floor, ward or recreation-room by one of the staff of two hundred Red Cross women who volunteered their services as guides so many hours or days a week. In a building of such vast size it was not always easy to find each particular patient. Often there were several men of the same name, or the man sought might, for some reason be on another floor for a while. By inserting blue or pink slips opposite a patient's name on the big index at the Information Desk, friends or parents could be told if he were in the building, also whether his quota of visitors was filled, for only three guests at a time were allowed to each patient.

To us of the Red Cross the arrival of families was always wonderful. Usually the self-control and quiet cheerfulness of these groups of anxious people was almost as moving as if they had shown more emotion. Sometimes the strain of reunion bore visibly on both the soldier and his parents, who came to the hospital having only a general idea of their boy's true condition, and fearing lest

he be in worse shape than they had imagined.

One boy told us after his mother had left him that the telegram announcing his arrival was the first intimation that his family had received of his being still alive. He said that his mother had come to the Hospital wearing mourning for him, as the Bureau in Washington in charge of these matters, in its tremendous press of work, had somehow slipped up in his own case and had notified his parents of his death in action. As he expressed the situation:

"Father, he was all knocked endways by the news; but Mother, she came just the same!"

Of course she came, bless her heart!

Another difficult situation was revealed one day when one of the Hostesses turned suddenly toward a family group and saw a stout Jewish father sobbing with his arms around his boy's neck, and the boy was looking straight at her in agonized embarrassment. Fortunately, there were very high-backed rocking-chairs in the recreation room. She quickly brought one of them forward so that the father might sit with his back to the room until he had somewhat regained his composure.

That same Sunday afternoon a group of boys was sitting along the wall watching these family reunions with yearning eyes. They were men of the 91st, or Pine Tree Division, from the far West, and one of them said to the Hostess:

"Sister, our eyes and our mouths just plain water for the sight of our own families once more."

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Throughout our work for soldiers, we noticed the proverbial small boy's love for cakes and home-made sweets. Our patients at the Grand Central Palace had a really splendid Mess, so fine that we Red Cross women were only too pleased to accept an occasionally proffered piece of cake--gorgeous, thick, fluffy, yellow layer-cake, covered and filled with thick chocolate icing. We never heard of complaints from the sick, quite the contrary. The men were loud in their praise of the turkey, ice-cream and luscious mince-pie that so often appeared. Perhaps it is because they were after all only small boys grown tall that this fondness for goodies of all kinds was so marked. They seemed always ready and eager for sweets, especially when anything came from a private home. Knowing this from Camp Upton experience, the kind and deeply interested cook of one of the Hostesses prepared enough rich fruit-cakes and braided crullers for all the two-hundred men on our floor. One Sunday morning she brought with much pride two enormous boxes containing the cakes for the hospital, and reporting for duty, she told the Woman-Field-Director, Miss Ellen Louise Adee, what she had planned. It appeared that the rules governing these matters at the Debarkation Hospital were entirely different from those at Camp Upton Base Hospital. at Camp Upton such a windfall would have been received with open delight, in New York it was met with stern disapproval. It was "against the rules" to bring anything up to the Wards unless it had first been inspected by the Diet-kitchen, where, she was informed, it might be found unsuitable and rejected. This was the first time that the Hostess had encountered such regulations, and almost tearfully she put forward the plea that the men would be greatly disappointed not to have the promised cakes. However, she was told that if possible the Red Cross would try to have the cakes passed upon favorably and brought upstairs.

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At twelve o'clock our nice little white-coated Mess-orderly made his rounds through the recreation-room and through the wards with his ever welcome call of "Che-a-ow!" (Chow), and our patients hurried off to the Mess, those who could do so on foot, others on crutches, and several scuttling along in their wheel-chairs. In fact, they waited not upon the order of their going but made all possible speed down the corridor to the Mess-hall. In a moment the room was empty. This was the opportunity of the Red Cross workers to put the recreation-room in order, straighten the magazines, made the tables tidy, put the chairs in their accustomed places, and pick up the notepaper strewn about the floor--notepaper furnished by the Red Cross and bearing the address of our particular hospital printed in red at the top. How many times we found pages ending with a line of X marks that to the soldier or his girl represented kisses! We also had to gather up the newspapers from the chair-seats. Several times we asked the men why they used our newspapers to sit on, assuring them that our cretonne chair-cushions were very clean. The answer was either that on the transport they could only be certain of a clean seat by this means, or that in France if you were lucky enough to secure a "Yank" newspaper, you hung on to it as long as you could; the best means to that end was The dinner hour gave us a much needed time for "policof course to sit upon it. ing" our room before the afternoon rush of visitors began.

During all this time the Hostess, with beating heart, kept one eye on the door. She had been watching all the morning, in fact. With the return of the patients she had really given up hope, when Miss Adee herself appeared, followed by Medical Detachment men who carried the huge boxes of cake: Fortunately, Miss Adee had been wise enough to have it all sliced before-hand, so that the order to "fall in line" found everything in readiness. There was much enthusiasm and many grins when the boys saw what was in store and they "went to it" with might and main. As a result the floor became somewhat crumb-strewn, but we were so thankful that the Red Cross and the Army had "had a heart" and that the cakes had been allowed to come upstairs. A day or two later Major Neergaard, our Field Director, sent the donor of the cakes a very pleasant little note of thanks.



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MISS ANNA M. ZEILSDORF, Army Nurse Corps, Head-Nurse on the Twelfth Floor.

Miss Anna M. Zeilsdorf was Head-nurse on our floor and one of the kindest and nicest of all the many sphendid Army nurses. Her one aim was to see her patients improve by leaps and bounds, and generally she succeeded. She men sometimes told us what a Paradise the Grand Central seemed after the hospitals in France, for here they were given so many eggs and so much milk, beside all the other good things that fell to their lot. One patient remarked with a proud grin that he had gained five pounds in the ten days he had spent at our hospital, and that he hoped that he could stay long enough to add much more weight before he left.

patients were provided with "nourishment" morning and afternoon, between meals, and it was a delight to the Hostess to go into the Nurses' office when they were taking their milk-shakes. However, one day Miss Zeilsdorf was much upset and came to her with tears in her eyes because her egg-allotment had been cut from one egg per man to one-half egg for eggnogs, to be beaten up with milk and sugar.

Within a day or two this Red Cross worker was able to obtain a hundred fresh-laid eggs from her Long Island farm which she brought to town in a large brown travelling bag. There was no trouble getting it into the coat-room, but from the coat-room to the wards was a different matter. She had had one experience with food-regulations at the hospital, and while she had no desire to deliberately break the rules she was convinced that those eggs might never reach her particular patients, if first sent elsewhere than to her own floor; she imagined that the Diet-kitchen might perhaps be concecting foods from them for other wards.

With wary eye and beating heart she watched for the elevator from the coatroom door and made a dash for it--only to run into the arms of our Red Cross Social Service Nurse! Her name does not matter, for she and only one other Nurse
whom that Hostess met were the type known in the army as "hard-boiled." Before
the Hostess could enter the lift she had stopped her with a swift question as to
the contents of the bag. The eggs were examined and together they made for the
office of the awe-inspiring Miss Adee. Secretly raging, the twelfth floor Hostess left them there and went upstairs with her tale of woe to the Ward-Surgeon.
How he managed it she never knew, but it was not long before he emerged from the
elevator at our floor bearing the travelling bag filled with eggs. Doubtless he
must have obtained them from Miss Adee herself.

After that if she was questioned, the Hostess always said that she had "foods for the use of Lieutenant Brady." She used the greatest caution from this time on and successfully managed to smuggle in hundreds and hundreds of fresh Long Island eggs every week until the hospital closed. A little note-book contained also many entries of cakes, jams, and jellies brought from home for the nurses and their special patients.

Once again she was caught with the bag in her hands. This time it contained a large pan of jellied chicken made by special request, together with a big glass bowl of custard, accompanied by a jar of caramel syrup enriched with chopped nuts. The Social Service Nurse saw her just as she was disappearing up the stairway. This time she was very sharp indeed about it, so with a pretense at meekness the bag was left in the coat-room and the Doctor was again persuaded to come down and take the foods upstairs.

All this appears undisciplined and insubordinate, but it must be remembered that the Hostess was daily surrounded by those hundreds of thin, sick-looking boys and she simply could not help bringing in foods for patients on her special floor. They were constantly telling her that in the hospitals in France they had been fairly sickened at the sight of various arrangements of "corn-willie," "Slum," or "gold-fish," and that what they craved more than anything else were eggs and still more eggs—which were almost impossible to procure just then abroad. This second encounter with the Social Service Nurse proved to be the last, for she left the hospital that week. The Hostess was told that she had been a contributing cause of this lady's departure because she had gone counter to her enforcement of the rules.

It is more probable, however, that the Nurse's own over-bearing manner toward the Army officers or toward some of the very influential ward-workers on other floors may have been the real reason for her going; and that these two little skirmishes, which really were rather spirited, were only the finishing touches.

A THEATRE-PARTY FOR THE WHOLE HOSPITAL.

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In February a gentleman came to Captain Philip La Montagne, who was especially charged with providing outside recreation at the hospital, and asked if he might do something for the pleasure of some of our patients. At Captain La Montagne's suggestion he accompanied three wounded men to the theatre. Their enjoyment of the evening's entertainment touched their host so deeply that he sought out the Red Cross officer on returning to the hospital with his charges, and asked to be permitted to take out some more of the wounded patients to the theatre.

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Wondering if he was suggesting too much Captain La Montagne asked this gentleman whether he would like to undertake a party for ten soldiers the next time.

"Ten nothing!" was the answer, "I want to take all you've got! I am going to buy out a theatre and if you haven't enough wounded boys here to fill it, I'll have to go to other hospitals to get them."

Overwhelmed by the magnificence of this offer Captain La Montagne consulted the Commanding Officer of the hospital, Lieut.-Colonel Gibson, and March 17th was chosen as the best time for the party.

The philanthropist interviewed the manager of the Knickerbocker Theatre, where the musical comedy of "Listen Lester" was being given. Unfortunately many of the seats for that date were already in the hands of ticket-agencies and the manager hoped that the party might be postponed.

"No," was the reply. "I've promised to give my party that night, and you'll have to buy the tickets back. I'll pay whatever they cost you."

The manager agreed to call in all the tickets, the price asked was paid and the matter settled.

Having heard of the projected theatre-party Mr. John McE. Bowman asked to be permitted to provide a dinner for the patients at the Biltmore Hotel of which he is the head, and not satisfied with that, he arranged to serve a supper afterward for the staff of the hospital and the members of the "Listen Lester" Company.

What a dinner that was! And it was one of several similar ones that Mr. Bowman gave that winter. Our patients were brought to the hotel some of them in wheel chairs, others in ambulances driven by the different Women's Motor Corps, but every one who could possibly get there came! The beautiful dining-room known as "The Cascades" on the nineteenth floor was the scene of "the greatest dinner in the world." as the diners declared.

In describing it for the "Evening Sun" a guest at the press-table told of a youngster who had eaten heartily of the clams, cream of celery soup, roast turkey and everything:

"Bowman held the peas out on us because he was afraid they would roll off our knives on his floor, so he gives us string beans. Can you beat that guy?"

John Bowman knew his guests. There was no such thing as a demi-tasse to be seen that night but there were about 1,000 coffee cups of the man size on the table, and the dinner was topped off with great mounds of wonderful ice-cream and seemingly half a pie apiece.

In commenting later on the dinner one lad was heard to observe:

"If I ever git me a wife and come to New York on a honey-moon, I'm coming to this hotel. For this joint sure does set one hell of a swell table!"

But time was passing, the hour for the eagerly awaited theatre-party was approaching. Our convalescents were bundled once more into the fleet of ambulances that had brought them to the Biltmore and found themselves before long at the doors of the theatre.

This party was by far the most important social event of the year for all the patients of our hospital as well as the members of the Military and Red Cross staffs. It was a very gay affair indeed, for we were invited as a body to hear the musical comedy of "Listen Lester." Every seat at the theatre was filled and there were many standing. The scene was all the more attractive because the members of the Red Cross staff went in fashionable civilian clothes.



DEBARKATION HOSPITAL PATIENTS

At an entertainment in the hospital theatre.

(Copyright, 1919, by The New York Times Company.)

The Red Cross Field-Directors and high-ranking Army officers occupied seats in the boxes, and Miss Adee looked especially handsome in a gown of black velvet that made an admirable background for her beautiful pearls. Every one who had them wore war-ribbons and decorations. The theatre-party was a special event in celebration of St. Patrick's Day, and this entertainment was made possible by the generosity of the anonymous friend of Debarkation Hospital No. 5, "who wished to show his appreciation and recognition of the heroic sacrifices made by the patients and the efforts of the staff of this hospital." It was many months before we learned that this was Mr. Ben Ali McAfee.

The evening seemed all too short for so much happiness, and before we all knew it the play had ended, and the soldiers had started back to the hospital.

Those of our patients whose infirmities prevented their going to this won-derful theatre-party were provided with special entertainments at the hospital theatre and in several of the wards. They also felt that for them St. Patrick's Day had been a great success.

A WEDDING.

One day every one on our floor was quivering with excitement at the news of a wedding which was to take place that afternoon in our own recreation room. A young French girl had preceded one of our patients to New York where she was awaiting his arrival, and they had arranged to be married that day. As neither of them had homes in the city our hospital seemed on the whole the most suitable place for the ceremony.

It was to be a very exclusive Tenth Floor function, although we had extended a few carefully chosen invitations to friends from other wards. Most of the morning was spent in decorating the Red Cross room by placing the palms and growing plants to the best advantage. A long reading-table was easily transformed into a temporary Altar by draping it with sheets, and it looked very hand-some against a background of growing plants. It was even decorated with Church candlesticks and brass vases, borrowed from the hospital Chapel. All the chairs in the room had been placed in two groups with an aisle between reped off with white satin ribbon.

Drawn by the excitement of the unusual occasion, all the doctors, nurses and patients on the floor, as well as the Red Gross hospital workers, crowded the improvised Chapel. In the midst of a flutter of excitement our Army Chaplain, the Reverend Father Conboy, arrived at the appointed time, and stood vested and ready for the marriage of the patient and the young French girl. To the consternation of the waiting assemblage the bride failed to appear! We never knew what happened, whether she changed her mind or, at the last moment, was frightened, but every one was greatly disappointed. Friends who went in search of the bridegroom discovered him where he had taken refuge, looking very crestfallen and embarrassed, on another floor of the hospital.

Some kind friends had generously provided a wedding collation which all the hospital guests vastly enjoyed. A pretty nurse gladly consented to slice the huge frosted bridal cake, and everyone saved a small portion of the cake to dream upon. Although the occasion turned out quite differently from what we had expected, it was nevertheless a memorable event.

77TH DIVISION STORY.

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One of our great indoor sports at the hospital was pouring over warmaps. Groups of soldiers would show us just what position their divisions had held, what objectives they had taken, and tell us how long they stayed in action. On rainy days, or when for some reason the patients were not given passes to go out, this often lasted for hours, and we of the Red Cross adored it. Unending discussions as to the merits of various divisions usually followed.

A large number of men came to the Grand Central who belonged to the "Buck-eye," or 37th Division, made up largely of National Guardsmen of the State of Ohio. Many of them were forever making unpleasant little remarks about the two famous New York Divisions. Perhaps this was partly due to jealousy and partly because anything said against our beloved 27th or 77th Divisions always called forth a retort. Handsome and conceited Sergeant Gregory, of this 37th Division had been more amonying than usual in his remarks one day, laying stress upon the "advertising," as he called it, given to the New York Divisions by our City newspapers. He remarked in a sarcastic way that it was, of course, very easy to get fictitious achievements featured by the press; that mentions in General Orders were a matter of "pull," and so on, until a Hostess, hurt and vexed, arose and left the little group of which she was the center.

An old Sergeant, Charles L. Setty, who had served in the Regular Army for eighteen years, had been sitting beside the malicious ex-Guardsman from Ohio, and followed her to the seat she found near some other patients.

"Don't you pay any attention to that "Buck-eye" man, Sister," said he, in a fatherly way, "Haven't you learned enough about the Army by this time not to let such talk annoy you?

It was absurd, of course; but our feelings ran pretty high just then, and our nerves were strained to the snapping point. Anyway, it was more than New York women could stand to hear those two favorite Divisions, in which we all knew so many gallant men who had fallen in battle, referred to as "yellow!"



Barbed Wire Cut, Americans Creeping on the Germans with Hand Grenades -- France.

(Copyrighted by the Chicago Daily News.)



"Yanks" in Front Line Trench watching No Man's Land--France.
(Copyrighted by the Chicago Daily News.)

TOTAL DISABILITIES.

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Among the twelve hundred men who came in on February 17th there were thirteen blind men, one of whom had had both hands blown off by a hand grenade. He was Henry A. Bitter, of Dubuque, Iowa. Sergeant Bitter had the only case of double total disability in the American Army. Total blindness being rated as a total disability, and the loss of both arms as also a total disability. Sergeant Bitter's loss, therefore, became one of double total disability.

The morning that they arrived was mild and clear and all of the patients who could do so were out on deck as the transport reached New York harbor and began her stately progress up the bay, through the Narrows, past Fort Hamilton on one side and Fort Wadsworth on the other, and then reached the Statue of Liberty. Like every other transport bringing home our troops from France, this ship was welcomed by all the vessels in the harbor, whose sirens shrieked or boomed their greetings on every key. The din was almost deafening. But it was taken up by many buildings along the waterfront and by the boats sent by the Mayor's Committee of Welcome to HomeComing Troops and others to greet the returning veterans.

To convalescents this form of welcome was often fatiguing, but like all the other soldiers, they liked it. Our little group of sightless men stood leaning against the rail with their more fortunate comrades, taking in all they could of the homecoming festivities. Suddenly, a particular ship seemed to be drawing near, for Private Bitter and the other twelve could hear a band and cheering.

Bitter turned to a man standing near him who could see:

"Tell me what is happening?" he begged.

"It is the boat of the Mayor's Committee," exclaimed his neighbor, "and they are waving to us! Come on, boys, let's wave to them!"

Poor Bitter, whose hands were gone, had plenty of grit for all that. The loss of a hand or so was not everything.

"I can still wave, too!" he shouted. And he did, for he vigorously waved one of his feet!

Yet, with this misfortune upon him, his one thought was not of himself, but of how he could break the news to his family. He had not notified them of his injuries, and he was most anxious that they should not learn of it first through the newspapers. Here the Red Cross stepped in, as it did with all the men, and sent his message for him. And here it is, the message of the man without sight and without hands:

"Arrived safely in New York. Feeling fine. Met with accident in Divisional School November 16th. Both hands amputated. Eyes affected (1) Undergoing treatment. Let me know how all of you are."

SERGEANT BERNARD DECAUX.

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Sergeant Bernard Decaux, (he pronounced it "Decko") of the 141st Regiment, 39th Division, was a patient with whom the Red Cross Hostess had several long talks. He was born in Philadelphia, but had lived in New Orleans for a number of years, and spoke with a strong Southern accent. He was a very giant in stature, thin, wiry, and with prominent features. It was evident that he had spent much time and thought on many subjects, and he was an unusually intelligent man. In the course of conversation he let fall many things about his family and said that it was eight years since he had seen his mother, who, we gathered, was a rather high-tempered woman. But he was planning to visit her in the near future; indeed, as soon as he could leave the hospital.

Perhaps this conversation directed his thoughts toward his other relatives, for he suddenly reached inside his blouse and rather shyly and proudly brought forth a picture of himself taken with his wife. The photograph revealed a rather mild-looking soldier, with a drooping mustache, seated beside a table while a tall, grim-visaged female, whose clenched fist seemed to hold down one of his shoulders, stood beside him. The Hostess, trying desperately to think of something pleasant, but not knowing quite what to say, smiled at him and said that the lady looked sweet and that she must be very tall.

"Oh yes," he exclaimed, "as tall as me, and almost as strong. But she ain't sweet, no <u>sir!</u> My! but she's a hard-hitting woman when she's mad! She just makes the fur fly, now I'll tell you.

"When I go home I'm going to make Ma come with me, I think. Then Louisa will have to be a little more careful, yes ma'am."

And then he blushed a little, and his eyes glowed very bright, as he spoke of the baby he had heard about, that he was just longing to see. They had been married two weeks before he sailed, but we gathered that his honey-moon had been rather stormy, and secretly hoped that he would find some means of subduing this formidable lady, whose picture fairly made one quail.

CORPORAL ROY E. RICHARDS. 79th Division, A.E.F.

Corporal Roy E. Richards of the 79th Division, came from Berwick, Pennsyl-A man of evident good breeding, he possessed a most attractive manner. The voyage home had apparently been far from enjoyable, and as it was very fresh in his mind he told something about it.

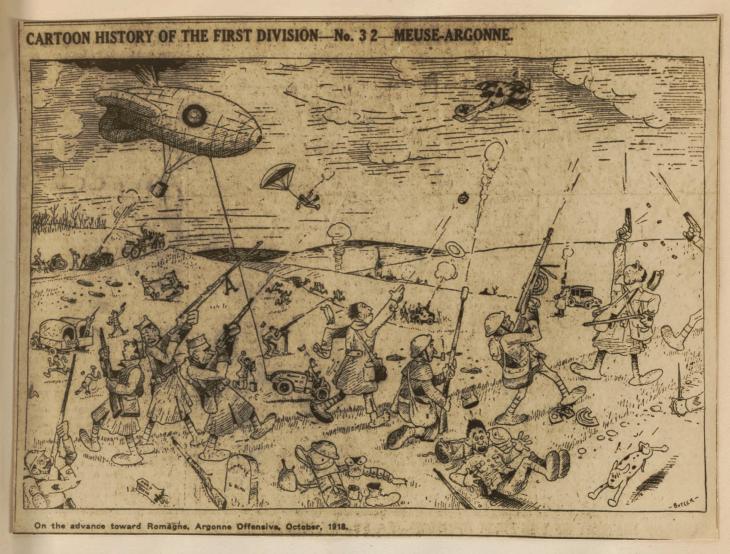
His left leg had been wounded by shrapnel and when the bones knitted it was almost two inches shorter than the other. As it was rather frail and very painful he could walk only with the help of crutches. Under such conditions it was no easy matter for him at sea to reach the table at meal-times, holding his mess-kit, with its helping of stew, and a pannikin of hot coffee. Sometimes, as the ship lurched, it was a matter of either sacrificing his rations or imperiling He had to drop something in order to steady himself and he would let his leg. fall the cup filled with coffee, as that seemed to him less valuable than the stew. This also happened to other men in similar condition, and as a result the decks often "were a sight." Casualties to uniforms from this cause were inevitable, although the soldiers did their utmost to keep themselves in spotless condition, anticipating an early visit with their families or best girls. all carefully decorated their sleeves with beautifully made French divisional insignia, whose loss they mourned after their uniforms disappeared down the shute in the delousing-plant at the hospital, for the insignia which we gave them compared poorly with those they had bought abroad.

One of the difficulties in handling such large numbers of men on shipboard was to furnish sufficient wash-room facilities. There was always a wild scramble for a bath and a shave, and a long line of patients waiting for their turns. Corporal Richards said that if you "lost out" before breakfast, you tried your luck again during the morning or afternoon. However, various things often militated against you. Officers made frequent inspections of the quarters which patients occupied, and when these occurred all those able to walk were expected to go on deck so as to be out of the way. The weather at the time of his crossing was very rough, and the temperature on a particular January morning fairly chilled one to the bone. The Corporal had tried to go outside but had soon been forced to return to the rather stuffy interior. He stood in one of the corridors, leaning on his crutches while trying to steady himself as best he could against the walls of the pitching ship, when the call of "Outside, ready for inspection!" was heard, and two Lieutenants, eyeing him with stern looks, came toward him along the hall.

"What do you mean by standing there? Didn't you hear what was said? Outside! Out on deck!"

Richards stood his ground, but he turned rather white as he said that he was not a soldier now, but a patient, and that he feared to fall and break his leg on the slippery deck.

A General was on the transport, and the inspection that day had been planned for his benefit, but nothing more was said to Corporal Richards. He stayed where he was until it was all over. The officers apparently realized the need for caution in his case.



CAPTAIN BUTLER'S CARTOONS DEPICTING WAR-CONDITIONS IN 1918.

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CARTOON HISTORY OF THE FIRST DIVISION—No. 33—MEUSE-ARGONNE.



PRIVATE ROY WEEKS, 110th Regiment, 28th Division.

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All the patients who arrived on the S.S. "Mongolia" were held in peculiar affection by the staff at the hospital, perhaps because they stayed with us so long, in most cases about a month, and we came to know them better than the groups of men who later followed them in quick succession, but who stayed sometimes not more than a week or ten days. Indeed, passengers from the "Mongolia" came to be looked upon almost as old inhabitants. A special favorite among these was Private Roy Weeks, whose story is well worth the telling.

In the autumn of 1917 he began his military training at Camp Merritt, New Jersey, where he was attached to the 49th Infantry, an organization which he still dearly loved.

It was during his first few months at camp that he decided one day to try his hand at cooking. A request was made for volunteers able to cook, and Private Weeks, who had more or less self-confidence, considered himself quite able to learn such part of the culinary art as he did not already know, a part which must, in truth, have been enormously large. Feeling very sure that he could furnish delicious pancakes for the company he decided to make some one Sunday morning. The men came toward his stove in droves, and grew impatient, and made remarks, when he was unable to supply them fast enough. Everything seemed to continue against him that morning. The stove would not work; the pan was too cool. He had used self-raising flour, which he mixed in a pitcher; the self-raising element worked to such good effect that much of the batter had bubbled out over the top and spread upon the table. Wishing to look very professional he indulged in fancy flourishes with the flapjacks, and as his aim was not always quite accurate they sometimes fell to the floor, which considerably slowed up his production and made the floor almost too slippery to stand upon.

Feeling sympathetic concern for the trials of this amateur cook some of us asked him whether he was obliged to clean up after that feast of pancakes. vate Weeks shook his head.

"That was up to the K.P. (kitchen police)." he said. "But I didn't remain a cook long."

Shortly after his arrival in France, Weeks and some of his friends wandered off through the pretty French countryside one afternoon in search of possible adventure. There was not much to be seen in that quiet farming country, but they lingered for a time beside a little pond fed by a stream, the lower end of which was dammed up to supply a farmer's mill-race. Near this pond the road led back to their camp, and as the stream had no bridge it had to be forded. However, the sandy, hard bottom presented no difficulty.

Some one in the little party of soldiers lamented that they had no means of fishing: neither lines, hooks nor poles, for he felt convinced that pond must be supplied with fish. Some one in the group happened to remember that he had about him some hand-grenades which were not used at practice that morning. In the eyes of this budding military genius no more fitting use could be found for hand-grenades than for getting fish. The thought was mother to the deed. Spurred on by the admiring glances of his fellows he hurled his little store of ammunition into the pend. The plan worked admirably, and the white bellies of fish appeared almost at once on the surface of the water. So absorbed were they with this delightful sport that none of them noticed a farmer and his team of white oxen who had approached them on the other side of the stream. The grenadier held his last bomb high in the air and sent it hurtling into the water with telling effect in more ways than one. It added to the number of floating fish, but, horrible to relate, it had landed not far from the ford and showered the snow-white oxen as well as their driver with thick, pasty brown mud. The milkwhite cattle were suddenly decked in polka-dotted costumes.

Those of us who have never heard an irate Frenchman "insult himself" with an adversary can form no adequate idea of the stream of invective that the farmer poured forth. The "Yanks" could not understand him, but his language needed no Turning his cattle about with surprising speed they saw him make translation. off in the direction of their camp. Realizing that they would be obliged sooner or later to "face the music" they followed him meekly back to camp.

Their Commanding Officer obliged them, in reparation, to put on overalls and repair the farmer's little dam on the following day. All of them discovered

that they had suddenly quite lost their taste for fish.

He was wounded in the Battle of the Argonne Forest, which began on September 26, 1918, and in which, as he expressed it, he lasted five days. When the battle began he had discarded all but his light equipment and iron rations. By the end of the fourth day of the engagement he threw away what remained to him even of these, for the character of the conflict was so desperate that he felt he would have no further use for them. All those who saw the battle-fields immediately after a conflict speak of the immense amount of clothing and material of

all kinds with which the ground was covered.

Private Weeks had never before realized how terrible it could be to be Before the attack started he had, of course, filled his canteen with thirsty. water, but when this was empty his lips grew dry and swollen. There were few chances in that devastated area to obtain a fresh supply. The second or third day of the battle his regiment reached a little river which was lashed by a veritable hail of bullets until its waters were a thick cream color. er" called up visions of a great body of water to most of our soldiers: something almost as wide as the Hudson River or the Mississippi. The Marne, the Vesle, the Aisne and the Meuse would be considered, as Private Weeks expressed it, hardly more than "criks" at home. Every man in the 110th made a rush toward it. Their Lieutenant, however, had received orders to warn his men against drinking any of its water, as it was contaminated by many dead who had fallen into it, both Americans and Germans. Having announced this order, the Lieutenant felt himself secure from military criticism and unstrapping his own canteen, he bent down and immediately plunged his cup into the water and drank his fill. understood his attitude in the matter and, wild with thirst, drank all they could, refilling at the same time their canteens. To Private Weeks no water that he ever tasted was so completely welcome.

The first time that their regiment reached the front line he had his first good look at a dead American doughboy. Noticing his Lieutenant's sudden marked pallor Private Weeks ventured to ask him what was the matter. His officer told him to look over the top of the trench. Raising himself with caution so as to see over the top of the embankment Weeks immediately saw the American, who was caught in wire-entanglements. He was kneeling and still held his gun in position, although his head had fallen forward. Somehow this spectacle gave every man among them a "turn." But they hadn't long to think, for just then the order

came to advance.

Like so very many of our patients Roy Weeks seemed still haunted by the memory of the dreadful aspect of the dead. They looked so fearfully drawn and haggard who had been alive and ruddy but one moment before, and turned livid or black in a few hours. He never knew why this was. He also added that the Boches were very careless in the burial of their dead, for they were inadequately hidden under a thin covering of earth. The most awful thing he knew was to walk over one of these "cemeteries" after a bombardment; the poor fellows were nearly all blown partly out of the ground, and the recent dead were by no means the most disturbing sights they had to see. Soldiers of the Allies, however, buried their men much deeper than did the Huns.

During the Battle of the Argonne the 110th Infantry kept pushing forward a little all the time. It must have been in progress three or four days when the regiment reached a shallow trench that afforded some cover and from which the Germans had lately withdrawn. No sooner had they settled themselves rather comfortably under the lee of this temporary shelter when all of them were obliged to lie flat upon the ground as the Heinies opened upon them heavy machine-gun fire for which they had obtained exactly the right range, and which lasted a considerable time. They had been thus exposed to the enemy's fire until it began to tell upon every one's nerves, when, to make matters worse, the regiment heard the distant rumble of approaching German tanks. It was a favorite device of the

Boches to run along the side of an embankment in this fashion, raking their enemies with broadside volleys of machine-guns, operated from the interior of armored tanks. The tanks, of course, moved very slowly, but behind the tanks field-grey uniforms of German infantry could be seen approaching. Then, indeed, the whole 110th Infantry thought that they were done for.

All at once a shout from the rear arose and, looking back, they saw the 109th Infantry, their sister regiment, coming up on the run as hard as they could

come, shouting as they came.

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"I'll tell the world, they certainly did look good to us!"

The 109th had been held in reserve and six runners were despatched to ask their help. Of the six runners who started back only one succeeded in getting through.

Private Weeks was wounded by the bursting of a high-explosive shell. He received a bad flesh-wound in the thigh from flying shrapnel, which also almost destroyed the usefulness of two fingers of his left hand. At the time of his return to New York he was perfectly well with the exception of his hand. His wounds were not received during the trench episode in which his regiment took part in the Argonne, but happened a day or two later, when they had gone some distance beyond that point and had taken several small towns from the Germans. After being struck, he lost consciousness and never knew how he was carried to the dressing station.

As soon as he was somewhat better he and many of his friends were sent to a hospital at Vichy. Here, although his injuries were dressed every day, he was allowed to go about a great deal, and saw much of the town, which he considered perfectly delightful. Our soldiers also took automobile trips to all the surrounding towns. The celebrated French watering-place boasts of several magnificent hotels which before the War had enjoyed the patronage of thousands of tourists every year. The American Government leased some of them and they were converted into four big Base Hospitals. Notwithstanding their size and splendor these hotels lacked the abundance of running water and bathrooms to which we are accustomed in the States. In fact, Weeks remarked that they had no hot-water system at all. Our Government, therefore, leased one of the wonderful springs of hot Vichy water, which was piped into one of the many bathing establishments of the town. This not only solved the problem of hot water, but supplied it at just the right temperature, and its sparkling quality produced one of the most invigorating baths imaginable. The bathing establishment was, of course, manabed by Frenchman, and our soldiers were surprised and almost shocked when the bath-attendants walked unconcernedly into their bathroom, carrying long hot robes, made of turkish toweling, which were to be slipped on and used instead of the customary towels. Our "Yanks" always begged the French attendants to wait a few moments until they could first dry themselves before putting on the bath-Every time new-comers first bathed there, an argument invariably followed. robes. It took the Frenchmen some time before they could bring the Americans to understand that these really were the towels.

Another phase of French life which our men noticed in Vichy, as well as quite generally throughout France, was the frank and open way in which women went to cafes--"quite nice women. too!

"You ought to see how astonished many of our men were when they walked past cafes and noticed those French girls seated at little tables, consuming wines of all kinds, as well as smoking.

"And they seemed to paint and use face-powders far more than women do around New York. On almost all of them it seemed to be at least a quarter of an inch thick."

In his eyes they were not nearly as pretty and attractive as our women at home.

This tall, handsome boy had something very captivating about him. We were all glad to have him among us and were sorry when the day came for him to leave New York.



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A CLASS OF STUDENT OFFICERS
Attending a Lecture on Military Tactics.

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We have plumed ourselves on the chivalrous conduct of our soldiers in France. Perhaps the Hostess who heard so many of these tales was one of the most ardent enthusiasts on the subject of noble conduct as displayed by American doughboys abroad. Private Gowey was one of the first group of patients who arrived on the S.S. "Mongolia" and he remained with us for nearly a month. Before the War he had helped to install heavy machinery such as plainers, drills and lathes in large mills. This bright, attractive lad had many friends in Boston, which he had come rather to look upon as his home. A remark about his peculiar name drew forth the information that he was of Holland Dutch descent. Despite his many pleasant qualities Private Gowey was rather an unruly patient, much given to going ("A.W.O.L."), absent without leave, and although we of the Red Cross did not blame him, this little failing won no favor in the ward-surgeon's eyes. He was therefore denied passes and for several days was obliged to remain indoors at the hospital.

One bright, beguiling winter afternoon, when most of the other patients had obtained permission to accept invitations showered upon them by patriotic New Yorkers, Private Gowey was compelled by the military authorities to stay in his ward. He was therefore one of a very small number for whom the day passed slowly, and he came to sit beside the Hostess for a half hour's conversation. As a great treat he showed her a piece of shrapnel which had been removed from one of his wounds. Many of the patients preciously kept these pieces of bullet, of which they were immensely proud, and showed them to us

with much the manner of small boys displaying a missing tooth.

We spoke to him about German atrocities, and he told us of his own peculiar rancor toward the Boches which was aggravated when he had seen them kill his best friend, his "Buddy." Shortly after this occurrence two Germans fell into his hands, and he made them prisoners. His Lieutenant knew of this, and at once gave orders for him to conduct them to the rear. Private Gowey entreated the officer to send his Germans back under the escort of someone else; however, the Lieutenant stood his ground and insisted upon the soldier's compliance with his orders. Private Gowey (who was at that time a Sergeant) had determined not to lose touch with his organization, and he feared that by going back too far he might find it very difficult to overtake his regiment. He therefore started back with his two prisoners, and together they covered several kilometers. As they trudged along they frequently passed shell-holes not far from the roadside and this gave him an idea. He lined his Germans up in front of the next one they came to and calmly shot them with his revolver. He had placed them with their backs to the shell-hole in such a way that when they fell they disappeared out of sight. He thought this an excellent arrangement and ended by exclaiming:

"Say, Sister, you ought to have heard how one of those Huns screamed!"
But the Sister sighed, another pet illusion had been shattered; evidently our soldiers (whether of Dutch descent or otherwise) were by no means all
Sir Galahads. She asked Private Gowey what his officer had said when he quickly rejoined his retiment.

"Oh, he didn't say anything! They all knew we did that," was his answer. "Nobody cared a damn so long as they didn't get away."

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Issued by the Chamber of Commerce of the City of Angers,

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The gift of Chief Ollie Kinney.

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Issued by the Chamber of Commerce of the City of Angers, dated 1917.

The gift of Chief Ollie Kinney.

CHIEF OLLIE KINNEY.

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The Mohawk Indian, Chief Ollie Kinney, of Belleaire, Ohio, served as a Private in the Quartermaster Corps with the Service of Supplies in France. He was one of the hospital's most picturesque patients, for his abundant straight black hair, glistening with pomade, fell to his shoulders and made him remarkable among the other soldiers; in stature he was short, square and rather stout; his usually smiling face was broad and somewhat flat.

Most of his pay must have been spent on the numberless souvenirs which he was bringing home for his mother and sisters. He spread out for our admiring gaze a collection of dazzling, dressy little aprons, most of them magenta or yellow, embroidered in strongly contrasting colors, as well as many surprising bead necklaces.

The Chief was a Catholic and seemed greatly interested in unusual objects of religion. For his parish priest and other clerical friends he had brought back crucifixes encased in mother-of-pearl shells hinged at the back to form boxes, and Holy-Water fonts made of the same material; also queer bead or berry rosaries, and many religious medals.

His souvenirs were so out of the ordinary that we secretly marvelled at the ingenuity of their makers. Obviously, however, his greatest treausre was a very charming little French porcelain snuff-box or jewel-case, mounted in ormolu. It was designed in the style of Louis XVI, and lined with satin dyed a color known as solferino--a violent purplish red.

We all liked him immensely because he was uniformly so kindly and affable.
One morning Chief Kinney came toward one of the Hostesses with a radiant smile and benevolently pressed upon her a tiny French banknote for the amount of 25 centimes. It was very crumpled and rather soiled, the kind of currency which our soldiers abroad often angered the Poilus by using as cigarette-lighters with the aid of their "briquets." The Chief was leaving that day for further treatment in a hospital nearer to his home, but he did not wish to go without giving her this little souvenir of his trip to France.

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A COMPLAINT ABOUT DEBARKATION HOSPITAL NO. 5.

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Sergeant Henry Roger Staples, Quartermaster Corps, of Bangor, Maine, was not among the hordes of patients who always referred to Debarkation Hospital No. 5 as "next to Heaven." Perhaps he had acquired the habit of grousing during many years of service in the Army, and he was among the very few who registered complaints. To him the hospital was not a hospital at all but a prison. He even went further and asserted that there was not even medicine in the entire building—a base slander, for our pharmacy was one of the finest in the city. Judging by his irritability he must have been a trying individual to his officers. The cause of his discontent was that fresh uniforms had been issued slowly, and that as the hospital had just opened the machinery for clearing up the soldiers' back pay was not as well perfected at first as it was a few weeks later. With no street clothes nor money available the men were perforce confined to the hospital.

The Sergeant told us what amazingly skillful financiers many of them became in France. Sometimes with eight or nine months of back pay owing to them they yet managed to acquire "vinn rowge," and "vinn blanc" as well as other luxuries on many occasions. He did not, however, add that their funds were often obtained from the sale of their own military clothing and equipment.

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LIEUTENANT BRADY, Medical Corps, Ward-Surgeon on the Twelfth Floor.

A BOY IN A WHEEL-CHAIR.

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A friend whose husband had served with the 79th Division in France was most desirous of meeting some of these men who arrived at the Grand Central Palace. She did not hope to find anyone who had really known her husband in so large an organization, but she was most eager to hear a few of the details of their stay abroad. She therefore asked one of her Red Cross friends if she might not come to the hospital one afternoon. The matter was difficult to arrange, because she was neither a relative nor friend of any of the men, but the authorities made an exception in her case because of her social prominence and her position as an officer's wife. She wanted to see as much as possible of the hospital, but her hostess was given strictly to understand that guests might not be shown over the building, and that the utmost that she could see were the halls on the way down.

On the day of her visit Mrs. Blank was taken at once to the twelfth floor, where she sat sewing divisional insignia on the uniforms of different men during the greater part of the afternoon. Her Red Cross friend introduced to her many soldiers of the 79th Division, who were able to give her some idea of the conditions under which they fought. Among these patients was a Private Ishii, an American, whose name suggested a Japanese origin. Evidently others had already questioned him as to his descent, but he himself had no idea why his name was so unusual.

At four o'clock Mrs. Blank and the other visitors were obliged to leave. Her hostess, most anxious to show this lady all that she could of the workings of the hospital, piloted her down through the many floors of the great building and she caught a few glimpses of the life that went on there.

Suddenly Mrs. Blank stopped on the fourth floor near a patient in a wheel-chair at whom she was gazing, fascinated and horrified, for the boy was very white and drawn and had lost a leg. Forgetful of the boy's naturally sensitive feelings and addressing her friend in rapid French, the officer's wife exclaimed:

"Oh, Emma, look! Is it not awful? Oh mon Dieu! It is too terrible!"
She had suddenly realized how frightful it would be if her splendid young husband were coming home to her in similar condition. Absorbed in this possibility, she did not notice the sudden flush of embarrassment and pain that surged into the patient's face. The Red Gross worker took in the situation at once and almost dragging her friend away, they hurried toward the staircase. But she could not prevent her guest from casting a terror-stricken glance or two backward toward the poor, unfortunate boy in the wheel-chair who had the look of one who had borne much and seen more.

This little experience showed the hostess why it was so inadvisable to let civilians visit other patients than those whom they already knew; this lady's visit must have been highly painful to the patient, to whom it brought home still more strongly the extent of his infirmity.

AN UNEXPECTED VISIT AT THE DEBARKATION HOSPITAL.

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One afternoon during the winter of 1919 Mrs. Brush, a Red Cross wardworker, whose floor at Debarkation Hospital No. 5 was largely filled with bedpatients, thought of a new way in which she could give some of them pleasure. Many of her sufferers were envious of the men whose families and friends came to New York to greet them when they returned. It was almost a grief to those who came from distant parts of the country that their point of debarkation was too far from their homes to permit of a visit from their dear ones. In some way she had found out that Private Adrian Wilson, who came from the far West, wanted above everything to hear his name paged in the ward by one of the Hospital's Red Cross guides. Indeed, he almost thought it would help him to get well if he, too, could have a visit from some caller. Thrilled by a sudden inspiration, Mrs. Brush hastened down to the office of Mrs. Neergaard, one of the Social Service Directors, and asked permission to try an experiment. Her plan was to go home and return to the hospital in her handsomest calling costume, to make this boy a special visit, bringing with her a few delicacies. Mrs. Neergaard willingly consented to this unusual request, and in about an hour Mrs. Brush returned to the Social Service Director's office before going to her ward.

"Will I do?" she asked with a pretty toss of her head and a little pirouette.

She would more than "do"; she was marvelous! She had entered into the spirit of the thing with all the verve of a very young girl.

In a few moments Private Wilson was surprised to hear his name paged by one of the guides, -just as though there were the slightest possibility of this bed-ridden boy being away from his floor! He could not imagine who knew of his presence in New York, and the prospect of a visitor thrilled him beyond measure. Closely following the guide came a splendid lady wearing black velvet and sables, who swept down the aisle between the rows of cots in the ward, her hands filled with many bundles. She looked oddly familiar, though at first he didn't recognize his ward-worker in her fashionable attire. Her sweeping Paradise plumes, the great bunch of violets that she wore, and her superb diamond necklace left him almost speechless. Adrian had never seen Mrs. Brush except in her simple gray linen uniform and long white veil, and it was just to give this unassuming soldier pleasure that she had dressed for her visit as though she were going to a wedding-reception. That day he was quite the happiest man in his ward.

Supplied through the kindness of Mrs. Charles Neergaard, A.R.C.

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CAPTURED GERMAN TORPEDO.

SERGEANT JOHN R. BRECKENRIDGE,

Medical Corps, 109th Field Artillery, 28th Division.

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The only clergyman who came to our floor was Sergeant John Breckenridge, of the Medical Corps, who had seen fearful fighting during his service with the 109th Field Artillery, of the 28th Division. He rather naturally found a place in the "Keystone Division" for his home was in Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania. followed the attacking artillery regiment and he and his companions were in charge of a dressing-station just back of the front lines. The worst fighting that he saw was at Chateau-Thierry, Fismes, and at the River Aisne, although he also took part in the Battle of the Argonne. At the Aisne, battle-conditions were terrible. When he reached the River, American troops were holding positions on the southern slopes and were exchanging shells with the Germans, entrenched on the opposite bank. By dint of strategy and great numbers the Americans succeeded in bridging the stream under heavy shell-fire, not only at Chateau-Thierry but at other points, and finally forced the Germans to take up positions further back. Sergeant Breckenridge's commander established a dressing-station in the rear of the little ridge from which the Americans were projecting their attack. quick and efficient treatment which was given the wounded in their little hospital tent undoubtedly saved hundreds of lives. Young Breckenridge's duties were those of a Medical Corps Sergeant. He had been trained to help the doctors in applying dressings, to give first aid, and to minister to the needs of the sore-In the performance of his duty he himself was also wounded, but as he was unfortunately too well-versed in medical work to require the need of a doctor, his wound was not officially recorded, and he therefore wore no woundstripe, although entitled to one.

He was a slender, light-haired man, with a low, pleasant voice, and was evidently full of generous sympathies. As he had just landed, the Sergeant had as yet been unable to see anything of his friends or relatives, and he confided to one of the Red Cross Hostesses that he wanted a home-dinner above everything else. He longed to hear the voices of little American children, to see again the sparkle of pretty china and glass, and the gleam of well-polished silver. In fact, he was more hungry for the sights and sounds of an American home, after his year of absence, than for anything else. Several friends of the Red Cross worker had asked her to bring some of her patients to their homes, and one of

them gladly arranged a luncheon for Sergeant Breckenridge.

If he had been a man high in the military service the table would not have been more daintily and carefully served than it was that afternoon at the home of Mrs. Lucius H. Beers, whose son and little daughter watched the young soldier in olive-drab with deep fascination. They had been cautioned not to importune him with questions, and those which they did put to him were therefore rather shyly made, but he felt the youngsters' sympathy and deep interest, and volunteered many thrilling stories that held them spellbound.

As Sergeant Breckenridge had already taken deacon's orders, and hoped before long to be ordained a clergyman, his interest in the New York churches was, of course, very keen. The Hostess's car was again brought into requisition and he was taken to see the most important churches in the city. These were but two of the pleasant social occasions of which he availed himself dur-

ing his stay in New York.

On his return home the Sergeant was besieged with requests to speak at public dinners and at the town-hall. Friends flocked to his father's house, eager to hear of his war-experiences. A little of this interest would have been welcome; so much was showered upon him, however, that he became very bored and almost annoyed at the demands made upon him.

He made a most delightful impression on the acquaintances whom he made in New York and he is one of the many soldiers whom they long recalled with pleasure.



UNITED STATES ARMY WHIPPET-TANK.



PRIVATE MIKE CHOPICH,

362nd Infantry, 91st Division.

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Our attention had been directed by Lieutenant Brady to Private Chopich, of the 362nd Infantry, 91st Division. There was something very likable about him, and he was always in such perfect good humor. A Serbian by birth, he received his military training at Camp Lewis, Washington, in 1917. For some time previous to enlistment he had been living near Salt Lake City, Utah, and was working in a copper mine, where he held various positions, such as mechanic, motorman, electrician and overseer. He had just begun to do contract-work and was earning an excellent salary when the draft called him for the Army. At the time of his return from France he was planning either to resume work in this mine or to try his luck in Alaska.

In 1912 Mike Chopich came to America at the age of nineteen, leaving his family, which was then living near Belgrade, Serbia, and from whom he had received no news since the beginning of the War, in 1914. Naturally he was great-

ly worried by this long silence which had then lasted for five years.

He was one of a number of soldiers who refused promotions in the Army when given an opportunity of advancement. Soon after reaching France Private Chopich's Captain thought that he deserved the rank of Corporal, and was much annoyed and disappointed when Chopich declined this promotion, pleading that he was happy and got along well with his fellow-soldiers, but that as a non-commissioned officer the necessity of helping to enforce discipline would make him unpopular. He ended by saying that he would of course comply with his Commander's wishes.

"But I no like," he told his Captain, and the officer excused him from this

duty.

The Battle of the Argonne began on September 26th, and the men of his Division fought for three days and nights continually. By eight o'clock on the evening of September 28th, his regiment had advanced so far beyond other attacking troops that the Germans opened machine-gun fire upon the 362nd Infantry from the front and from both sides, causing fearful casualties. The Germans had cleverly managed to conceal machine-gun snipers in the upper branches of forest trees. Little platforms had been built to hold them and their Emma Geas, and from these points of vantage they were able to take very accurate aim. He had been advancing slowly with his comrades; suddenly, it seemed as though something had struck him in the side. He must have groaned, for a pal asked him what was the matter. Chopich answered that he did not know, but turned and started toward the rear. He had taken only two or three steps when he stumbled and fell. Friends picked him up and somehow managed to get him to a dressingstation. Bullets had struck him in the side and stomach, and wounded him in the shoulder. The surgeons who examined him at the dressing-station refused to operate on him or to give him more than first aid; afterward he heard that they had thought he could survive but a few hours. However, he was evacuated to other hospitals in the rear, and by good luck he recovered. When Chopich reached the Grand Central Palace he seemed to be in splendid health, but he told us that the bullet which was still lodged in his side troubled him constantly. and thought it would have to be removed when he reached a general hospital in

He sent us into a gale of laughter by telling us that here in New York he missed his affectionate friends, the cooties, and turning to the Hostess said he thought these little pets were now entitled to four service-stripes, in fact you could plainly see three stripes running down their backs already. Thereupon another boy piped up and said that different racial characteristics showed quite clearly in the cooties, for he thought that German and French varieties were visibly different. Just at this point Lieutenant Brady, who had joined the little group a few moments before, told us that one of the Doctors at our own Receiving-ward had been making a collection of the different kinds of little fellow-creatures who were brought to the hospital by returning patients. His specimens were preserved in alcohol in small neatly-labeled medicine bottles.

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Private Chopich had a very good idea of the War and the diplomatic situation in Europe, but his halting English made it hard for him to express himself. Concerning the future outlook of his native Serbia, he told us that the Serbs and Russians had much in common in the way of race, language and points of view, as well as in religion, and he hoped that befire long a stable form of government might be established in Russia so that the two countries could be united.

At a meeting of a Serbian Society in New York he had the privilege and pleasure of meeting Professor Michael Pupin, that distinguished Serbian who came to America as a poor boy and won his way to a professorship at Columbia Univer-

sity.

The Hostess was able to arrange several pleasant outings for Private Chopich during the month that he spent in the city, and the morning that he was leaving Mike came to say good-bye, holding in his hand a small parcel, awkward-ly wrapped in white tissue paper, for he wanted to give her a souvenir of his stay at the Debarkation Hospital. The paper concealed a little white silk hand-kerchief which he had brought from France. It was gaily decorated with a border printed in many colors and across one corner, as a finishing touch, it bore the legend, worked in bright red silk: "Remember Me."

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PRIVATE SKILLMAN,

Medical Corps.

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It is true that <u>patients</u> were never heard to complain of the quality of the food furnished at the Grand Central Palace, but the same cannot be said of one or two Corps-men. Of these Private Skillman, a Wardmaster, came to us several times with comments about the butter served at Mess. He said of himself that he had always been accustomed to the best of everything at home because he was an only son whom "his mother had raised for a pet." He also told us that he had joined the Medical Corps because he hoped thereby to have light work, to avoid drills, and to see no action—for the sake of his mother, of course! He had an amusing little drawl as he said:

"Yes, ma'am, I like butter, and I'm a good judge of it, but I like to be able to taste it; now this yere butter at the hospital must be some sort of oleomargarine, I think. No matter how thick I put it on, it has no flavor. It's too bad to feed us poor boys, away from home, on bad food, especially when we are giving up so much for our Country!"

Eager to give the lad a little pleasure along the only line apparently open to him, the Hostess purchased for him a pound of the best print butter that she could find and brought it up to the twelfth floor in her basket on the following day. The next time she saw Private Skillman she asked him if he had found it an improvement on that which he was getting with his meals. He admitted that it was "some better," but seemed still dissatisfied.

Several patients who were sitting near the Hostess overheard this remark. Private Mike Chopich, who received three wounds in the Argonne Forest, had more than once heard the Wardmaster complain on this score. He knew what it was to have only mouldy bread to eat, and not enough of that. Looking some measure of his scorn, he asked the Corps-man, in a slightly sarcastic tone, whether he had ever been to France. Private Skillman answered that he had not. Then Mike Chopich told him he ought to be very thankful that he had always had enough white bread to eat, let alone butter.

Rather disappointed at Skillman's lack of enthusiasm for the fancy butter which she had brought him, the Hostess sought out her friend, Lieutenant Brady, who roared with laughter when she ventured to ask if the men could possibly be getting eleomargarine. He added that the Army supplied his patients with the best grade of fresh sweet butter obtainable in New York, for which a very high price was being paid.

Wardmaster Skillman merely wanted the strongly salted variety, since that was the only kind he had known; and the pale yellow color of freshly-made but-

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MEN OF THE ENGINEER CORPS.

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Corporal Dotson K. Scruggs, 313th Engineers, 88th Division, of St. Louis, Missouri, had been fireman on railroad locomotives for four years before he went to War. It took, he said, eight years of apprenticeship as a fireman before a man became a full-fledged engine driver. Incidentally, he told us that during his four years on the tender he found a decided difference among his engineers. Some of them made his work almost intolerable by their way of managing the engine; others husbanded his efforts so that his work was comparatively easy. He was a cousin of another patient, Malcolm Scruggs, who had left the hospital a little while before. The most interesting work that he did while in France was to help in building pontoon bridges across the Meuse River. These pontoons were transported in sections ready to be assembled. Often he said that when their horses became too exhausted for further efforts the engineers themselves would take their places in the traces and draw the carts forward for many a mile. The sight of these patient, emaciated horses was one of the very tragic things of the war.

Another non-commissioned efficer of the Engineer Corps, Sergeant Lucas A. Weeks, of Denison, Iowa, also fought through the Argonne Battle. The most striking exploit of his organization was the building of a pontoon bridge under heavy enemy fire also across the River Meuse, near the little city of Dun-sur-Meuse. This was the more difficult of accomplishment because of the nature of the terrain in that section. The river valley was nearly level at that point and our troops had little or no shelter from the character of the ground.

The village of Dun itself was built on a little hill around the base of three sides of which the river, forming what in America is called an "ox-bow." The problem confronting our men was to cross a rather wide expanse of open meadow, under terrific shellfire in full sight of the enemy, and seize the town after having bridged the broad and shallow river. They did it by dint of overwhelming numbers of oncoming soldiers. In spite of the heavy shellfire the Germans could not exterminate them all and the engineers, bringing along their pontoons, assembled them and crossed to the German bank of the Meuse. Here they were comparatively safe, for heavy American reinforcements of infantry supplemented the work of the engineers and gradually fighting every inch of the way, they got around to the rear of the town, which they captured. The taking of this strategic position was of great value to the Allies, for it stopped the enemy's devastating fire at that point.

Sergeant Weeks spent nearly an hour making diagrams of these positions and indicated on the war-map exactly how this feat was accomplished. There was something captivating in the pride which he unconsciously took in this job, in which we were sure he had taken no small part.



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WHIPPET TANK ON THE VERGE OF MAKING STEEP DESCENT.

Most of the men of the Tank Corps who came to us had suffered from gaspoisoning of one sort or another. Their motors nearly always went ahead of attacking troops and the tanks frequently ran into gas pockets formed by depressions in the soil. The Tank Corps men were also in great danger from the exhausted fumes of gasoline generated by their own motors. The crews became so accustomed to these fumes that they hardly realized what danger they were running until some real damage was done. They also told us how frightfully even the tiniest drop of chlorine gas could burn. It sometimes condensed and fell in drops from the branches of trees or shrubs; a tiny drop would eften fall upon a man's hand or work its way unnoticed through his uniform until it bit into his flesh. Often the men would not be persuaded to put on gas-masks in time because they were so hot and hard to fight in, and these men inhaled the deadly fumes before they knew it. Several men of the Chemical Warfare Service and of the Tanks had most extraordinarily hoarse voices due to having been gassed.

Not only the soldiers suffered but also the poor patient Army horses. Gas which seemed to have entirely disappeared in the sunshine of the day before was revived and made virulent by the night's dew. Animals were badly burned about the muzzle as they cropped the inviting green grass that looked so harmless, or

stopped to drink from little pools of water.

Tankmen seemed to greatly enjoy their work with these tremendous machines, which were practically small movable forts. There were turrets in each side for machine-guns as well as several loopholes through which marksmen could make deadly work of the enemy when they came to close quarters. Small Whippet-tanks had movable conning-towers furnished with loopholes for firearms as well as peepholes for the operator of the tank. One of the most disagreeable features about these huge engines was the lack of ventilation. Their own powerful motors gave off an immense amount of heat and frequently they seemed more like ovens than anything else. Often an assault with tanks was so planned that three or four French whippets preceded a large English heavy tank, just as hounds go in advance of a huntsman. The little Whippets were capable of considerable speed and were very easily turned about and steered, while the great English "heavies" with their machine-guns and their six pound Hotchkiss guns lumbered along with deadly determination. Our soldiers were all forbidden to take photographs or to have a camera, but many of them seemed to have gone counter to this order, for the tankmen showed us photographs they had taken of the interior of their tanks as well as of the huge machines themselves under many varying conditions.

Lieutenant Earl B. Duming, from Los Angeles, California, known as "the Devil of the Tank Corps," told the following story of his experience with the 27th Division near Saint Quentin:

"We were with the 27th Division all the time," he said. "And at 5.50 on the morning of September 29th (the zero hour) we started with O'Ryan's men to break the Hindenburg line. I had with me in my tank a Sergeant and six men. Under a hellish barrage we went about two miles, shooting down Huns with our eight machine-guns and our six pounders.

"We got beyond the village of Bony, across the Saint Quentin Canal, to LeCatelet, when our tank was struck. All of us were wounded by the explosion of the shell which set the gasoline stored in the tank on fire, but we crawled out with our machine-guns, sought shelter in shell-holes and fought off the Germans. Night came and we started to crawl back through the German lines. Six of my men were captured and this left Sergeant Rosenhagen, of Indianapolis, who was badly burned, and myself. At last we wriggled into an empty place in a trench, and at seven o'clock in the morning the British took the trench and we were carried back to a hospital."

For his work the British awarded Lieutenant Dunning the British Military Cross, and to Sergeant Rosenhagen the British Military Medal, and also the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

Six of the officers and enlisted men of the 305th Brigade Tank Corps, of which the 301st Tank Battalion was a part, received Distinguished Service Crosses from the United States Government. They were men and officers that had gone even further than General O'Ryan's division, for when the 27th Division stopped at the Selle River on October 17th the heavy tanks continued fighting until they made American history at the second battle of LeCateau on October 27th, and at Mormal Forest on November 4th. Their casualties totaled nearly fifty percent of the original number in the battalion. They ended their part of the war with fourteen tanks and they had started in with forty-eight.

The most interesting men of the Tank Corps in the twelfth floor wards were Corporal Leo Edelman, Croix de Guerre, 301st Tank Battalion, from Emporium, Pennsylvania, who saw much fighting with the 27th and 30th Divisions at Cambrai and Saint Quentin, and who was badly gassed; Sergeant James A. Daugherty and Private Forstner, both of the 301st Tank Battalion of heavy tanks.

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Well worthy of recording was the trip which Mr. and Mrs. Olsen made to New York during the winter of 1919 to visit their son, the eldest of their fourteen children, when he returned from France, hopelessly stricken with tuberculosis. It was evident that he had but a very short time left to live and American Red Cross officers at Debarkation Hospital No. 5 sent word to his parents urging them if possible to come to New York. Without delay, Mr. Olsen mortgaged his little farm in Wyoming and with this one hundred dellars he and "Mother" set out for New York. As they were wholly unfamiliar with railway travel they thought it best to take with them certain provisions for the journey, and in addition to their travelling bags "Mother" carried a shopping-bag in which she had stowed two roast chickens, some bread and butter, a couple of pies, and a few apples. With careful management this lasted most of the way.

The Red Cross had been advised of their coming and when they reached the Grand Central Terminal in New York a representative conducted them at once to the Debarkation Hospital where Major Neergaard received them. Great was their son's joy at this reunion. They stayed with him as long as they could, and when the time came for visitors to leave the hospital Mr. and Mrs. Olsen sought their friend, the Field-Director, who had already reserved suitable accommodations for them at a Hostess House on 54th Street. A member of his staff piloted them to the Hostess House, where everything possible was done to make them feel at home. The next day they came again to see their son with whom as before they spent the afternoon.

About an hour after the last visitors had gone Mr. Olsen and "Mother" returned to the hospital and asked for the Field-Director. They were both of them rather shy and embarrassed, but told him that they were afraid they had not been expected at their boarding-place, as the door of the house was locked. Wondering what could be the matter, Major Neergaard volunteered to take them back to the Hostess House in his car. It was a wide, old-fashioned, brown-stone mansion in East 54th Street, whose door consisted of plate-glass and a massive iron grill. Mr. Olsen again tried the handle of the door, which he shook a little, but it remained tightly closed as before.

"Didn't you ring the bell?" asked the Major.

"I don't see any bell," said "Mother," in whose mind the word evidently recalled a vision of their dinner-bell at the farm.

The Field-Director pressed the conventional doorbell found beside the door of every private house in New York. Awe-struck, "Mother" Olsen's gaze followed the movement of his hand, her eyes turning in quick succession from Major Neergaard's face to the doorpost, and back again. As if by magic the door was opened almost immediately to receive them. It was their first experience with a doorbell.

Many things were done for the pleasure of this modest farmer and his wife while they stayed in New York. Among other things they were taken on a wonderful sight-seeing trip. Mrs. Risley, one of the Social Service Directors at the hospital, who was greatly attracted to them because of their simplicity and appreciation, accompanied them on a trip around the city. As they had never before been on the sea-coast the waters of New York Bay impressed them more than anything else, and Mrs. Olsen wondered repeatedly why the waters lapping the foot of little Liberty Island did not overrun and engulf it. In fact, she rather expected to see it sink before her very eyes.

Mr. and Mrs. Olsen did not know that Major Neergaard and the Red Cross Home Service man of their native State had exchanged several telegrams on the subject of their visit, nor that the Field-Director knew that they had mort-gaged their small farm in order to come. He approached them one afternoon and quite casually asked if they had brought with them as much money as they needed. The Wyoming farmer was reluctant to tell a stranger about his lack of funds, but

it somehow transpired that almost nothing remained of the money which they had used in coming to New York.

"If you could let me have enough money for our tickets home, I would be so greatly obliged," he said. "I'll send it back to you just as soon as I reach the farm."

"I shall be very pleased," answered Major Neergaard, "if you will consider yourselves guests of the Red Cross during this visit. We will pay the expenses which you incurred in making the journey, as well as your hotel accommodations, and your passage home, for we feel that your coming was in a way a war necessity."

Completely overwhelmed by the generosity of this offer, tears welled up in Mr. Olsen's eyes. The sacrifice involved by the trip had been very great indeed, and who would not pardon him because he wept with relief? Pulling himself somewhat together, he raised one or two objections to the plan, fearing

that he might be the recipient of charity.

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"Oh, you need have no hesitation in accepting our help," the Major assured him. "You belong to the Red Cross, and your friends and neighbors belong to the Red Cross. We are only the agents and the means of distributing the subscriptions which all of you have made to the organization. You may look at it in this way. Supposing there were some medicine that your son needed and that nobody else but the Red Cross could supply. Would you refuse it because it was freely given. Well, you and Mrs. Olsen happen to be the medicine that your son most needs just now."

The farmer and his wife stayed in New York a few days longer and every moment was one of delight. They no longer feared that a load of overwhelming debt was piling up which they and their thirteen other children would in some way have to discharge.

Major Neergaard had no funds directly available to meet this particular case, but in circumstances such as these he unhesitatingly turned for help to Mrs. E. H. Harriman or to other generous and sympathetic friends.

Supplied through the courtesy of Major Charles Neergaard, A.R.C.

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MISS HELEN BRADISH (MRS. WILLIAM WALTON RIXEY),

A Red Cross Ward-worker at Debarkation Hospital No. 5.

CHAPLAIN CONBOY'S MASS.

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Father Conboy's Masses on Sunday mornings are memorable for the surroundings in which they took place as well as for the atmosphere of deep devotion that prevailed. He used for these services the Stage Women's War Relief theatre; patients, nurses, and others of the hospital staff filled nearly all the seven hundred folding seats of the auditorium, and there was also plenty of room in front of the platform for wheel-chair patients who wished to attend. Every one's attention centered on the Altar, placed in the middle of the stage, against a background of soft grey curtains. This Altar had been presented to the Chaplain by one of the cooks at the big hospital kitchen. He had shown surprising skill in its construction. From some source he obtained the lumber and built it in such a way that, if necessary, it could be folded into small compass. It had been treated to a coat of heavy white enamel paint and was completed by the addition of gradines and a tabernacle. Mrs. Samuel Adams Clark and some of her friends supplied the proper Church vestments, and every week, late on Saturday afternoons, she arranged the flowers in the vases, spread the Altar with its fair white linens, and made everything ready for the service.

It was a foregone conclusion that the congregation would have no prayer-books and the officers took turns on Sundays in handing to all those who came a small paper-covered service-book, which was returned at the door. At these services Father Conboy always preached a short sermon, couched in simple lan-

guage, but full of homely truths.

It is curious sometimes how little the attending circumstances affect an occasion. There was nothing really suggestive of religion about our "Chapel" except the improvised Altar. Painted above the stage on which the Chaplain stood was a mural decoration, the subject of which was a clown in Pagliacci costume, holding a hoop through which an equestrienne was about to jump. Overhead could be seen green trelises which masked windows on the second floor opening into the main auditorium of the Grand Central Palace and behind which patients on that floor shared the Mass. An inevitable accompaniment of rattling dishes seemed almost a part of the service, as well as the sound of diligent sweeping by some corps-man, who whistled as he plied his broom.

All these things, however, sank into insignificance for that congregation of battle-scarred warriers who had paid in their persons the price of victory. They were home at last, and all adored in rapt silence. The great act of Christian worship was about to be accomplished, the Elevation of the Host was

taking place.

After the Mass, Father Conboy and all those who were fasting because they had just received Communion assembled in a rest-room furnished by Mrs. Clark for members of the Red Cross Staff. In an adjoining kitchenette she had provided every facility for supplementing the luncheons which we usually got at the canteen. On Sunday mornings the canteen was not open at that hour, and the hospital Mess had finished. Several of us, therefore, took turns in preparing this Sunday morning breakfast of coffee, eggs, marmalade and toast, which looked most inviting when served on our dainty blue and white china. These occasions were full of quiet happiness and sociability and a part of life at the hospital that all of us loved.

SERGEANT CLARENCE NICHOLLS.

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It was seldom that invitations went a-begging at the hospital. Clarence Nicholls, of the Motor Transport Corps, who came from a small city in the extreme northern part of New York State, was one of a large number of men to whom it seemed a point of honor to make the most of all the entertainments that came their way during their stay in New York. He was on the 12th floor for almost three weeks and all that time hardly a day went by that he did not go to more than one entertainment. Usually there were two or even three for which he received tickets. Luncheons, dinners, dances, theatre-parties, concerts, sightseeing drives, he had neglected nothing for which opportunity was offered.

He, at last, admitted that his great ambition in coming to New York was We asked him what appealed to him about this sordid and unto see the Bowery. attractive thoroughfare. Sergeant Nicholls answered that he had heard about it all his life. Perhaps he associated it with the song that was so popular many

years ago:

"The Bowery, the Bowery, They do such things and they say such things On the Bowery, the Bowery, I'll never go there any more."

However, when he returned from his sight-seeing trip it held no further attractions for him, either.

Knowing the social bent of the big Motor Transport man, some of us sought him out where he lay fully dressed on his cot in the ward, half an hour after luncheon one afternoon. Some tickets for a very attractive dance had just been sent to us to dispose of. The Knights of Columbus had arranged a delightful party for that afternoon and we were seeking out all the available social butterflies for this occasion. When we suggested the plan to him the Sergeant politely declined and to our surprise produced a thick bundle of tickets for the various entertainments which he had enjoyed during his stay in town. In thickness they were almost like a pack of cards, and he cut and shuffled them in much the same way to let us see how very many he had accumulated. Then he told us that he had been out the night before to a dinner and to a dance; that he had been out that morning to a special performance given at the Palace Theatre for service men; that he was going out again that evening to a dinner at the Lamb's Club, which was to be followed by an entertainment. Regretfully he shook his head, and said:

"Thank you so much, Sister, but I've simply got to rest some time!" Not long after this he and several of his friends were evacuated to the hospital at East View, on the outskirts of the city. This well-managed institution came in for very scant praise from the soldiers, who had been dreadfully spoiled during their stay in the metropolis.



YANKS GOING INTO ACTION. FRANCE.

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SOUVENIRS.

We were shown many interesting souvenirs at the Grand Central Palace; broad belts encrusted so solidly with buttons and collar "hardware" of the Allied armies that they weighed several pounds and must have taken months to collect and arrange; bits of shrapnel or bullets taken from wounds and carefully treasured by the patients.

But sometimes we saw something thrilling, such as a little steel face-mask, one of those which were furnished to the operators of the French Whippet-tanks. It was a remarkable bit of work and fitted the face so perfectly that it actually felt pleasant when in place. Outside, it was covered with brown glove-kid. Inside, the lining was of soft yellow suede; and the eyes were protected with "blinds" of split steel, which were so cleverly fashioned as not to impede the vision. The soldier who owned it, Corporal Angelo Biscardi, had been decorated with the "Croix de Guerre," and said that orders had been issued to return these masks to the French Government when the Americans were no longer needed in this service. However, when the time came he just could not part with it, and he had managed to smuggle it home. It was such a wonderful souvenir that no one blamed him.

Another curiosity was a little German Trench "Feldkocher," which its owner insisted burned grease rendered from German soldiers' cadavers. This repellant little horror belonged to an American engine-driver, Private Francis, of the Railroad Transportation Corps.

He loved to tell us how he and his fireman "hit it up over those Frog railroads!" with his huge locomotive, which was so ill-adapted to the small French
rails. Judging by what he said, he sent his great engine thundering over a
great part of France; and he doubtless nearly broke the hearts of many French
railway officials, for neither he nor the fireman spared their store of little
"briquettes" of compressed coal-dust furnished them as fuel. He spoke with
pride of the new type of Baldwin locomotives which were sent to France during the
War, and drew a comparison between our engines and those used by the French,
which were very badly arranged for the comfort of the engineers, as they were provided with no storm-curtains of any kind, and the center-control was most inconvenient. However, they only burned some four or five tons of French "briquettes"
a day, which had to be broken up by the fireman before he could use them.

Private Francis, knowing the thrill with which our "Yank" soldiers always heard the deep-toned whistle of his Baldwin because it reminded them so strongly of home, and was so entirely different from the shrill toots of French locomotives, frequently greeted in this way the long strings of marching soldiers whom he saw hiking over the French roads. Often it fell to his lot to hasten their arrival at the front, for the troop-trains which he hauled consisted of fifty freight cars filled with soldiers and their equipment.

As we were talking about souvenirs, a soldier in the group remarked that he had brought home something rather different from most of those that he had seen, and drew from his pocket a very curious silver watch. It was one of those old-fashioned affairs that are almost as fat as an onion, the movement being protected both at the back and front by two hinged covers. A big watch-key that dangled by a string was attached to it. On the dial were large numerals and the white enameled surface was decorated with an arrangement of tiny painted flowers. The space between the two back covers held the photograph of a pretty-smiling girl as well as a little love-poem written in German with purple ink on very thin paper. This paper was closely ruled with fine green lines and must have been frequently unfolded, for it was both worn and somewhat soiled.

Fascinated by this old watch, which still kept fairly good time, the Hostess asked Sergeant Smith how it had come into his possession. Its owner said that

while his organization was occupying trenches at the very front he and some of his chums had been watching the "Jerries" who were holding the trenches opposite them. Evidently the Allies must have kept very quiet for one of the Germans started across the intervening space to reconnoitre their strength. The Yanks allowed him to come most of the way before showing any signs of life, but they were quivering with excitement. Sergeant Smith said to the man next to him:

"I'll match you for the shot;"

"Done!" whispered his friend, drawing some French coins from his pocket.

It takes longer to tell the circumstance than for its accomplishment. The chance for the shot fell to Sergeant Smith, who took careful aim and brought down his man. The German pitched forward, rolled over a little, and died. The Yanks waited a while for any retaliation on the part of the Germans. At last, our Sergeant grew tired of inaction. His quarry lay temptingly near, and crawling cautiously over the top of the trench he wriggled over the intervening ground until he reached the Boche. It took but a few moments to "frisk" him and Sergeant Smith returned to his comrades with the man's papers, his little diary, penknife and "boko" (beaucoup) other odds and ends, as well as this interesting German watch, which must have been more than a hundred years old. We asked him what he thought of doing with such a splendid souvenir, which was really a museum piece. The Sergeant answered that he planned to give it to his father, who would greatly value it, he was sure.

But he himself was fascinated by the picture of the lovely young girl with

the charming smile.

"Gee, I wish I knew what her name is and where she lives," he said.

One of the many patients grouped around the Red Cross worker noticed the interest that she showed in their souvenirs and gave her a curious, soiled and faded ticket which he had picked up while going through the ravaged city of Chateau-Thierry. It was lying in the mud, and not knowing what it might be about this soldier picked it up and put it in his pocket until he had time to examine it further. It was stamped with the date of July 14, 1885, and entitled its holder to a kilogram of meat which could be obtained of a Monsieur Dutillet. It bears also the name of the Mayor who held office at that time in the city of Chateau-Thierry.

Another little souvenir that was given to her was a little medal very popular just then with the French. This consisted of a wreath of silver leaves encircling the numerals 13. It was supposed to bring the wearer good luck, and the donor, Corporal Max V. Rothrock, said that it had always brought him good fortune. In compliment to her patients of the 12th floor the Hostess pinned the little medal on at once, and as it really did bring her luck that day she contin-

ued to wear it as long as she was in Red Cross uniform.

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VILLE DE CHATEAU-THIERRY.

FETE NATIONALE DU 14 JUILLET 1885.

BON pour UN KILOG. de Viande à prendre chez M. DUTILLET.

Le Maire,
DEVILLE.

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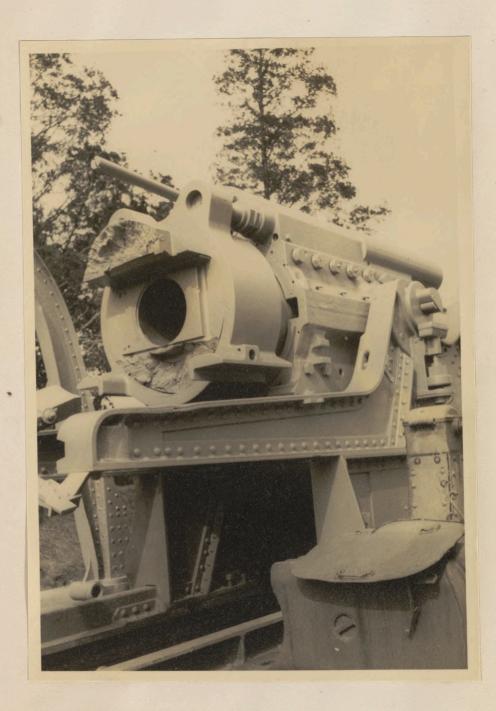
The diversified work of the Intelligence Department had many strange angles. Information about certain curious facts came to the knowledge of men engaged in this work. The authenticity of the following story was vouched for by a member of the staff at the Base Censor's office in Paris.

The artillery supporting certain front-line positions received its firing directions by means of field-telephones operated from outposts close to the advanced infantry position. Officers observing the barrage noticed that it persistently fell short of the designated objective. Puzzled by the poor marksmanship displayed by the gunners, they sought a reason for this failure to cooperate in the preconcerted plan of attack. A Signal Corps officer suggested that they call upon the Intelligence Department for help, fearing that the Germans might have tampered with their wires and that it was for this cause that the barrage was ineffective. German military agents were such versatile linguists that it was difficult to find a medium of communication which they could not understand. Among the personnel of the American Expeditionary Force there happened to be several graduates of Carlisle University, American Indians, who These men had already proved themselves abstill spoke their tribal tongue. solutely trustworthy, and two of them were therefore selected for the work in They were placed at either end of the telephone-line running back from No Man's Land. The outpost sent firing directions to his clansman in Choctaw, which the other Indian at the Post of Command translated for the artillery officers. The enemy's machinations were at an end, and a well directed barrage rained upon the Boche positions with telling effect. Before long the Yanks were able to advance and "mopped up" the enemy who still lurked in some of the

In another way also the Indians did yeoman service during the recent war. Eminently fitted by nature and temperament to scouting, they stole with cat-like tread to the very edge of German positions, whence they brought back priceless military information and often many prisoners.

The narrator of these entertaining stories, Private J. Schuh, had been for years engaged in Post Office work in a large Middle Western city. As a specialist in the handling of mail-matter he was selected for duty in the Base Censor's office in Paris. His work consisted in examining several hundred letters a day. These were scrutinized for secret codes, for military information and for the presence of messages written in invisible ink. Such messages were nearly always written on the marginal borders of letters. Invisible ink disappeared a few hours after having been used, and Private Schuh and his fellow-workers could cause it to appear by the application of acids and chemicals.

He greatly enjoyed his military work as well as what he could see of the beautiful French city, but he was lonely for the companionship of young women of his own age, notwithstanding his deep attachment to his wife. as a rule, became tired of each other and the friendship of persons of another sex was very welcome. Through the American Red Cross in Paris he made the acquaintance of two or three estimable French families, hospitable, pleasant people, who welcomed him into their homes, and helped him stave off many a homesick evening. When it came time for him to leave, a young lady belonging to one of these families helped him in the selection of some exquisite French underwear and blouses which he brought home for his splendid wife. ing of this adored woman he bought while in Brest a dozen or more lace doilies and other small pieces executed in the designs characteristic of that part of France. They were the backs of peasant caps and other small lace ornaments, but they were admirably adapted to use on a dining table. He was greatly pleased when he noted our very evident admiration and appreciation of his selections and thanked the Red Cross women on the twelfth floor for their interest in his affairs. Private Schuh possessed a good deal of quiet dignity and humor and we long recalled him with pleasure.



CAPTURED GERMAN FIFTEEN INCH HOWITZER,
Showing the enemy's destruction of the breech.

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A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

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s letter was sent to a recruiting officer by
the Army. The punctuation and phraseology h

This letter was sent to a recruiting officer by a soldier seeking re-enlistment in the Army. The punctuation and phraseology have been carefully preserved, and it appears here because it reveals so clearly many things about the home-life of "Mr. J. Brady, Jr., Ex-Soldier."

Mar 24-20 Bklyn N Y

Dear Sir

Will you kindly give me a chance in the regular Army & I am willing to go in for life-term as my Wife is no good in any way. she lets her young Baby cry for Hrs with out attend to her & I am willing to make an allowment to her for Babys sake but not for her sake. she is always telling me to go back in the army & she won't miss me at all & she swear and curses like a mad Person. she is always giving me can Soup & cold Ham for my dinners. you can get my record from Robbins Drydook & Repair Co Erie Basin for 9 years steady & I have my Honorable Discharge from the Chemical Warfare Service.

Please enswer as soon as you can as I am willing to go any place you wish to send me to Russia japan China Chicago Boston Conn or any other State country or no mans Land.

I remain

Yours Forever

Mr. J. Brady Jr Ex Soldier.

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SERGEANT VERNON HENDRY,
353rd Infantry, 89th Division,
Shortly after his demobilization.

SERGEANT VERNON HENDRY,

353rd Infantry, 89th Division.

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Quite by chance one of the Red Cross ladies noticed a patient sitting alone late one afternoon in the reception hall on the main floor. Evidently he had not yet received his uniform, as he had come downstairs in his pajamas and bathrobe. For some reason he seemed greatly disturbed and worried. Wondering what could be the matter a Hostess ventured to approach him, asking if she could be of any service. He introduced himself as Sergeant Vernon Hendry, saying that he came from Kingman, Kansas, and that he had served with the 353rd Infantry of the 89th Division in France. He was in much distress because, owing to his lack of a uniform, he had been unable to go in search of suitable accommodations for his sister, Mrs. Clifford Sykes, who was coming on from her home in Kansas to spend a few days with him during his stay in New York.

Several addresses of different Hostesses Houses were supplied to the Red Cross worker, and at one of these she was able to make very favorable arrangements for the soldier's sister while in New York. The Y.W.C.A. had rented a large empty loft building, at Lexington Avenue and Fortieth Street, which was transformed into a temporary Hostess House. Here Mrs. Sykes could be near the hospital and

was made very comfortable, although her quarters were not luxurious.

Wishing to contribute as much as possible to the happiness of this brother and sister, who had not seen each other for a year, the Hostess secured for them and for two of their friends tickets for an attractive dance which was given at a Soldiers' and Sailors' Club near by, and also provided a long afternoon's drive, so that they might see the parks and outskirts of the city.

Sergeant Hendry was a psychologist, and a great admirer of Dr. Frank Crane of New York. Perhaps it was his unexpected familiarity with psychological subjects, which somehow seemed out of keeping with an olive-drab uniform, that made him first appear rather remarkable. He was a scholarly looking, pale young fellow, and he evidently had been very sick.

Like many other patients he told about the first sight he had of the city from New York Bay; how the tug-boats and the boats of the Mayor's Committee of Welcome to HomeComing Troops had come to meet the transport; and of the nervous joy and hysteria which the soldiers all experienced when they caught sight of New York's wonderful sky line and were greeted by vociferous sirens on every ship in the Harbor.

"Do you know, Murse, "-- for thus many of them addressed us--"I sort of choked up inside. I felt like laughing and like crying at the same time. And suddenly I felt tears running down my face. I was afraid to brush them away lest someone might notice the gesture, and when I looked at the men next to me they were just as bad as I was. Nearly every one of them was smiling through their tears, though. Unquestionably, it was the most wonderful moment of my life, and I shall never forget how beautiful the Statue of Liberty looked to us all!"

Sergeant Hendry and his sister were very appreciative of the courtesies shown to them by many hospitable New Yorkers. They accepted a number of delightful invitations and when he started off with other patients, bound for Fort Riley, Kansas, it was with real regret that the Sergeant said good-bye.

Apparently those taking the trip on the hospital-train must have received almost an ovation, for he wrote to the hostesses at the Grand Central Palace that "everywhere they were met and showered with eats and smokes and love." They were so plied with evidencies of appreciation along the way that the extra room on the train was quite taken up with bouquets of flowers and heaps of good

things; in fact, he described the trip as made "on velvet." As soon as they arrived at Fort Riley entertainments of several kinds were planned for their amusement. A circus in which the hospital unit and the patients all took part: "Even the crippled bed-patients did their bit as freaks in the side-show."
A week later he wrote again from Fort Riley, as he thought that one of the many charitable war-organizations in New York might help him with a plan which he had formulated in Belgium. He was eager to provide a home and to educate a War-orphan. He especially wanted a bright little boy who would supply the element of youth in the home of his father and mother, whom he was obliged to leave for professional reasons. The Society for the Fatherless Children of France was unable to co-operate with his plan, but through some other means he secured a little American boy of thirteen who had been left alone and who needed support and Some time after he had laid aside his uniform he sent us his photograph. taken in civilian clothes, as well as this little poem which had evidently pleased "MY SOLDIER" The blought, therefore, or lexing me of her. The how of his comes injury and he form of his comes, hope he Grace M. Brown. I did not know that he was so big That his eyes were so blue And that he was so strong and handsome too, I never knew--'Till I saw him in Khaki rig. I did not know France was so far away. I never thought that some soon day My treasure boy might be on his way To France. I did not know that I loved him so, My blessed boy of long ago. I did not know, --God, --how many things there are

That Mothers do not know.

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SOME FOURTH FLOOR PATIENTS.

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A large number of stretcher-cases arrived in the middle of the afternoon on Good-Friday. It was not long before they were taken care of and resting comfortably in their clean white beds in one of the big wards on the fourth floor, which was already fragrant with many Easter lilies and other spring flowers in anticipation of Easter Sunday. Most of the patients were not too tired to talk, in fact, they were fairly bubbling over with the exhibaration of their return. Corporal Erskine, Despatch Rider of the 24th Engineers, was only too eager to tell about the advance of the Army of Occupation into Germany. He had been greatly interested by the quaint cities that they passed through and was especially fascinated by Luxembourg itself, regretting that it had been his misfortume to leave it so soon.

During his stay in France Corporal Erskine had met a young French girl who promised to become his wife and whom it was quite evident that he adored. His first thought, therefore, on landing was of her. She knew of his severe injuries and he feared that she might worry about him. He had, of course, been debarred from sending any word of his condition during the week's journey home.

He was under some difficulty in the matter of correspondence because, although he could converse in French after a fashion, he could not write the language, neither could she read English. The Corporal, therefore, dictated a letter in English to this fiances in France, his Marthe, his "chere Petite Gosse," which the Red Cross Hostess translated for him into French.

When it was finished she gave it to him to seal, so that he might append the usual rows and rows of Xs, as well as his signature.

Some other new arrivals on the fourth floor that day complained of being desperately hungry. They had arrived long after the luncheon hour was over and said they didn't see how they could possibly wait until supper-time at five o'clock, as they had had nothing to eat since breakfast except the fruit and candy showered on them by the Salvation Army and Red Cross. They acted exactly like starving little boys and the Hostess, inquiring a little as to their special wishes, hastened off to the canteen in search of the most substantial food at that hour available. It was not long before she returned with several sandwiches apiece, made of fried eggs and boiled ham (thick slices of buttered bread and very liquid and ummanageable egg), as well as hot roast-beef sandwiches. There were also little slabs of chaese, double portions of ice-cream on paper plates to be eaten with paper spoons, and great pieces of layer-cake. The boys laughed when they saw that layer-cake.

"If they only had a few candles on them, 'Nurse', they would look like a birthday-cake apiece. We can say that they are birthday-cakes, too, for oddly enough today is the anniversary of our departure for France. We left and we've returned on exactly the same date!"

Few crumbs remained after this huge repast, which at first blush seemed so ill-suited to a bed-patient's needs, but that appeared to have gone to the right spot, for the invalids smiled with satisfaction and contentment, Dear Youngsters!



CAPTURED GERMAN FIFTEEN INCH HOWITZER.



A TRENCH-MORTAR BATTERY.

PRIVATE GARTANO ORLANDO,

110th Infantry, 28th Division.

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It was difficult for us to account for the apparent maturity in appearance and manner that was so noticeable among a large number of our patients. Two young men arrived whose snow white hair had evidently already attracted much attention in other hospitals, as they even seemed sensitive to our enquiring glances. One of the nurses, less reticent than women of the Red Cross, bluntly asked one of them if his white hair had been due to his war-experiences, but Private Stillman, of the 79th Division, parried her question, showing plainly that he would not discuss the matter.

So frequently we called the soldiers in this war "our boys," and boys they still were in many cases, large numbers of them, fired by war enthusiasm, having enlisted far below the draft age, though they had of course claimed to be twenty-one. One of these, Gaetano Orlando, surprised the nurses and all the Red Cross women on the floor by showing us one day his birth certificate, which revealed the fact that he was only just sixteen when he started his military training, having been born in Messina, Italy, in 1901. On his return from France any one would have taken him to be a man twenty-five or more years old, and nothing about him was in the slightest degree boyish, although he was at that time not much older than many schoolboys, for he was just eighteen.

Orlando received his military training at Camp Merritt, New Jersey, and went abroad as a member of Company H, 49th Infantry. After reaching France he was transferred to Company G of the 110th Infantry, 55th Brigade, 28th Division, from Pennsylvania, the same regiment in which Private Roy Weeks was a member.

During his stay on our floor he often spoke of his experiences in France and of the discomfort of railway travel on troop-trains consisting of freight cars, where the soldiers had only enough room to take off their packs which they could use as seats if they wished to. They often travelled in this uncomfortable fashion for two or three days and nights at a time. In the way of rations they depended upon their hard tack and "corn-willie," and this rather meagre fare was sometimes supplemented by coffee which they obtained at railway canteens maintained at some of the stations by the American Red Cross.

When making long "hikes" many of the men broke under the strain of carrying their heavy packs and equipment. It must be remembered that they were for the most part not hardened to military duty, having spent their lives at civilian pursuits until a short time before. Frequently they became sick or were mable to continue in the ranks and "fell out" of the line. These stragglers were picked up and brought along by the ambulances. To Private Orlando it was a matter of pride and satisfaction that he was not at any times obliged to "fall out." He succeeded in making all of the "hikes" unaided.

During his stay in France he only received pay for his first month's service. As long as he could manage to do so, he tried to get along without money. However, he could speak some French, a little Spanish, and his own native Italian. When necessity became too pressing he occasionally improved his financial condition by selling an overcoat, shoes, or any part of his equipment to the French. It mattered not to him whether they were men or women who wanted these things to wear. By being very careful he usually had a little pocket money about him. He knew perfectly well that before long his officers would again supply the things which he needed.

Orlando was injured at Apremont, during the Battle of the Argonne. The 77th Division from New York was on their left most of the time while they were in this engagement. More than once his "tin hat" saved his life. On one of

these occasions a bullet pierced the helmet, but did little more than graze his scalp. He was, however, put permanently out of battle when a bullet went through the brim of his helmet and following a slanting course, entered his shoulder and came out on the other side. It was a clean wound and healed comparatively fast. In spite of his desire to return to the line again he was detailed to care for German prisoners. From his association with these gentry he had come to the opinion that they were not such bad fellows after all.

Private Orlando really enjoyed fighting and military life. He hoped that

he might sometime fight for Italy if she ever again needed his help.

Like many another soldier he found fault with the Y.M.C.A. for the way in which it had handled the Army's job of the "dry-canteen." Spoiled by the generosity of the Red Cross, Salvation Army and Knights of Columbus, our soldiers had come to feel that they should be given everything they asked for in the way of little necessities and they resented the business-like way in which much of the "Y" work was managed. He took a warped view of the case as well as many of his fellows and unable to think of anything more unjust, he said the soldiers all believed that a Jew, who had seem some way of deriving profit from the War, was at the head and front of the organization. In his eyes, anything run on so large a scale was a case of "big business."

The metal work done among the patients on the twelfth floor started one Sunday afternoon in February, when Corporal Curtis Wood of the 329th Regiment, 83rd Division, drew from his pocket two partly-made rings which he had intended giving to his two little nieces, but that he had been unable to finish in France. They had been wrought out of 50 centimes pieces in a French hospital. He had improvised an anvil by using a lid borrowed from the ward stove, and a Medical Corps man had lent him a hammer. Every one in his ward was seized with the ring-making mania and the hammer was in such great demand that the patients could only do a small part of the work which they all intended doing. Incidentally, the French people grew very indignant with our soldiers for destroying so many thousand pieces of their currency, and American officers reprimanded men of their command whom they saw wearing those silver rings.

The rings for the children were such tiny, pretty things that one of the recreation room Hostesses, who happened to be a jeweler, found them irresistible and begged Corporal Wood to finish them, saying that she would bring the necessary tools to the hospital. He had shown them to her before the mess-call for dinner, and when her own lunch-time came she hurried home for a small bagful of tools as well. The Red Cross room was full of guests all the afternoon, and it was not until four o'clock that the jewelry-work could begin.

Now, Corporal Wood was a generous and able craftsman as well as a brave soldier. He offered to hammer up a ring for the Hostess, using for the purpose an American twenty-five cent piece which she drew from her change-purse, and began work upon her ring at once.

The sound of ringing steel on silver attracted the attention of a powerful colored soldier, a man of great stature, sitting not far away. He promptly submitted to the Hostess's inspection some wide silver rings which he himself hammered out of two france pieces, while he also was in France. These rings were broad and flat, without ornamentation of any kind, and suggested old-fashioned wedding-rings more than anything else. Their great merit lay in having kept intact the lettering that is always found on the outer edges of all coins. This showed on the inside of the rings. They were especially showy upon his ebony hands, and besides these he was wearing rings that simulated a strap and buckle made from metal supplied by aluminium mess-kit covers. He also had more ornate aluminium ones, bought "off" German prisoners. This colored man still had two remaining two frame pieces, which he refused to exchange or sell to Corporal Wood, who greatly preferred the more easily worked French coin-silver to the stiff American material. Without delay, the colored man set himself to convert one of his two franc pieces into another ring, using the cement recreation-room floor as an anvil, and hammering with a light hammer offered him by the delighted hostess. Both jewelry-workers clinked away for some time very pleasantly and satisfactorily, watched by an admiring little gallery that surrounded the supervisor's desk. The hammers rang on beaten silver with a high peculiar sound, and this went on to an accompaniment of piano-playing, a victrola in action and the click of billiard balls. Over all hung the usual heavy cloud of tobacco smoke.

Suddenly the telephone interrupted proceedings. One of the nurses on the floor below requested that the men on our floor be asked to "stop tapping on the floor with their billiard cues." Of course, our two metal-workers and the assisting Hostess stopped work on the rings at once, although amused at the conclusion drawn from the sounds proceeding from their floor by their neighbors on the floor below, a quarantine-floor, filled with very sick cases.

Suddenly the telephone bell rang again, and the same request was repeated from the floor beneath. Our Hostess, greatly surprised, assured the Chief Nurse of the Debarkation Hospital that all "billiard cue rapping had ceased some time before." Miss Nuno's voice showed a trace of exasperation, insist-

ing that she could plainly hear someone hammering at that very instant. The Hostess listened a moment and to her astonishment heard a thin little chink of steel against silver in a distant corner of the big room. It had been completely covered before by the noise going on all about her. Investigation proved it to be Private d'Orsay, who had belonged to the Air Service. That afternoon he had just started a ring for his baby girl.

The next day, furnished with more tools and advised by Lieutenant Brady, some of our twelfth floor silversmiths, with the exception of the Hostess, betook themselves to the rear of the mess-hall and others to the staircase hall leading to the roof, in order to finish their jewelry, which turned out very satisfactorily.

During the next few days three of our colored soldiers made six of these silver "wedding-rings" between them. Private Wood finished his baby rings, two "wedding-rings," and fashioned a monogram emblematic of the division in which he had served: the word Ohio, cut out of sheet-silver, which he had planned as a pendant for a watch-fob. The Jeweler-Hostess completed this for him by the addition of a catch and the usual black gros-grain ribbon. Service man, Private d'Orsay, made a clever aviation device out of sheet-silver; and Sergeant Clarence Nicholls made himself a fob for which he used the design adopted by the Motor Transport Corps, to which he belonged. Owing to the fact that the Grand Central Palace was after all a hospital, and that a certain measure of quiet must prevail, the metal-workers had to confine themselves to doing hammer-work in places remote from the bed-patients, such as those already mentioned. They were encouraged to make various bits of jewelry, like watch-fobs, buttons, buckles, brooches, and so on, using simple designs and divisional insignia which they could saw out of sheet silver or copper with little difficulty. If our floor had been permitted the use of an ordinary plumber's torch in the staircase hall, which is fireproof and where there is absolutely no wood-work of any kind, we could readily have set inexpensive stones in plain silver settings, soldered pins on our brooches and buckles; and most important of all, we could have annealed, or softened, our hammered rings. Many people do not perhaps know that to hammer silver hardens as well as shapes the metal. It hardens it so much, in fact, that it can be cracked just as china is cracked, and these disks of metal became warped and unmanageable with repeated hammering, unless they were occasionally annealed. Metal-work proved a great resource on rainy days to patients who were nearly well, and also to patients immediately on their arrival at Debarkation Hospital No. 5 while they were still in the bath-gown stage, unable to get passes for outside recreation. It helped besides to supply a few more souvenirs that the men could give their families.

Curtis Wood, one of the most diligent of our metal-workers, came into the Army as a cook, after having been a butcher in civilian life. quite as much pride in the military work which he did as the men in other branches of the service took in their own types of work, and told us how well he had learned to bake bread and what delicious cake he could now make. But his special matter for congratulation was the variety of ways in which he had learned to disguise "corn-willie" and "gold-fish" (canned salmon). Indeed, he had found "gold-fish" far more difficult to render acceptable to the men of his company than the canned beef: and with so little variety in the way of rations and available vegetables, the life of a company cook was no easy one. He was not injured in action but was badly hurt in unloading a truck filled with provisions, and told us that in sending in his requisition for supplies he always asked for more than he really needed because he wanted to make sure that his men should not suffer from lack of nourishment. The Great War threw many unexpected sidelights on human needs, one of which was given us by Private Wood. He found that tall, well-muscled men absolutely required more food than short men of any type. It was impossible for them to get along without suffering on rations that easily sufficed men small in stature. This was purely a matter of fuel combustion, of course, but one that most people do not often take into account.

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SHELLHOLES ON VAQUOIS HILL.

A SIGHT-SEEING DRIVE FOR PRIVATE PRINCE, OF THE 88TH DIVISION

AND TWO OF HIS FRIENDS.

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There was always much to admire in the philosophy and patience of our wounded. Some of those really most in need of distraction because of their infirmities, were least able to avail themselves of the entertainments arranged for their pleasure. The Packard car, that was really entitled to four service-stripes because of its war-work at the Grand Central and at other Army hospitals, was always available when called upon for military service of any kind, and early one afternoon it arrived at the hospital to take Private Prince and two of his badly wounded comrades for a long drive in the soft sumshine of a warm May day. With the help of the Corps-men they took their places in the car, a matter which was attended with some difficulty as they boasted of only three sound legs among them.

They were most eager to see some of the buildings and points of interest which more fortunate patients in their ward had spoken of, and as they all came from far away country towns they made the most of the opportunity afforded them that afternoon. Indeed, this was their first really good look at the

city.

On the way home the hostess asked her guests if they would not like to take afternoon tea. Perhaps this sounded like some formidable social function, for none of them seemed taken with the idea. Like many another buddy they may have dreaded to show their lack of "Savoir-faire." One man, however, ventured to suggest that if glasses of ice-cream soda could be served while they sat in the car it would be wonderful! The process of getting in or out of an automobile was for all of them a painful operation. However, the best soda-water places in town seem to be invariably located on crowded thoroughfares. Their hostess had visions of what it might be to park the car on Fifth Avenue, on Broadway, or on 42nd Street long enough for her three wounded veterans to consume their glasses of ice-cream soda! The car fairly bristled with its six crutches and her military guests, in their overseas caps, handsome war-ribbons, gold wound and service-stripes, and gayly colored divisional insignia, were already attracting much attention from everyone who saw them. A Red Cross uniform gives courage to do most things but this was rather more than she cared to face. While not discarding the soda-water plan she, however, suggested that they go to the Chateau-Thierry Club instead, as that would be even nicer. The Chateau-Thierry Club for Soldiers and Sailors was started by Mrs. Wm. K. Vanderbilt, Jr. and largely maintained by her and by a group of fashionable New York women. They had taken a small house on Beekman Place, overlooking the East River at 50th Street, which was admirably suited to this purpose. It formed a social centre for military and naval men during their stay in New York. The Club also boasted a very nice little canteen where meals and refreshments could be obtained. It is there that the hostess took her soldier-guests.

As she had never been to the Glub before she inquired with a little hesitation if a light luncheon could be sent out to her guests who were waiting in the car. The ladies at the canteen were most affable and obliging, and assured her that this could easily be done. In a jiffy trays were prepared for the patients as well as one for the chauffeur. Soldiers who happened to be spending the afternoon at the club offered to help the canteeners by carrying them out to their wounded buddies seated in the car, whose beaming smiles proclaimed their pleasure at the sight of so many good things. Neither was Donovan, the chauffeur, backward in showing satisfaction, for the trays, daintily spread with small white napkins, held glasses of milk, chicken sandwiches, sweet buns, apple turnovers, cookies, and three kinds of fruit. It

was none too much for masculine appetites, and the soldiers as well as the chauffeur made short work of the collation. Declaring that the afternoon's drive had been a huge success they were soon back again at the hospital, all of them a little tired from their drive in the fresh air, and expressing a complete lack of

appetite for the usual evening meal that was served at five o'clock.

A day or two later Private Prince saw his hostess of the automobile drive in the recreation-room, and sitting beside her for a while, told her something of his story. Most of his life had been spent in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, where after he "had got religion" he was a preacher for a few years before the War. Indeed, his handsome blue eyes still held something of the fanatic intensity often noticeable among ardent church-workers. His light hair, high-bridged nose, and great frame all spoke of his descent from early English settlers, and he was of a type similar to that of the famous Sergeant Alvin C. York, Congressional Medal of Honor, Distinguished Service Cross, that erstwhile conscientious objector who on one occasion during the War brought in 132 prisoners single-handed.

Such an exploit as that did not fall to the lot of Private Prince, but it was only because he had lacked the opportunity. His injury, a terrible shrapnel wound in his hip, which had severed the nerves in his leg, was received while trying to rescue a buddy. The comrade was badly wounded and unable to reach a dressing-station unaided. Private Prince lifted him to his shoulder and with much difficulty made his way back over the torn and uneven ground. Suddenly a frightful explosion shook the earth. A high explosive shell had burst over their heads, throwing them both to the ground. Private Prince was so badly hurt that he lost consciousness and lay for a long time helpless where he had fallen. Toward nightfall a little company of stretcher-bearers came to take him to the dressing-station. His main thought was still

for his chum, whom he asked them to be sure to succor also.

They looked over the ground in his immediate neighborhood and thought he must be delirious, for they could find no other soldier near by. Insisting that his buddy must be beside him as he had carried him for some distance, he asked them to renew their efforts to find him, and with difficulty he raised his head in a vain search for his friend, of whom absolutely no trace remained. The high explosive shell which had so gravely wounded Private Prince had completely obliterated his unfortunate comrade.

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IN FLANDERS

The Germans had built this Observation Tower of re-inforced concrete inside of a house near Ramskappelle. The house was shot away entirely, revealing the hidden work.

This photograph was taken by Captain Robert C. Snidow, C.A.C., U.S.A.

STORY OF SERGEANT JESSE B. WILMOTH,

from Edna, Kansas.

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All the savagery which in most of us is so carefully covered up and hidden that we nearly forget its very existence was suddenly brought forcibly to the surface during the Great War. Many little glimpses were thrown on the primitive instincts of European combatants by Private Jesse Wilmoth, a Kansas farmer, who had spent all his life engaged in the most peaceful of pursuits before he sailed for France. Haunting memories of some of the horrors that he had witnessed abroad often returned to him and something of the fire which must have animated so many of our soldiers still glowed in his eyes as he told about these things. In his opinion, conditions and atrocities during the War were fully as bad as they were said to be. He had perhaps seen as much as any one of the things that happened in France. Most of the time he belonged to the Military Police and had guarded roads leading to the very front. As an M.P. he saw automobiles, camions, trucks, supply-trains and ammunition-cars of all kinds travelling over the French roads toward the battle-area, whence they returned again empty, going at the rate of 1,000 an hour in each direction.

He told us that ammunition captured from the Allies could be made use of by the Germans although their 77 milometer field-pieces were considerably larger than the 75s used by the Allied Armies. Carefully made cardboard sleeves were in readiness and could be slipped over our shells, adapting them almost instantly to the bore of larger guns. On the other hand, because of the smaller bore of the 75 milometer guns, the Allies were unable to derive any benefit from German shells of larger calibre when these fell into their hands; a thing which the Boches were far-sighted enough to realize and which had determined the size of their guns.

In commenting on Boche uniforms and equipment, Private Wilmoth said that German clothing was suitable and clean; and went on to tell us that the Germans had so well perfected an elaborate system of transportation radiating from the great fortress-city of Metz that in twenty-four hours they could supply enormous numbers of men to any part of the western front. In Wilmoth's opinion the United States didn't join forces with the Allies one day too scon.

Evidently he noticed the responsive way in which his stories of the War were received, for, as was the case with many other men, they lost nothing by the unconsciously dramatic way in which he told them.

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THE AQUARIUM ON THE TWELFTH PLOOR OF THE HOSPITAL.

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An object of absorbing interest for a while was the little aquarium on our floor. One of the boys kept beside his bed a shallow bowl in which his tiny turtle was forced to swim about day and night. One of the Hostesses noticed the amusing little creature and could not but feel sorry for its uncomfortable existence. Every one knows how dearly a turtle loves to come out of the water onto a stick or stone where he can dry his shell for part of the time, and she could hardly wait until she had gotten him into pleasanter quarters. The next morning saw him examining his new home, a large oriental bowl decorated with little plants, Chinese bridges to walk up on, and two newts as companions. The aquarium, although it was recognized as belonging to the owner of the turtle, since the turtle was the principle personage to be considered, had a place of honor in a window of the ward, and for several days matters moved smoothly in the small aquatic establishment. To our consternation, however, Napoleon, the turtle, disappeared. Murses, Corps-men and patients searched in vain for him high and low. Fearing that some one's broad Army shoe might have put an end to the little thing's existence in the darkness of the ward at night, every one was rather depressed, since Josephine, a new turtle obtained to take the place of Napoleon, was declared far from equal to her little consort. When we had quite given up all hope of ever seeing Napoleon again, he appeared one day, very chipper and lively, after the long rest which he must have taken in some remote corner.



PRIVATE STANLEY CULVER, D.S.C., 314th Infantry, 79th Division,

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CORPORAL WIRT ELLIOT, Croix de Guerre.

PRIVATE STANLEY CULVER, D.S.C.,

314th Infantry, 79th Division.

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Well content to withdraw into obscurity, Private Stanley Culver. Distinguished Service Cross, was most reluctant to tell us how he had won his splendid decoration. When he and a hundred other patients arrived one day on our floor in the usual hospital-garments and bath-gown there was nothing to single him out among his fellows except that he seemed almost unduly modest and retiring. Short in stature and frail in health he was immediately noticed by the ward-surgeon and the nurses, to whom he was obliged to show his official papers. Great was the delight of our friends, Miss Keough and Miss Harkens, as well as of dear Miss Zeilsdorf, the Chief Murse, when they came to us, one by one, and spoke in awed tones of his decoration. Two or three of the men who came to our floor had received the Croix de Guerre, but Private Culver was the first who had gained the American decoration. Miss Harkens, who was nothing if not downright, tackled him herself and asked him pointblank for what specific action he had been decorated. Private Culver looked at the nurse and then at the Red Cross Hostess. He blushed like any girl and seemed ready to sink through the floor with embarrassment. Unable to think of some way of parrying the question he suddenly excused himself, turned and fled. But Miss Harkens and Miss Keough were not so easily put off; and they really were so delightful, so kind and sympathetic that Culver relented in his determination to keep his secret to himself.

Several days later he saw the Hostess, whom he always designated as "the little nurse with the smile," in conversation with Miss Keough. Few men were on the floor just then, but nevertheless, with a very mysterious air, he told them that if they cared to come over to his bed in the ward he would show them his citation. They followed him through the rows upon rows of inviting white cots to the one on which his name appeared, written on adhesive tape which was fastened to the footboard. He opened his "musette" and unfolded for them the precious sheet of paper. It was very complimentary of his gallantry and splendid deed. Then he drew forth a little white box in which he kept the cross itself, suspended by its handsome ribbon.

He had volunteered as a runner, and under heavy shell-fire he carried a secret message from Headquarters to the officers of his regiment, saving by his act the lives of hundreds of men. What he told us of his exploit was rather vague and unsatisfactory, for he was far more interested in the actual presentation of the cross itself. He also showed them a letter which his General had addressed to his commanding officer, saying that he wished this decoration to be given with appropriate ceremonies. Stanley was at that time undergoing treatment at a hospital located in a small French town. The evening that he received the cross the town-hall of the village was used for the ceremony. All the patients who were well enough to come were there, together with all the nurses who could be spared, the French Mayor and many of the villagers. The Colonel in command of the hospital made a very gracious and flattering speech; the band played; and when his own great moment came to step forward, Culver's trouble some heart fluttered so alarmingly that he feared he was going to faint while the decoration was being pinned on his breast. Doubtless he looked very white, but he bore himself like the hero he was for all that, and as soon as the band had finished playing "The Star Spangled Banner" he stepped down from the platform greeted by the plaudits of the entire assembly. It must have been a thrilling occasion.

His immediate worry was the inescapable ordeal of his first visit home. Like all the other men he was wild to see his people, but as he was the first man from Town Hill, Pennsylvania, who had been decorated in this way he was afraid that he would be forced to be the central figure at a reception; that he would be written up in the village newspaper; and that he might even be called upon for an address or two. His heart fairly quailed at that. He was

not only afraid of the social ordeal but he was also afraid for the consequences to his heart.

Even as a child he had never been really strong, and when he went to the training-camp it seemed from week to week as if he could never stand the strain. Though he was not very vigorous he had no end of "grit and sand," and had determined to go through with it until he dropped. When he reached France he never complained on the long marches, though it often seemed as if his heart was going to burst; and when the call came for someone who would volunteer as runner he never for a moment hesitated in offering his services.

One afternoon some very pleasant friends of Roy Richards' came to the hospital to see him. It was his first meeting with people from his home town, Berwick, Pennsylvania, and he was overjoyed to hear about his family and friends. When most of the home-news had been discussed, Mr. and Mrs. Jones revealed the real object of their visit. They had planned a dinner and theatre-party for Corporal Richards, and gave him the privilege of inviting three of his friends. It didn't take long to make up the little party. Private Culver, D.S.C., and Corporal Wirt J. Elliot, Croix de Guerre, accepted with pleasure; then all three, taking their courage in both hands, made for the Nurses' Office. But it was not hard after all to persuade pretty Miss Keough to be the sixth member of the party.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones waited in the recreation-room while our three soldiers prepared for this grand occasion by domning fresh white stock-collars, immaculately polished shoes and their best war-ribbons. Stanley Culver and Wirt Elliot before long appeared wearing their war-crosses, and all the members of the Red Cross staff on the floor swelled with pride as they saw these boys start for the elevator with Roy Richards and Mr. and Mrs. Jones. It was, of course, against the rules for a nurse to move in the same social circles as non-commissioned officers or enlisted men. Miss Keough, therefore, hurried to the Murses' Home, which was then situated in the big Bible Training School across the Avenue, and here the party found her, looking more piquante and attractive than ever in her pretty civilian clothes.

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Dinner that night at the Hotel Aster was exceedingly gay. Mr. and Mrs. Jones felt that they, in a way, represented the town of Berwick, and they wanted their young townsman, Corporal Richards, to feel the warm appreciation that every one felt toward returning soldiers. Stanley Culver was more than a little alarmed lest he betray his inexperience in the handling of so many kinds of forks and spoons. Course after course came on, and the boys, who were used to three courses at the hospital, strove to do justice to everything, but toward the end of the dinner even such soldier-appetites were bound to flag, notwithstanding the fact that the nicest dishes always seem to come at the end, when there is almost no room left.

Soon it was time to start for the theatre. Mr. Jones secured two taxicabs and before they knew it they were descending at the door of the playhouse. At the last moment, he exchanged the chairs which he had taken in the orchestra for seats in a box instead, so that Roy Richards might have more room for his injured leg. They enjoyed the play enormously, and when it was over there was still something more in store, for Mrs. Jones insisted on their taking supper. Strange as it might seem their capacity for consuming good things had been restored to them and the hospitable Aster Hotel found them again at its board, enjoying quantities of Welsh rarebit and lobster Newburgh.

Four more radiantly happy people than Miss Keough and her three patients were the next day can hardly be imagined. Each of them had to tell us all about it. Stanley Culver, among his other comments, said that he feared he had made a few mistakes at dinner, although Mrs. Jones appeared to notice nothing. Stanley and Wirt Elliot both felt that Miss Keough's knowledge of social conventions was faultless, and although they tried to watch her closely this did not quite prevent their making one or two slips.

Miss Harkens and Miss Keough, who became much attached to these three patients and some of their best friends, posed with them for their photographs on the roof of Debarkation Hospital No. 5.



Private Richard Johnson,
Private Stanley Culver, D.S.C.,
The Misses Keough and Harkens, A.N.C.,
Corporal Wilfred Tournelle,
Corporal Wirt Elliot, Croix de Guerre.

The Hostess first noticed Private John Belyew because he looked so pale and weak. He was sitting quite alone one morning on one of the little wicker sofas of the recreation-room, idly turning over the pages of a magazine, and looking very bored and home-sick.

It was the duty of the six hostesses on each floor to look out for just such lonely or homesick patients, and unobtrusively to turn their thoughts into happier channels when this could be done. Under pretense of straightening the books on a reading-table nearby, she came over toward his little sofa and in a short time they had found a common interest in farming. It seemed that he did not at all like city life because he was, as he expressed it, a "country guy," and when he realized that she too adored great stretches of fields and woodlands they became fast friends.

This light-haired quiet lad had a quaint way of stringing sentences together. His speech was very deliberate and he told her, with a marked South-

ern drawl, something of his story.

In July, 1918, he was sent to France as a Casual after several months of military training at Camp Gordon. While on the transport he was taken very ill of pneumonia and would have died in the hospital at Brest, had it not been for the kindness of a Red Cross woman who took great interest in his case and who brought him special foods every day. He was still ill when the War ended, and therefore saw very little of France, but he was glad to have gone, just the same.

Private Belyew told the Hostess of his great fondness for camping and fishing. He had usually driven off to his favorite haunts in one of the farmwagons, taking his tent, provisions, and camping equipment; and added that he almost always took along some of the chickens, a few turkeys, and a dozen guinea-hens.

"Oh no, not for eating! For company, that's all. Yes ma'am, they're great company, and it does them so much good! I generally camp along the river and the chickens roost under the wagon nights. It's just as much of a vacation for them as for me. They have nice fresh ground to hunt over, you see.

He had taken these camping trips for several years before he married.
When he was about fifteen, he came to his father one day and told him that he wanted to leave home.

"Like a boy," said he, "I wanted to have my pockets full of money, and I thought I could get it by going to the City.

"Father, he said: 'I guess you have got to sow your wild oats like the rest of them, and the sooner you get them sowed the sooner you will come home.' "So he let me go---.

"Well, sir, one day I did come home; and that night, Father was talking over the plans for the farm-work to be done the following day, and I says:

"Father, what do you want me to do tomorrow?' I says, 'I'm not going away again:'

"And I didn't, no ma'am! I always was a 'home-boy.'

"Well, sir, my wife and I had been keeping company for about three years, but no one thought anything of it at home. One day, I rode into town and I says to the wife of the hotel-keeper (we were old friends):

"'I want you to keep me a room for tomorrow.'

"'Why?' says she.

"'Well, I'm going to be married,' I said.

"Well, sir, she wouldn't believe it! Said I was always playing jokes on them, and all like that. But I meant it.

"Well, Bess lived just across the River in Blank County, so we got our license in her County and had arranged for a Magistrate to meet us at a certain hour and at a given place on her side of the river. I rowed across as

we had planned, and found Bess, all right, but no Justice, nor anything. No, ma'am! I was so ashamed! I did not know what to do.

"Well, finally, after we had waited a long while and looked up and down the road till we were tired, we had to walk about two miles and a half to the next village to get married.

"Then we rowed back across the River and went to the hotel.

"Her folks missed Bess, and somehow they thought of me. Well, the next day or so they got out a warrant for me and served it, too, at the hotel. Of course, when I showed them our marriage-certificate and told about the marriage, it was all right. But her father, he was awful mad, yes ma'am!

"He said to me:

"'You sure done me dirt by not asking for her. I would not have minded it so much if you had asked for her!'

"Well, sir,' I says, 'I was just plain scared to ask you for her!' I says,

'I was afraid that if I did, you would do me dirt!'

"Well, after that, whenever we went to see her folks she would go into the house and visit with them awhile, but I would sit beside the lilac bush and wait at the gate until she was ready to leave.

"Of course they are more friendly now.

"Yes, ma'am, Bess and I are the greatest chums; we have been married about two years and we haven't any children, but she's just fine: She can ride astride, and she can hitch up the mules and drive to town as well as a man.

"Before I left for France a man offered me four hundred and fifty dollars for our team of mules, but Bess would not sell them. Said she had rather care for them herself, if necessary, so as to have them when I came home. They're just the prettiest mules you ever saw! They are young and they are as like as two peas, for they are brothers. You can't tell one from t'other.

"My father ain't very young now and I run the farm the way he wants it. We raise everything we use: potatoes, corn, vegetables, cabbage, cotton, livestock. We raise everything we eat, except sugar and coffee. We grow our

own wheat and rye for flour.

"I do miss the farm so! Sometimes I get to talking with these city men, but they don't understand how we can have any fun at all in the country. Why, you see, we get up early—four o'clock, yes, ma'am—and we get through long before dark. Then we run into town in our little car or with the mules, and see a show. Oh, there is always something going on in the country. I don't ever want to live in the city.

"The doctor says I only have one lung now; but I can make out all right

at home: it's high there.

"I hope I can get home in time for my birthday, on February sixth. Bess is living there with the folks. I can just see Mother feeding the chickens—she always was a great hand with chickens—. I—I can hardly talk about it! It almost makes me cry. Yes, ma'am, I always was a great hand for staying at home—. And those chickens all know me. Why, when I feed them—when I open the door to their yard—they come streaming out and follow me clear over to the barn! I sure do feed 'em good! Then they follow me all the way back again.

"Ah surely would appreciate hit if you would write to Bess, yes, ma'am."

LITTLE SKETCHES.

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Private Charles Porter,

36th Division, from Dallas, Texas.

We gathered from Private Charles Porter's appearance and manner that he was a man about thirty years old. Perhaps this was because he frequently selected some of the older Red Cross women to sit beside, with whom he discussed men and events, adopting quite the attitude of a contemporary. It was not until he had been at the hospital for several days that "Slim," as his friends called him, confessed to being only eighteen years old. His attractive, winning manner gained him a host of friends, and his tall stature, dark hair, ruddy complexion and honest blue eyes merited more than a passing glance. We all wondered what line of work he would take up after obtaining his discharge from the Army, and some of us asked whether he had yet made any plans for the future. Private Porter replied that he hoped to invest some money that he had in an oil-well, saying that a small sun used in this way might even yield as much as three dollars a day.

"A man would not have to work then, unless he wished to! The oil-well

would work for him while he sat and smoked."

Apparently, an income of three dollars a day sufficed for all his needs.

Private R. J. Prindle,

Private Prindle was the first of our patients to ask for the insignia of his organization, the Section Sanitaire des Etats-Unis. We had none of us made them before and did not know quite how to go about it. Like most of these boys, he was able to cut out the correct patterns, and when they were finished the shoulder-patches were stunning: the Coq de France, cut out of white felt, stood crowing with lifted wings on a background of brilliant red velvet. He had driven an ambulance for the French Army during eleven months before the United States entered the War, and the men of his organization were nearly all Americans. This group of ambulance-drivers was known as the "S.S.U." After our soldiers came to France he associated himself with the "Yanks."

At Strasbourg after the Armistice he received orders to store his car for the night at a certain garage. It was only about the middle of the afternoon and Private Prindle had reached the city in advance of the infantry. He wanted desperately to witness the triumphal entry of Americans into the city, but obedient to orders, took the car to the garage indicated. Half an hour later he had surrepticiously darted off in the ambulance again, played "hookey" as he expressed it, and found a place of vantage from which he could watch this parade. It was also his good fortune to see the entry of victorious Americans into the famous fortress-city of Metz.



MOBILE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN IN FIRING POSITION.

Corporal T. B. Krouskup,
42nd Division.

After having served with the 42nd Division throughout the War the Corporal started with his organization for the Bridge-head at Cologne. He had only reached Luxembourg when he was suddenly taken sick, and, against his protests, obliged to go to a hospital. Before he joined the Army he had been a teacher of Commercial English in a small town of the Middle West, and like many another bright young fellow he made the most of the opportunities afforded him for visiting points of interest, art galleries, chateaus and cathedrals while in Europe. During his stay in New York he came to one of us, asking if the ladies at the Red Cross recreation-desk could obtain for him tickets for the opera. As he artlessly put it:

"We don't have any opera at home, Sister, and I don't know when I shall ever get to New York again. I have had tickets for nearly all the best plays in town, but I want so very much to take in some opera if it's possible to get seats."

The Red Cross used a little influence in the right direction, and certain benevolent ladies sent us tickets for their boxes at the Metropolitan Opera House on several nights during his stay in New York. Corporal Krouskup and his chief cronies had the satisfaction of occupying more than once front seats in the famous "Golden Horseshoe."

Private George Lewis,

51st Pioneer Infantry.

not many blass while they were in addies when-

Noticeable among his fellows because of his almost snow-white hair, George Lewis, a young organist from Hartford, Connecticut, told us the following little story, which we, naturally, had no means of verifying.

He and some of his chums were walking one day outside of a stockade filled with German prisoners. They happened to have about them some hand-grenades, and feeling resentful toward the Boches, he and his friend hurled this ammunition over the fence, where it exploded, killing and hurting several prisoners. We asked why he indulged in such uncalled-for cruelty. Lewis shrugged his shoulders and said it was merely because they happened to be Germans. They were execrable to him; and that reason seemed to him quite sufficient.

Corporal O'Brien.

Engineer Corps, 1st Army, from Springfield, Mass.

Corporal O'Brien, known as "the Fighting Harp," took a few of us into his confidence when he showed us a fascinating gold ring that was especially made in France for his fiancee, "the girl he had left behind him." Its outer surface was covered with beautifully chased tiny flowers and leaves, while the inside had been deeply engraved with two little love-verses:

"Je t'aime aujourd'hui plus que je ne t'aimais hiers,
"Je t'aime aujourd'hui moins que je ne t'aimerai demain."

Corporal Kurtz, 37th Division, from Illinois.

Our patients quite unconsciously gave us little glimpses of what most of the soldiers endured during the War. Corporal Kurtz was fervent in his praise of our Mess at the Grand Central. Unfortunately he had too often known what it was to be hungry, for he told us that many times while they were in action ammunition held precedence over the food-supply. His Major said they could get along without food, but they simply had to have ammunition. It appeared that this Major could swear "something awful." Frequently, when wagons and motor trucks loaded with "grub" broke down beside the road the Major would come upon the scene, ask if they were "stuck for good," and if this were so, gave his soldiers orders to upset them into the ditch, to make more room for ammunition—trucks and ambulances. The pressing need for ammunition must have been very great, for on one occasion the men only had two small boxes of "cat-ridges" each. The machine-guns used the same size "cat-ridges" as their rifles and all of the soldiers of his company had to contribute part of their supply for the "Emma Gees."

Private Masterson,

26th Division, from Dorchester, Mass.

At the end of the War this man had been a soldier for seven years, as he enlisted in the "Old Regular Army" at the age of seventeen. He had been in France nearly a year and was wounded in three engagements. He remarked that he no longer cared to remain in the Army, "as there are too many in it now. It was so much nicer when there were only 65,000 of us." This view of the case was shared by no one else! Our military friends were almost in despair each time fresh orders were issued to further reduce the size of the United States Army.

A Soldier's Mourning Band.

One of our convalescents who had been greatly worried by lack of news from his family telegraphed his mother asking her to come to see him at the hospital. He stayed in his ward three successive afternoons, fearing to miss her visit. The fourth day after sending the despatch he went out with some friends and in so doing missed a call from a woman who was sent to tell him of his mother's death through "Spanish Influenza." Although she could not see him, this friend told one of the other patients the object of her sad errand. With remarkable self-control the soldier, when he heard of his great

loss, went quietly downstairs to the Post-Exchange where he bought a mourning band. One of the Red Cross ladies who knew him helped to sew it on his sleeve.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES ROBERT LINDSAY, U.S.A.,
Standing beside fifteen inch captured German Howitzer.

SENTENCES TAKEN FROM LETTERS RECEIVED FROM SOLDIERS' FAMILIES BY THE BUREAU OF WAR RISK INSURANCE AT WASHINGTON.

I now make application for a wife and three children.

I aint got no book lurnin and I am writing for inflammation.

She is staying at a dissapated house.

Just a line to let you know that I am a widow and four children.

I have a four months old baby and he is my only support.

Date of birth? Answer: Not yet but soon.

I need he assistance to keep me inclosed (in clothes).

I am still his beloved wife.

We were married under a resumed name.

He is my best supporter and he was discharged from the Army on account of a garter on his neck on which he was sent home.

Please correct the error as I would not and could not go under a consumed name.

Allotment number - I have four boys and two girls.

I am his wife and only air.

Please return my marriage certificate, baby hasn't eaten in three days.

Mrs. Wilson I need help bad, see if the president cant help me, I need him here to see after me (meaning her son).

I have been in bed thirteen years with one doctor and intend to try another.

I am a poor widow and all I have is in the front.

We have another war baby in the house, how much more do I get (allotment).

Bill has been out in charge of a spittoon, will I get any more pay?

I am sitting in the Y.M.C.A. writing with the piano playing in my uniform.

What do you ecpose me to live on air. My husband was my only export.

He was inducted into the surface.

Kind She or Sir.

I enlose lovingly yours.

I did not know my husband had a middle name and if he has I don't believe it is none.

Previous to his departure we were married by a justice of the piece.

Your relationship to him? Answer: Just a mere aunt and a few cousins.

I am left with a child seven months old and she is a baby and cant work.

I received \$61.00 and I am certainly pronoked tonight.

I received my ins polish and have since moved my post office.

Both sides of our parents are old and poor.

Dear Government: Please send me a wife's form.

You have changed my boy to a little girl will it make a difference?

Please let me know if John has put in an application for a wife and child.

Please send me my money as I have a little baby and kneed it every day.

You have taken my man away. He was the best man I ever had. Now you will have to support me or who will?

I aint got no money since my boy went sailing over the top.

Bureau Risk Insurance? Dear Mr. Risk:

We have your letter. He was born and brought up in this house as per your letter.

I am returning the check. Mr. Smith and I have been living together for three years. I am not his wife we are just good friends.

My mother is dead on both sides.

Cal Wright has taken out \$5000 dollars insurance. He aint got the police for it.

Please send me the form for a wife and child.

I am writing why I aint never received my elopement.

My son Alpha Omega is in the Army.

Supplied through the kindness of Major Charles F. Neergaard, A.R.C., and by a former member of the clerical force of the War Risk Bureau, Miss Elsie Wilson.

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AMERICAN RED CROSS RECREATION-ROOM ON THE TWELFTH FLOOR at Debarkation Hospital No. 5, showing white and colored hostesses and white and colored patients.

In the extreme rear, in the centre, those in the group seated at a table are Private Curtis Wood, Miss Durkee, A.R.C., and Private Allen Ledoux.

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A very retiring young colored boy, Private Moses Ashley, arrived with our first groups of patients, in January, 1919. He presented one or two of the nurses with a copy of his "poem," entitled "The Red Cross Nurse," and a few of us among the Red Cross workers asked him for copies also. The verses. for some reason, tickled our fancy, and caused much amusement to all the personnel on our floor, but to be sure, it does not take very much at a Hospital to furnish amusement. The quaintness and peculiar spelling are preserved exactly as he painstakingly tapped out this gem of thought on a typewriter one rainy afternoon, using a loose sheet of Red Cross notepaper for the purpose.

"TO THE RED CROSS NURSE."

By

Moses M. Ashley.

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Three wholehearted cheers, in this souviner verse, each one and all, by the armey, and the navy, to an invaluable service. for the red-cross-nurse.

Many thanks also too, For instant the nurses, for the doctor boys, cooks, and the dental, for the doctor boys, they too, work hard,

Very good cooks. but give me the nurse, not medical men.

to keep us from dieing.

a skimshion tall.

redeem many kneedy, and make little noise. that would have drenal.

Even over in France. are very good friends, and throu-out the world, Uncle Sam's nurses, turns in a whoril.

For sam, as the cooks, Contributing much sympathy, the nurses comes fine, and indeed so very kind, in doing what we trust to home-folks, and the strangers, with a sweet heart, and mind.

I am shore that I thank them, With many a cheer, and trust that they live, for many a year. To The Red-Cross-Nurse.

By Moses M.Ashley.
Three wholehearted cheers, in this souviner verse, by the armey, and the navy, for the red-cross-nurse.

Many thanks also too, for the doctor boys, they too, work hard, and make little noise.

Very good cooks, are very good friends, but give me the nurse, not medical men,

For sam, as the cooks, the nurses comes find, in doing what we trust, to keep us from dieing.

Nurses are much devoted, each one, and all, to an invaluable service, a skimshion tall,.

For instant the nurses, cooks, and the dental, redeem many kneedy, that would have drenal.

Even over in France, and throu-out the world, Uncle Sams nurses, turns in a whoril.

Contributing much sympathy, and indeed so very kind, to home-folks, and the strangers, with a sweet heart, and mind.

I am shore that I thank them, with many a cheer, and trust that they live, for many a year.

A POEM WRITTEN AND TYPED BY PRIVATE MOSES M. ASHLEY,

A coloured patient at Debarkation Hospital No. 5, New York City.

February, 1919.

AMERICAN RED CROSS



U S DEBARKATION HOSPITAL No. 5
GRAND CENTRAL PALACE
NEW YORK CITY

NEW YORK HOSPITALITY.

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One day a generous New York lady telephoned to the Hospital, inviting thirty of our soldiers to her house for luncheon. The telephone-operator who took the message at the Grand Central Palace asked for more particulars, and the hostess, among other things, indicated her preference for entertaining Christians rather than Jewish boys. Now this particular little telephone girl happened to be a Jewess, so she quietly arranged at the entertainment desk to send to this lady's beautiful house on Fifth Avenue a group of thirty negroes. The appearance of all these stalwart colored men upon her doorstep was almost overwhelming in its unexpectedness. Indeed, such a situation would be trying for any hostess. However, she rose magnificently to the occasion, and any difficulty was successfully smoothed over, for she arranged to take luncheon with her husband in a room adjoining that in which the soldiers were served. It was a gala occasion for the young africans in olive-drab, who were their uniforms and war-ribbons with as much grace as many officers.

In order to show their appreciation of her charming hospitality the colored guests proceeded to make themselves as entertaining as possible after luncheon. A few could play the piano, many of them sang plantation melodies, others told amusing stories. Their delighted hostess listened spellbound until it was time for them to leave. The pleasure they gave her had more than counterbalanced her first moment of embarrassment.

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ALLEN LEDOUX.

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Many colored soldiers returned from France and several of these stand out rather prominently among their fellows. One of the three large wards on our twelfth floor had been reserved for their special use, and two colored Red Cross Ward-workers had been appointed by the Atlantic Division to care for their social needs. One of these, Miss Condé, young, stout, and very pretty, spoke excellent French and was beside an accomplished musician. On Sundays she played the organ in a little Moravian Church not far from her home in Harlem.

One afternoon she brought forward a tall young colored lad whom she especially wanted to have us meet because she had found him interesting. This was Private Allen Ledoux. As he was born in Louisiana he had learned French as a child; this stood him in good stead in France, and he came home able to speak it remarkably well. We all spent a jolly half hour talking together while he told us in French about many of his foreign experiences. We asked him what had been his particular work in the Army, and he said it was practically what he was doing here before enlisting.

"Moi, je soignais les waggon-lits." He was a porter on military trains.

For twelve years, before the War, he had been a Pullman car porter on transcontinental express trains in this country, and his work in France must therefore have been both congenial and appropriate. Let us hope that after his discharge he returned to his Pullmans, for he was such a courteous and pleasand fellow.



"THE COOTIE MILL AT BREST."

A Photograph taken by Captain R. C. Snidow.

A COLORED MAN'S STORY.

The nightmare of war was not all made up of air-raids, high explosive shells and machine-gun fire. Dirt and discomfort seemed almost more irritating to soldiers overseas than the heat of battle. These impressions received abroad by one of our colored soldiers were given to a Hostess who was playing checkers with him that day in the recreation-room. Perhaps he had grown tired of the game and was glad of a sympathizing listener. This quiet unassuming soldier had been a truck-driver before he went to war. As he was more intelligent than most of his fellows he had made many observations while in France. On the whole he liked French people very much, for they had been well disposed toward him; and although "he had not been able to get his tongue around much of the language," he had enjoyed himself abroad some of the time.

He spoke of the great cemeteries that were under construction in France, and remarked that officers generally had very neat cemeteries, scattered here and there among many of the small French towns. In the battle area so many soldiers had fallen and still lay unburied that burial or pioneer parties were frequently sent out to care for as many dead as they could. In this the shellholes came to their rescue and served as sepulcher for the fallen who lay immediately around it. After covering up the dead, each man's tag would be fastened to a cross that marked the spot; the duplicate tag was kept by the Sergeant in charge of the burial party for later identification and record. He said that of course the crosses were in many cases not placed directly over the right man but indicated that he was in or near that spot.

Doubtless before the War he had not lived in elegance, but looking back upon his home it seemed palatial compared with the dirt which he experienced during much of his stay in France. He summed it up by saying that he thought the French themselves must be responsible for a large measure of this. "The whole place" as he expressed it, "seemed full of cooties, the barns, stables, sheds, the very poultry had them." He thought that at least the hospitals were immune, but apparently these creatures so completely overran the country that he found some crawling upon the fresh sheets of his bed even in the hospital at Brest.

"Nurse, you felt something on your hand, and when you looked down it was a cootie. At first when our clothes became infested with them we threw them away, hoping by that means to get rid of them; but it was not always easy to obtain other clothes and as you really needed them for warmth you had to keep them, cooties and all. At night, when we took off our shirts before the fire—'read our shirts,' as the boys say—you could see little lines of eggs glistening upon them which the horrid creatures had laid."

The Poilus laughed at his squeamishness. Five years of war had dulled their sensibilities. One night, as he was sitting with some of them around a little campfire, a Poilu, who had been curling his pet mustache, suddenly stopped and drew forth one of these detestable little fellow-creatures. He looked at it a moment, then grinned as he said, "Back to the garnison!" and placed it upon his hair.

This colored man had always led such a peaceful agricultural life at home that the noise and confusion of war-conditions shook him to the core. He became so horrified and stunned by the noise of bursting shells, the discomfort he had to undergo, the fearful sights, the smell of decay and sewerage, and the sickening dirt of battle, that he no longer cared whether he lived or died. And when at last he was taken to the hospital it seemed a blessed relief to be once more bathed and in a white bed.

PRIVATE EDDIE GILES.

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One of the colored soldiers for whom we all felt deep concern was Private Eddie Giles, who almost wept when he first caught sight of Miss Conde, the wardworker, "because she was the first colored woman he had laid eyes on in a year." One of the Medical Corps men called the Hostess's attention to this very sick boy, who, as he was confined to his bed, was unable to come into the recreation room. A most casual glance at the unfortunate lad made it evident that he was very sick indeed. He told us that he had embarked from Camp Upton with a Pioneer Regiment or Labor Battalion, together with other boys from Louisiana. Ever since his first days at Camp he had suffered from pains in his knees, and this crippled him to such an extent that the Army surgeons finally told him he was suffering from tuberculosis of the joints. Although he evidently was in great pain, his dark eyes glistened with pleasure as he thanked us for some white grapes and other fruit which we brought him that day. Perhaps it was the sight of the fruit and our evident willingness to do all we could for him that prompted him to ask whether we could manage to get him a little po'k chop or some po'k sausage. He said the Hospital gave him chicken for his lunch, but that chicken "made him sick to his stummick."

"Yes ma'am, and I'd like a little co'n bread, the kind we have home; this yere white bread stick in my throat. And I'd like some mustard greens, first rate! Reckon I'd get well if I could have a little po'k chop and co'n bread again--Ain't had any sense I sailed for Europe--"

Eddie got his po'k chop through the kindness of Miss Condé, whose colored friends in Harlem prepared the mysterious mustard greens and sent besides a huge pan of corn-bread, enough for all the colored men on the floor.

The ward-surgeon said that Private Giles was so sick it really didn't matter what he had to eat, so long as something gave him pleasure.

It was impossible to keep him very long at the Debarkation Hospital, as his case required an operation; and two weeks after landing from France little Eddie was transferred to Base Hospital No. 1, on Fordham Road, where the poor boy died a few days after his leg was amputated.

He was not willing to entrust his small savings even to a Bank and therefore, before making the trip to Fordham, he had hidden his money, more than three hundred dollars, in the toe of a knitted Red Cross sock, which he clutched tightly with both hands. The removal caused him such intense pain that he fainted in the ambulance while on the way, and his hold on the precious sock relaxed.

When he came to himself again at Base Hospital No. 1, he at once missed the sock containing his money and enquired for it of the ward-men, who denied all knowledge of having seen it. However, as he grew insistent some one finally found it. It was quite empty: Some heartless Corps-man had robbed the helpless little fellow, who had hoped to hand this money over to his poor old mother.

As her son's condition was seen to be critical the Red Cross sent Mrs. Giles money sufficient for the long trip to New York, and she came hoping to see him once more alive. But the journey from the South was made in vain, and many friends sympathized with the sorrowing mother, who accompanied the body of her poor little Eddie home to Louisiana.



GENERAL COLLARDET AWARDING DECORATIONS TO AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

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SERGEANT CLINTON H. WOODING,

372nd Infantry, 93rd Division.

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Sergeant Clinton H. Wooding, of Washington, D.C., was one of the most distinguished-looking men of his race who came to our floor. He was a tall, graceful, light-colored negro, with close-cropped hair and rather delicate features, whose dark intelligent eyes lit up charmingly when he smiled. Instinctively one watched him when he entered the recreation-room in his carefully pressed, well-fitting uniform and overcoat, ready for the street. Sergeant Wooding talked well and told us with some pride that he graduated at Oberlin College in 1913, and that he had been a pupil of De Bussy in Paris, where he was studying music at the outbreak of the War. He stayed in the French capital until German air-raids became too frequent. Then he thought it wiser to come back to the United States.

"For," said he, "as I had to save my resources my room was in the garret, and the roof didn't seem to me very substantial."

So he returned to Washington to live with his parents, and told us more than once about the quiet beauty and comfort of his home, where his father, seated beside a shaded lamp, read aloud in the evening while his mother embroidered. And he would adopt a positively "Harvard" voice to tell us that he had such a wonderful mother; He had somehow caught and made his own the peculiarities of manner usually found only among very well-bred college man.

For three seasons he was organist at the big Episcopal Cathedral at Washington before being called for military duty, and he had been asked to continue this work on his return—so he said. He proved to us, however, that he could really play organ—music, for he read and played Widor's Soxth Symphony with ease.

It was quite evident that music was his great field, and he regretted that he had been obliged to spend almost his entire time as a stevedore while serving in the Army. It was a long while since he had had a chance to see any organ-music and, to his great joy, the Hostess brought him an armful of it to the hospital. He played to us delightfully all one afternoon, and felt much comforted to find that his fingers, stiffened by hard labor, had not lost their cunning. The Sergeant was very temperamental and his playing easily swayed the little knot of enthusiastic music lovers grouped around the piano. After the little concert he confided to some of us:

"I study the psychology of my audiences. I always plan my program in such a way as to reach a certain dramatic climax."

His real ambition appeared to be the invention of an instrument that could "synchronize" color with tone in such a way as to produce tone-pictures on a screen while he played.

Sergeant Wooding told of his friendship with Lieutenant James Europe, the famous band-leader of the 367th Infantry, and said that they had frequently exchanged views on the use of "idiom" in music. In criticizing the work of Lieutenant Europe, he went on to say that this officer in his musical writing made use of what he called "vulgarisms." The Sergeant explained that to his way of thinking "elegancies or vulgarisms of idiom" were quite as noticeable in music as in speech.

The conversation then shifted from music to Army matters, and someone spoke of the very popular little sheet, published by the American Expeditionary Force, known as the "Stars and Stripes." It seemed that he had noticed unfavorably a story which appeared in this newspaper. It related how a Negro soldier took a German officer prisoner and compelled him to carry his captor's pack for many miles. The organist told us that as a representative of his race he took exception to the "dialect" attributed to the colored soldier in the story, as being overdrawm. He had therefore written a letter of complaint to the editor. The "Stars and Stripes" sent him in reply a very tart little note, cancelling his subscription.

We were sorry when Sergeant Wooding left the hospital, for then Lieutemant Brady told us that the man was more or less or a romancer. It appeared from his records that his duties had been almost exclusively those of Company Clerk and Drum-major Sergeant, rather than those of a laborer. His hands had in no way suffered because of his military experience.

AMERICAN RED CROSS



U.S.A. DEBARKATION HOSPITAL No 5

GRAND CENTRAL PALACE

NEW YORK CITY

march 17, 19, 9. my dear miss Durkel, bords, alone, are insufficient which I feel for the loan of your that the was music; I can only say that the was meat and drink, Sincly you were so interested in my career, Iam sorry that I did not obtain your address. Once more, thanking you for the many benefits derived from your generous offer, Jam, Clinton Alwooding 247 Senth St. 7. 6, Washington, D.C.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS WAR ACTIVITIES FROM CHWooding 247-10 St., n. 8 Washington, D.C. miss Elv. Durkee, To the Red Cross, n. S. a. Debarkation Hospital, no. 5, 46h and Lexington ave., new york City. AMERICAN RED CROSS GENERAL HOSPITAL NO. 2, FORT MCHENRY BALTIMORE, MD. march 19,1919. miss Durker, I wish to girl you my blenest sense of appreciation and thankfulness for your most generous offer entended to me while Iwas in new york. my mother, with whom I was talking 'on the phone' wishes me to say that she is as grateful The music did me worlds of good, and proved that allhad that gone, tho presgul toute. Tratefully, Clinton H. Wooding 247 Denth St., 7.5.

officer two actions to summarize months at a fine, large room of the said of the four marths will be action to the RS too give a summarize when a fine of the four marths will be action to the room to the four marths will be action to the room to the four marths when a fine of the four marths will be action to the four marths when a fine of the four marths when the fine of the on spare Bunday night on time that that forthe Follows Board man had been per to

MAJOR CHARLES F. NEERGAARD, A.R.C.,

AMERICAN RED CROSS REPRESENTATIVE,

DESIGNATED FOR DUTY WITH TROOPS ON BOARD oom, which was prompted by I'm

U.S.S. "PLATTSBURG." note me. Monday Alice such over on the Edni Street Surry to wowe me off, and you to got a mass and some down on the Conk for a few last words n'everythings was the best areat of all as it was so unexpected.

April 21, 1919.

Here begins the story of my overseas trip, here also my maiden effort at typing. We are well out of sight of land, logging along at some fifteen knots an hour on a smooth and shimmering sea. Supper is over, the "Y" man, a merry little chap named Chanler, is giving his first Movie Show in the Mess Hall for the crew. The Navy Chaplain, a fine fellow named Wylie, very much like Ogleby at the Grand Central Palace, introduced all of the new welfare workers to the boys: first Father Maguire, the Catholic Army Chaplain, who has been up at Debarkation Hospital No. 5 a number of times, a typical good scout; then the Red Cross man, yours truly, who told a tale or two; then the Y.M.C.A. man. Pat Miller, the Knights of Columbus man, has made several trips on the boat so needed no introduction.

The Navy personnel are fine. Most of them have been on the ship for a number of years in the days when she was the American Line S.S. "New York." Captain William J. Roberts has commanded her for seventeen years. The Executive Officer, Mr. William J. Munro, has made one hundred and sixteen trips in her. He is a very nice chap to whom I had to present my ream of orders from the Red Cross to the Army and to the Navy. He has only been married a month to a girl from Mankato. Minnesota, who knew all of Dr. Bierbauers' family. He and Chaplain Wylie introduced me to all of the officers. The Army is represented by Lieutenant Rooney, a Tank Corps man. He has charge of the liaison work between the Navy, which transports the troops and the overseas officers who command them.

We have a little English steward in charge of the staterooms who has been on the boat twenty years. He is a typical cockney and right on his job. Incidentally, the "Plattsburg" is just thirty-two years old, they tell me.

I had great luck in finding an old friend on board in Major "Budd" Noble, Yale '99. He is in the Judge-Advocate-General's office and on his way to France as a member of the commission to adjust contracts for supplies with the Allies. He and I will see a great deal of each other, I hope.

There has been much of interest during the day. A very noticeable comaraderie between petty officers and crew does not seen to effect results so far as action goes, but it must be confessed that the ship after a year of steady duty as a transport is no blooming yacht so far as the spick and span stuff goes. There is a distinct feeling of proprietorship in having the boat all to one's self, though. There are only five passengers on board, that is, in citizens' clothes. About six soldiers and a couple of nurses complete the list.

To go back to the real start, say Wednesday last, when I received my assignment to the job of American Red Cross Transport Representative to the "Plattsburg," At a staff meeting at Debarkation Hospital No. 5 I appointed Dan Downs as acting Field Director and went over policies and proceedure with him, also outlined the work for some of the other departments. Friday morning we had a group taken of all the Red Cross personnel up on the roof, a proof of which I was able to take with me.

The red tape connected with my credentials and passport were many. It took me an hour in the French Consulate to get a vise, in spite of the courtesy of an obliging young secretary who gave me precedence over the waiting mob. I spent Friday morning in Hoboken presenting my American Red Cross assignment to Major (Chaplain) Axton, who represented the Commander of the Port. He issued orders from the Army assigning me to the Navy, which I delibered to Mr. Munro, the Executive

Officer. I was assigned to stateroom number 68, a fine, large room on the main deck, which I was told I was to have all to myself going over; on the way back some of the four berths will be assigned to officers. Imagine my surprise when I came on board Sunday night to find that the Jewish Welfare Board man had been put in with me. As a result our room has been so far the most popular room on the ship. Chassy, the Secretary, is a nice little Jew who tried to beat the mess record at lunch with disastrous results, as will hereafter be related.

Now to go back and begin again and proceed chronologically. I made a short stop at Debarkation Hospital No. 5 to say adieu to the Commanding Officer and my staff, then finished packing and said good-bye to all the family. Through the kindness of Chaplain Wylie, Alice and the friends who had driven us to the ship were allowed to have a look over it, except my stateroom, which was preempted by Mr. Jewish Welfare Board. I bade them a last good-bye, as I thought, but better luck was with me. Monday Alice came over on the 23rd Street Ferry to wave me off, and managed to get a pass and come down on the dock for a few last words n'everything. That was the best treat of all as it was so unexpected.

Tuesday, April 22nd.

Never be fooled by calm seas in port! It was too beautiful to last coming out of the harbor. We passed the "Harrisburg," our sister ship, in the Narrows crowded with troops. They gave us a lively cheer to which we gave a like reply. "Bud" Noble and I walked and talked for a while, then went below to unpack and settle our rooms. I tried to fix it so he and I could room together, but have not put it over yet.

I turned in at 9.30 and was soon asleep. Although it was only a bit rolly my room-mate "passed out" about 5 o'clock and took to his bunk where he has been ever since, and it's 5.00 again now. About 4.00 a.m. I woke up just in time to catch myself from rolling out of my bunk; my table tipped over and deposited the Corona safely in the lower berth. If it had gone onto the floor it would have surely been smashed. We were rolling and tossing at a great rate, the water coming right over the portholes. I lay awake for some time but at last fell asleep, waking just in time for the last call for breakfast at 8.30. I ate a good breakfast, too!

After a walk on deck I went into the sick bay with supplies for a few sick sailors, then opened the office for callers. All of the welfare workers have rooms around the main stairway and the boys come and sit and talk, and make their wants known. In order to handle the work without confusion we had a meeting this afternoon to plan it all out, the four welfare workers, two Chaplains, Lieutenant Rooney, the Army Personnel officer and Mr. Chapman, the ships supply officer. We are to have a movie each night going over and are all to give supplies to the crew. Most of my stuff is to be saved for the return trip until we can find out how many sick and wounded I am to be responsible for. They and the War Brides are my especial charge. When the troops come on board we are to take turns giving out things as the men line up for mess. They eat standing up in the mess, some thirty-one hundred of them, and that is the only time and place where we can get them all together. One day the "Y" man will distribute digarettes, the next the K.C. man candy, then I will give out fruit. I have sixty boxes each of apples and oranges, and fifteen boxes of lemons. We are to divide the compartments where the soldiers sleep in a similar way, so that each welfare worker will make the full rounds of the ship during the voyage.

I just want to interpolate right here and now that, so far, this little journey is no joy ride! I have to brace myself as I write to keep from falling out of my chair. The waves are slamming up against the ports and why they are not smashed is a mystery to me. I walked for a while up on deck, but it was too wet and rough for comfort. I ate a good lunch, though I passed the pork chops as a precautionary measure. It is six now, so I must go in to dinner.

10 .P.M.

The wracks were all that saved the dinner. My, how she rolls! A lot of the officers, reserve men, of course, confessed to feeling squeamish. I ate with caution. After dinner we had a few rolls of films and at ten I am ready to call it half a day. I really planned to retire at nine but a bunch of "Gobs" came in and had to be entertained. It was a mixed crowd, Irish, Jews, Swedes, but all alive and full of fun.

Oh! One refinement that makes for comfort I have failed to mention. They have the most artistic radiators I have ever seen, antiques, I imagine, as not one of them has a sign of heat about it! Some strenuous trade this! Mother's sweater is saving my life and doing twenty-four hour duty. It is cold inside and out, but thank goodness the sea and wind are both moderating.

Well, now I am about up to date and am going to run George McC. a close

race on the long distance letter stuff if I keep the pace.

Wednesday, April 23rd.

This is a real day, the kind we have been waiting for. The sea is smooth and there is but little wind. The sun is not out but soon will be. I had a fine nights sleep of nine hours and feel like a fighting cock. All of the sea-sick souls are up and out. Mr. Munro is going to move Chasay so that I will have a room to my-

self and space to unpack my supplies.

This ship is greatly transformed from its old passenger days. The former smoking room just aft of the main stairway opposite my room is used as the sick bay, many of the staterooms fore and aft have been ripped out and turned into troop quarters. Their bunks are in tiers of five in a ceiling space of about eight feet, and are set end to end with only an inch or so between. The conditions must be pretty trying in cold, rough weather, but that I will see later on the return trip. The passengers eat in the old lounge, the ship's officers, to which class I belong, in the library, the soldiers in the old main dining-room, standing to it.

I had a long talk with Dr. Taylor, the chief surgeon, and found out what and how he wanted me to work in the sick bay. He is a very nice chap and will be a

good man to get along with.

A very mean situation developed on the last trip, due largely to the peculiar disposition of the American Red Cross man, Major Randall. He was well along in years, an old army man and a physician. He opened up on the first day out by calling the "Y" and "K.C." men into his room and telling them that he had been put in charge of the welfare work on the ship and would tell them how to proceed. As both of them had been on several trips and he was a new man it was tactless, to say the least. The "Y" man was a scrapper so that bad feeling developed which queered both organizations with officers and crew. The "K.C." man, who is still on board, is a fine, merry Irishman who kept out of the brawl and is "Pat" to everybody. I am more convinced than ever of the importance of a carefully selected personnel. The Red Cross would be infinitely better if Randall had never been in its service.

Dr. Taylor told me that he had prescribed for some of the sick and treated a woman with a fractured wrist without even reporting it. When the case was found and treated by one of the ship's surgeons Randall had the nerve to go to Dr. Taylor and tell him that the doctor did not know his business! Some one ought to invent a Binet test for common sense to apply to all candidates for Red Cross jobs.

Thursday, April 24th.

We have been in the Gulf Stream all day and muggy weather, squalls and a choppy sea have been the result. It started to rough again last evening following a thunder shower about nine o'clock. Chassy and Noble both took to their bunks, joyless.

About nine o'clock I found that I could send a wireless, as we were in touch with the Bar Harbor station, our last point of contact with the States, so shot off a message to Alice which she should have received this morning.

I have put in a busy day, first moving Chassy into the room next door and Bud Noble into my room. Then I called for volunteers and went down into the hold and brought up a lot of supplies: pajamas, sweaters, six, underclothes, towels, chocolate, cigarettes, gun, tooth brushes, past cards etc. I have two lower berths filled with my stock in trade, also a cupboard and the space under the berths. I only brought up a small part of the stuff. I can see a merry time when the Army comes on and I need large quantities. There are two ladders and two stairways to be climbed. We hoisted the big cases up the hatchways, unpacked them and carried the stuff the rest of the way by hand. Oh, I forgot the biggest job, a case of five hundred magazines. How the boys scrambled for the Police Gazette: I have not seen its pink putrescence for many years.

After a good lunch and a smoke Chandler, the "Y" man, and I went up to pay our respects to the Commanding Officer, Captain Roberts, a fine type of gruff old sea dog. He was in a good humor and received us most cordially. It must be a dull life that Naval commanders lead, as they room and eat alone in solitary

I walked the decks for a while, threw the medicine ball with some of the boys and talked for a bit with a little Army nurse who is escorting a woman doctor who is going on some sort of mission to France. The nurse was in the operating room at Greenhuts when she was notified that she had been assigned to the job, and on half an hours notice started on the trip. She is coming back on the return trip

with us and has promised to help me chaperone the war brides.

It is now nine o'clock and the end of a long evening. Our meal hours are very trying, breakfast at eight, lunch at noon, and dinner at five-thirty with half an hour lost in the midday watch. The band plays during lunch and dinner. The food is really very good, though they do not know how to cook meats,—too well done and too much brown gravy. Every one drinks milk; the tea and coffee are excellent. My fruit is a life saver, for in between meals I get very hungry. Flo's chocolate malted milk has also helped a lot and saved Bud Nobles' life, as he has been off his feed most of the time.

I had quite a talk this evening with Dr. Katherine Barnett, who is traveling with the Army nurse. She is a most interesting woman who is to carry on some sort of investigation in connection with the deportation of the I.W.Ws. She is, or has been, the President of the Florence Crittenden Homes for Unmarried Mothers and has done a lot of work on the social evil. She knew Dr. Thompson of the Brooklyn Hospital very well. She was commissioner of emmigration at the California Exposition.

Saturday, April 26th.

Last night we had a smoker in the crew's quarters, and a very unique affair it was. The ship's orchestra played, one of the crew and a passenger officer sang; Chassy played a violin solo; Father Maguire made a Liberty Loan speech. There was one three-round boxing bout and one of six rounds, the latter between two Pros. who mixed it up in great style. The ring was really too small for good work, but the boys made the best of it. The pie-eating contest was a sight. Ten men each with a whole mince pie, with hands tied, dove in and what they could not get in their mouths they put in their eyes and ears. They also had a race eating apples swung from the ceiling which was very funny. The last stunt was a Battle Royal; four men were blindfolded with a tin cup in the left hand and a boxing glove on the right. They knocked on the deck with the cup and swung with the mit when the sound told them that some one was within reach. It was a rough party but lots of fun. We four welfare workers provided the prizes as well as cigars, cigarettes, chocolate and candy. You could cut the smoke with a knife.

Following the smoker we had a four reel film for the officers and passengers in the saloon so that we did not retire until twelve. Both Bud and I slept till 8.30 this morning, too late for breakfast as the clock was pushed ahead the usual half hour. We had some fruit and managed to get some coffee to tide us over. The ship came to a sudden stop this morning and made a quick turn to port and back. The officer of the deck sighted what he thought was a mine but ten feet from us. He called the Captain, who said it might be only a barrel so we did not stop for a shot at it. That reminds me that for the first two days out we had the paravanes out. They are mine sweeps which look like torpedos and are drawn on cables ten feet below the surface and thirty feet out from the ship on either side of the bow. If a mine is in our path the cable diverts it, the anchor cable is drawn along the paravane line till it reaches the head of the machine where a pair of steel jaws cut the line and the mine is cut adrift. If it is a proper type of civilized mine it will sink, but as a rule the Hun mines float so that the ships have to heave to and sink it with a shot. They say that this device has done more than anything else to overcome the mine danger.

Today the sea is smooth and there is very little wind. The sun is not out but that is all that is needed to make it a perfect day. At ten we had Captain's inspection. The entire crew in their best lined up on deck and were looked over, after which the Chief looked through the quarters, including ours.

I don't think I ever saw so many really handsome Arrow Collar type boys as are among the ship's officers; they are a very unusual group. It is most inter-

esting thing to get the seafaring man's point of view. All are good-natured and I would not ask for a finer lot of fellows to be shut up with. The Commander is Scotch and so is the Chief Engineer, the Navigating Officer Fournier, a very charming Frenchman, First Lieutenant Hedges, an Englishman, and one of the Second Lieutenants a Russian who came up from Chili when war was declared. All, of course, are naturalized American citizens, but they give a very cosmopolitan tone to the company.

Well, now I have given you a background for the moving picture and worked up a little speed on the machine—more speed than accuracy—so from now on I will chronicle only the daily events of interest. Here it is Saturday night. Time has just galloped along. They say we will arrive in Liverpool on Wednesday morning, a nine-day trip. We shall probably stay there four or five days, so I hope to have two or three days in London. I shall try and find Jack Frost.

Sunday, April 27th.

This morning we had the most beautiful weather imaginable, clear, sunny, with just enough breeze to ripple the water. Chaplain Wylie held service at eleven. Miss Ide, the nurse, played and four of us led the singing. After a turkey dinner the camera squad lined up on deck and took a lot of group photos. When the Medical Corps posed I had six cameras on deck in front of me which I snapped, one after the other. I took one of Father Maguire boxing with one of our prize fighters which ought to be a peach. The beautiful vest pocket kodak which alice gave me will make a fine permanent record of the trip.

We had our usual hand ball, after which I came below to do some work, but in a few minutes a crowd of "Gobs" were draped about the room and stuck around till Jake, the steward, came in to take Bud and me through the ship. We went down into the engine and boiler compartments, the galley storerooms, and through all of the troops' quarters, so that now I know my way around. Incidentally, I discovered the tailor shop and arranged to have a few dozen spots removed from my blouse. I was very foolish not to bring a suit of cits, as I had only one uniform and the ship is the worst place for spots I ever saw. Still, I guess I will get through.

As a Sunday treat I blew all of the corps-men and patients in the sick bay to chocolate and cigars. There are only half a dozen sick men, none seriously so.

We four welfare workers were moved into the Army officers mess hall tonight, as they were shy four seats for the ship's staff. The talk is tonight that we shall sight land Monday night. It has been so smooth today that we have averaged 17 kmots.

Monday, April 28th.

No two days are alike this trip. We have had a strong northeast wind all day with frequent April showers. The waves were on our quarter so that we have pitched heavily but done little rolling. Last night we had the treat of the trip. Mrs. Dr. Barrett gave the ship's company the most wonderful talk I ever heard a woman put across, or a man either. She is among many other things President of the National Council of Mothers, and has spoken at every cantonment and camp in the country. She talked from a Biblical text, but her remarks ran the whole gamut from patriotism to prostitution. She was never at a loss for a word or phrase and held the crowd spellbound for the shortest hour and a half I have ever known. This ship aint no blooming Sunday School, and coming from a woman of her caliber the points she made were not lost. The band played, the quartette sang, and Chassy played some violin solos.

Tuesday, April 29th.

Land Ho! at eleven-thirty this morning I could just make out the dim outlines of the hills of old Ireland. The mine sweeps are out, the painting of the superstructure nearly finished, so we are about ready. I spent the morning rearranging my supplies. I have to take in three or four officers with me when we get to Brest, which will mean some crowding. I have sorted out my things to take to London and am all ready for "Lets go." I have a date with the barber for this evening and will be all dolled up for shore leave.

If we reach Liverpool tomorrow morning I will look about there in the afternoon and go up to London Thursday morning. There is quite a party making for

village so I will have plenty of company.

From what the sailors say the reported bad feeling between us and the English has not been at all exaggerated. They say that the Leviathan is not allowed to go to England any more because her crew cleaned up Liverpool the last time she was there in December. They had a regular riot and had to call out the troops. The boys have no use for either the English or the French, they say that they are charged big prices for everything and treated far from cordially.

I have just finished lunch and had another look at old Ireland. I had forgotten how rugged and mountainous it is. I presume the haze accentuates things.

Evening.

We are moving along through the Irish sea at a good pace. I have been very much surprised at the total absence of shipping. Aside from a few small fishing boats I have not seen a ship all day. I started to pack for London, as it looks as though we would catch the tide and dock in time to take the two o'clock ex-

press up to London.

Dr. Barrett gave another interesting talk to the crowd this evening on true democracy. Like that of Sunday night it was well balanced and to the point, and so phrased that the boys could comprehend it. It is cold as Greenland. There has not been a sign of heat on the whole trip outside of the engine room. Never mind, tomorrow I'll Dick Whittington, and as Pat K.C. Miller has told me of a Red Cross hotel with open fires, hot baths 'n everything, I'll go to bunk and forget the frozen feet.

Well, here ends the first chapter. The second will, I promise you, be much more brief, for as far as the life on the ship is concerned, loafing and letter writing days are over. I feel finely rested, though disappointed in so little accomplished. I will cable tomorrow and again from Brest about the middle of next week.

On Board Ship, May 3rd, 1919.

Our second day in London was not a great success. It rained off and on and as taxis were scarce it was hard to get about. Mr. Wales had to get back to the ship early, so took the noon train. I called for Miss Ide at noon and took her to Westminster Abbey. The English have very little use for Wilson and laugh in their sleeves at the way the European diplomats are playing with him. They called him a swelled head demagogue. He has made a fatal mistake in his Italian manoever and will go home discredited.

We had a fine lunch and then picked up our luggage and took the 3.50 train to Liverpool, stopping at the station for supper before returning to the ship. Quite a group were gathered in the ward room and we all told of our adventures. Some had gone to Manchester, some to Chester. As it has turned out we might have stayed longer as we are not coaled yet and will not sail before Sunday or Monday. It may

be that we can get up to Chester tomorrow. I would like to see it again.

We have taken on six hundred sailors who are going to Brest to man the "Imperator," and one prisoner who is under heavy guard. He is an Ensign who deserted, has escaped twice and once tried to kill his guard. I saw him this morning and his mild looks belie his reputation. We are to ship one-hundred and fifteen war brides today, part of whom we drop at Brest. We are short of staterooms, for the crowd so that we four welfare workers are to all move into one room for the run to France. I ordered some extra supplies from the Red Cross here and found two huge cases in my room on my return. Gloves, comfort bags, and cigarettes, also several big bundles of papers.

I am going up into town this morning to do a little shopping and go to Red Cross headquarters. This typing game is not a success so far as speed is concerned. I have been just one hour doing this page and trying for speed, have made no end of mistakes. I will stick to it with the hope that I will develop speed later.

Evening.

I went downtown this evening. It is a dreary place. I tried to find a decoration for the General which I could not locate in London, but in vain. I came back at four and saw the war brides come on board. They were a better looking lot than I had expected to see; some were quite attractive. We had two stretcher cases,

soldiers and seven hundred sailors for the "Imperator." The latest word is that we sail on Monday.

Sunday A.M.

Well, here is the last of my letter writing. The end has come! I have had to bunch up my things to make room for five officers in the stateroom with me and that just after I had brought up a lot of supplies from the hold. They are a fine lot of men; two of them leave us at Brest so I may have some more room from there. We took on 114 war brides. They seem to average fairly well, though some of them are pretty tough. We have about a dozen stretcher cases, four of whom are officers, one Captain Hadfield is a Red Cross man who is convalescing from pneumonia. I can see strenuous times ahead. Any one who thinks this is a joy ride can have another guess. There are twenty kids on board, most of them infants in arms, so we are insured music. I was going to Chester today but had to give up the idea as there is too much to do on board. Well now I must bid you all adieu! The Lieutenant in command of the engineers who are on for Brest has just moved into the sixth bunk, so I must pack up my Corona and quit.

On Board. At Sea. Monday, May 5, 1919.

It is a wonderful night, too good almost to come in. The moon and stars are very bright and the sea is very calm for these waters. We are pitching a bit, enough to worry some of the war brides, but not near as bad as we did even on good days coming over. We warped out way out of the Liverpool basin early in the evening, went out stern first around two sharp corners and safely through the narrow locks. During the morning the Red Cross put some supplies on board for me: 2500 cigarettes and 2,000 cakes of chocolate, also 25 blankets for some casuals who had none.

At the last moment two very nice Y.W.C.A. girls came on board, a Miss Anderson of Wisconsin, and Miss Golding of Illinois. Both have been in France for about a year. They came to help care for the war brides incidental to their return to the States. Both are level-headed and handled a mean job tonight very competently. We had a wireless to make room for twenty-six officers, so have to unload twenty-six brides at Brest. The girls broke the news to those who had been selected to chance and explained to them that the Red Cross and Y.W.C.A. would look out for them and show them Brest while they wait for another transport. I think I shall get shore leave for a few hours at least when we get to France. We are due there some time tomorrow evening if all goes well.

As soon as we were out in the Mersy we had "Abandon Ship" drill and every one lined up on deck at their stations, About 1100 passengers. They make all except the Ship's Company wear their life preservers all the time they are on deck to prevent confusion and a rush below for them in the event of our hitting a mine or anything. We had a fine lot of band music going out with our double band including the men for the "Imperator."

I made the rounds below deck this evening and had a mob of soldiers and sailors besieging my stateroom for magazines, smokes, etc. Distributed a lot of supplies. The steward gave me a good closet, his blanket locker, for extra supplies which is going to help a lot as it is on this deck. I exchanged my English money for U.S. together with that of a lot of the patients. Have been giving out lemon drops to the women as they went below as a cure. The stairs to their quarters is guarded by a non-commissioned officer and there are soldier sentries stationed all about the decks to keep order. This evening I had a couple of hands of bridge before our meeting with the 26 war brides.

Tuesday Evening. Brest.

We lie at anchor in a wonderful landlocked harbor a few ship lengths from the huge "Imperator" which looms up like a mountain astern. It has been the most wonderful day you could imagine, clear and almost cloudless except for a few filmy ships at the horizon. There is a slight breeze, just enough to throw a few white caps and a warm baking sun. At breakfast time we were off lands end and after a few hours out of sight of land. Cape Grumand with its white lighthouse and high cliffs hove into view. We took on a wild fisherman from a little yawl as pilot; he looked like a pirate and wore wooden shoes. About two hours later we passed through the narrow channel between high cliffs into the harbor. Many ships lay at anchor besides the "Imper

ator," three U.S. War ships, a lot of freighters and coaliers. Our ship's launch was not working very well so that as we would have to depend on the uncertain base boats for transportation we did not go ashore this evening. We sent 200 sailors off on a tug for the "Imperator." Our soldiers disembark at eight and we loose Lieutenant Higgins from the moom. He is a wonderfully fine fellow and I hate to lose him. I hope to get on shore for a couple of hours in the morning to see the town, but may not do so. Our 1800 troops are to be at the dock at ten to light aboard, and they say we leave at noon, but you never can tell.

This morning we got our four officers on deck in steamer chairs in the sun and how they enjoyed it! Lieut .- Colonel Southam of Cleveland, Ohio, with a broken thigh, has been in bed since November 1st when he was wounded. This was his first time sitting up. Captains Edwards has a weak heart; Captain H...., Red Cross, is very emaciated and weak after the "flu" and a Lieutenant has bad lungs. I got wiss Golden, who is from Cleveland, to talk to the Colonel. They had a fine time They had a fine time

together.

This evening I went aboard a big steamer barge from which we are pumping 200 tons of water. She has a Navy crew of thirty who have been here, most of them. for over a year in Brest Harbor with no chance for any entertainment or supplies. The "Y" man gave them a case of books and I cigarettes, chocolate, tobacco, cards and cigars. I sat down and had quite a talk with them. They were such a nice crowd of boys and so appreciative!

Wednesday, May 7th.

This has been one of my very busiest days. Some rest! I woke at five, was up on deck at six, and watched the sailors for the "Imperator" and the four hundred S.O.S. troops disembark and go to the ship and shore. It was finally settled that the 26 war brides should get off and I arranged to go ashore with the Y.W.C.A. girls and provide for their care while in Brest. We went up at eight-thirty with the Captain in his launch and had an hour and a quarter in Brest. It is a quaint old town. A castle on the water front was built by J. Caesar and docks by N. Bonneparte. One street, a bridge over the narrow inlet which divides the town in half and the Place du President Wilson make up the most of the town. The Bretons in their wooden shoes--mostly old women--with their quaint white caps interspersed with French and American soldiers made the place most picturesque. I left the girls at the Y.W.C.A. Hostess House filled with French brides and went to the Red Cross where I met a few workers and received Alice's cable "Joy." Sent my own off by the Post Office orderly. Did a little rubbering in the shops and a few errands and was back at the dock at ten. We might have had several hours more as it worked out, as the ship did not leave till four o'clock. Our soldiers were to have come on board at eleven, but they loaded two war ships, the "Virginia" and "Connecticut" with 1050 men each before they came to us.

As we went out through the breakwater entrance a huge seaplane soared over us and shortly after we reached our ships a big German U-Boat flying the French flag went by. About noon a barge came alongside with 400 casuals who came on board. Not a stretcher case in the lot, and only one or two who limped. I talked with some of the Medical men of the port who told me that most of the battle casualties had gone home and only the sick and accident cases remained. About three our troops came, 1800 of them of the 32nd Division and 322nd Artillery, a finer looking lot of boys I never saw. Most of them are from Ohio, Pennsylvania and Michigan. The officers are a fine lot, no one whom I knew at all so far.

I had luck this morning and got rid of one of my room-mates who was most objectionable, a Lieutenant both fresh and vulgar. I was planning a good call for him when Mr. Aldrich of the ship, who has charge of assigning the rooms, transferred him to the poorest room on the boat. He kicked too as that room was too busy to suit him, so Aldrich gave him his dessert without my having to say a word. I was hoping to save one berth for supplies but no luck and I still have my five room-mates, Captain Parcher and Johnson who came on at Liverpool and three other officers, who of whom seem fine and one fair; I have not yet heard their names.

I opened a lot of gum tonight and passed it all along the line of boys waiting for mess. I must have given out 400 pieces. Mess followed "Abandon Ship" drill, which started as soon as we weighed anchor at four-thirty. The drill will be held daily. The decks are lined five deep, so you can get some idea of the way the ship is crowded.

After supper I took my life and a can of lemon drops in my hand and went through every troop compartment on the ship. I gave out thirty pounds in two and three candies each. Lots of the boys felt badly and some were sick. I told them to hold the barrage till I passed down the line as it was the Red Cross's first experience in the front line trenches! I never turned a hair and guess I'm a good sailor as I was below for about two hours. One old man has the worst case of shell shock I have seen; they moved him out of the sick bay and put him with another nut in the very stern compartment with two special hospital corps-men on guard. It is a mean place for a daily visit and must be a hell-hole to have to stay in.

As the officers had to organize tonight to take care of the work on the ship we had no movies. I'm tired, so am in my bunk at 9.15 and will now "hit the hay." It is fairly clear; the moon and stars show bright above the haze which hangs near the sea. There is very little motion. I hope that tomorrow is good and not like our second day out from New York, the worst one. Oh, I had another job today fitting out all the war brides with sweaters and warm gloves.

Thursday, May 8th.

This has been another fine day, save for a haze thrown over the water by the Gulf Stream. I have been on the go all day, broke open three crates of small lemons, about 200 in each, and distributed practically all of them at the door and in my trip through the troop compartments below. While the ship has been very steady all day lots of the troops felt wobbly and quite a few were actually sick. I had a big run on salt water soap too as the troops could have only salt water to wash in. At noon I opened up twenty-five cases of apples, one for each man in troop and crew mess halls, then this evening I gave out games, about three hundred combination card-board chess checker and dominoes, and a hundred and fifty packs of cards.

Miss Goulden and Miss Anderson, the Y.W.C.A. girls, are very active among the war brides. They are making a social survey and I rather think we shall decide to recommend deportation of some of them. They had a tea for the women this evening.

We are having lots of music, with the ship's band, the 322nd Artillery Band and two orchestras. The officers of the 32nd Division are a fine lot and have known each other so long that they put things over well. I am getting up a smoker for Saturday evening, and they are pulling out their talent. Lieutenant Edward Streeter, author of "Dere Mable" is in the company, also incidentally, Major Garfield, no others that I ever heard of.

The deck was a great sight today. Only a small section was kept clear for officers and ladies, the balance of the space was covered with men lying out flat in the sun reading and playing games. The boys, being mostly from Ohio, average unusually high—but a few of the foreign element. Quite a group have been exposed to scarlet fever so that they are kept by themselves. We have the usual number of cases of mumps, diphtheria, measles and influenza. I am not allowed in the contageous wards; I send in my stuff by orderlies.

Friday, May 9th.

The Friday this started to be has changed its mind and tonight it is blowing a fifty-mile gale. Fortunately it is nearly dead ahead so that we have only a fair motion. It bids fair to be quite interesting tomorrow. I went below decks through the troop compartments and gave out oranges and lemons to the soldiers who were sea-sick, quite a lot of them, too. I used up three boxes of lemons, nearly 600 today, which gives you some idea of conditions. A group of seventy have been exposed to scarlet fever and are quarantined; they are kept by themselves on deck as well as in a separate compartment below and are examined every day. We had a concert this evening of the two bands, seventy pieces, the ship's and that of the 37th Division. It was some noise!

The "Y" girls are fine, are making a careful social survey of all the war brides and talk the questionable ones over with me; a couple we may send back as they are bad eggs. One asked after the Geography lesson today, the best way to escape the white slaves in New York as her husband's family had frequently warned her against them. We are going to have a smoker tomorrow evening for the officers. The 37th has a vaudeville group on board which made a tour of the A.E.F. and is good judging from some stunts pulled off after dinner tonight. We had our bridge this evening till 9. When I returned to my room I found four of my five bunkies in bed with their boots on? Captain Johnson is, I think, as good a sailor as he is good fellow. He is a tall handsome chap, Princeton, 1912, and was an Intern at Johns Hopkins Hospital when he emlisted.

I have kept open house all day and had a steady stream of callers after lemons, salt water soap, and other supplies. They found a stowaway today whom I out-

fitted. He is stoking. The "Black Gang" they call the stokers, and well do they deserve the name, are a good lot and hard workers. They are frequent dark spots in my days work. Rumor has it that a girl stowaway in sailor's clothes was discovered to day but it has not been confirmed. There is little home service work needed apparently. I have had no calls for help, and as at the Grand Central Palace I have little time for forming close personal acquaintances with the men as I have too many of them to see, just talk to groups. Those in the sick bay I see most of. One boy, a black ganger, had a fine time with the sick bay crew yesterday. They were taking out his tonsils and he fought the ether and nearly shook off five huskies who tried to hold him on the operating table. His language was most illuminating.

The sea tonight is wonderful, white caps everywhere and the spray frequently whirled high above their tossing tops. If it were not for the rain the sea

would be fierce. I don't envy the men on the night watches!

Saturday, May 10th.

The sea is and has been fierce! All day long we have had a gale at times sixty miles an hour. The waves have been from all directions at once and there has been little rhyme or reason to them. The ship has tossed like a chip; we have rolled at times 35 degrees which is some rolling, and all the time we have pitched, bucked and tossed in a most dreadful and at times terrifying manner. It has been a trying day on every one as the women were ordered below to their rooms on D deck and kept there all day. The sea has raced three to four feet deep along C deck and pounded steadily against my stateroom portholes. Life lines were stretched along B deck, but no one was allowed up on it except at the very stern. Fortunately the sun has shone off and on all day so that those who could hold their heads up enough to get up and look out saw a wonderful sight. The old ocean itself was awe-inspiring and beautiful; the wind would take the spume from the wave tops, whirl it into spray and scatter it as a mist which showed a shady series of most beautiful rainbows. The water as it crashed away from the pounding of the ship unrolled in the loveliest turquoise blue and white. All parts of B (the main deck) ran with water except at the very stern; the waves breaking over the bows threw masses of water over the bridge and raced along the deck. I spent as much time as I could out at the stern and enjoyed it immensely. Once I stood amidship on B with two Army officers when a wave came over the side and soaked us all from head to foot, so that I had to change every stitch.

I was up and out at 7.15 and made the rounds of all the sick bays, arranged to get oranges and lemons up which was no easy job as all of the passages were crowded with men sitting and lying on the floors. Every one was ill almost; the women were terrified and only through the work of Miss Goulden and Mrs. John-

son, who kept their nerve and kept well, were we spared a panic.

From 10.00 to 12.00 I spent below going through the troops quarters. I gave out nearly three boxes of lemons, at least six hundred, to the boys, had four sailors carry the supplies in bags and I distributed them to each man, passing up and down the narrow aisles between the bunks four high, the lowest practically on the floor, the upper with the man's face six inches below the ceiling. The artificial ventilation was good but only half enough of it. I'll spare you the details, but I got through it and the boys seemed glad to see me.

Our meals were strenuous. Chairs, tables, racks and dishes rolled around the mess. They did not pretend to serve in the passengers' dining-room, made those who were up come into ours when the ship's company finished. The waiters were wonderful and very little was spilled as they carried it. A number of men were badly hurt during the day falling on the slippery decks and in the passage. There were leaks forward in the superstructure so that water swashed all across the mess room floor two and three inches deep where it hit the wall on the low side of the boat. The wonderful part of it all is that every one has been so good-natured through it all, soldiers and sailors sick as dogs but taking it as a joke.

This evening Mr. Hedges, the first mate, let us have the use of his stateroom on B deck and I got Mrs. Johnson, Miss Goulden and later Miss Anderson, who had fallen by the shipside. As they had been cooped up below all day with crying women and fretting children in bad air the hour up by the good open porthole

did them all a world of good.

We had a wireless some time ago from a ship five hours ahead of us that she had run out of the storm and rough water, so here's hoping for the morning, though it may have been only a ship's rumor of which there are many. Miss Goulden and I are trying to trace many such about one of the war brides, "Mazie;" we are having her watched for evidence as we want to keep her out of the United States, for she is the worst of several of our bad eggs.

I had a ripsnorter of a headache last night, the first discomfort of any kind I have had on the trip. Taken together with the rough sea it kept me awake till 3 a.m. I slept from then till 3 a.m.; while I feel draggy am 0.K. today. The ship performed all sorts of acrobatics last night, at 2 a.m. she registered one roll of 40 degrees. Mr. Hughes who was on the bridge told me he went to the chart house and checked it up. Going some! Several of the women ran out in the corridor screaming and Miss Goulden had to get up and quiet them. She is a trump!

We had a life boat on A deck carried away. It filled with water and one of the davits broks so that they had to cut it loose. It is fairly clear today and less sea, but still enough; the barometer is still under thirty, so that good weather is not yet due. The men are mostly up on deck, which as the dry spots are lim-

ited is packed with men.

Father Maguire and I made the rounds of the troop quarters at the extreme bow and stern this morning. Most of the men amidships are able to be up. Conditions were bad and we managed to distribute two cases of oranges and lemons to men, most of whom had had nothing to eat for two days. I have stopped distributing lemons from the room at Mr. Munro's request as the peels which the boys threw on the floor plugged the scuppers. There has been a long and steady line nearly all day for two days at my door, so that now I'll have a little chance for time to rest. Some joy ride this: I would not have missed it for a farm in spite of everything.

I snoozed for two hours this afternoon and then went up on deck. The sea was roughing up again and tonight is as bad as it was last night, roll, pitch, toss and everything. The say the barometer is rising, however, which is hopeful. The sea dogs say storms are of one, three and seven days duration, so that if it doesn't clear tomorrow we are in for it the rest of the way in. I made the rounds of the sick bay tonight and was just heading for the isolations out on B deck when one of the Hospital Corps men was carried in with a broken rib, having been thrown down by a wave or roll and banged against a stanchion. So I stayed in and went below to carry lemon drops to the ladies—a sad lot they were!

Monday.

Well, we are out of our troubles for the time being at least, as the storm is apparently over. One who has never been through a three day storm on a transport can never realize the discomfort that the men go through cooped up below decks with poor ventilation, little or no light, and only 64 cubic feet of space per man. The hospital minimum is 850 cubic feet. Of course they have forced ventilation so that it is not as bad as it sounds so far as air is concerned, although in the E deck or lowest compartments even the air was shut off in the roughest hours as the ventilators were flooded. It was very rough last night and up till about noon so that the sea-sickness below was fierce. Many of the men had not been out of their bunks for three days and it was some job to go through the 16 inch aisles between the bunks and carry fruit to them. I spent nearly three hours below. This was one of the days assigned to me to distribute supplies at the mess and I got up a lot of the men from their holes by promising them oranges at mess—we distributed 3,000.

In the evening after it smoothed out most of the men got up on deck-there was scarcely a square foot unoccupied. I gave out 2,000 sticks of chewing gum to them. They are a fine lot, so game, so cheerful and uncomplaining under the worst circumstances. The officers are fine too, a lot of Yale men. The 322nd Field Artillery like most batteries had a big nucleus of Yale men as its officers. These chaps are nearly all from Ohio and are just like a campus group with a fine line of songs. A lot of them have been sick and were glad to get fruit after my strenuous

morning.....

We are past the half way mark and well on to the Gulf Stream. By Wednesday they will sent wireless and we would be in by Friday. I have taken a number of messages to be sent as soon as we are in touch with the States.

Tuesday, May 13th.

Our good weather has continued throughout the day. It was rough and choppy in a mild way this morning and the old boat pitched and rolled but the sea has flattened down nicely this evening. The officers say it is the worst trip they have had in a year; we have not had the racks of f the table since we left Brest. Tonight

I saw the moon for the first time. I made the rounds in the lower compartments as usual this morning, finding better conditions but a lot of men whose meal tickets had only one or two punches in them, two men with none, so my fruit was much appreciated. I always take a couple of sailors to carry bags of apples, lemons and oranges, which I distribute from the fruit basket which the staff gave me. Miss Coulden and Miss Anderson got most of the women together and worked up questionairres for the social survey which saves me no end of work. I had a hard case today: a Russian boy in the United States three years, drafted, has three young sisters orphans in Russia from whom he has not heard for eighteen months; he wants the Red Cross to try and get news of them. I told him we would try but I could not hold out much encouragement with existing conditions there. . . Everyone has been on paper work today; all of the Army officers getting their records in shape before reaching port. Miles of red tape were rolled and unrolled. We have been in wireless touch with Cape Race and by tomorrow should have Bar Harbor. It looks as though we would reach port Friday and I shall look for Gen. Squink out off Sandy Hook in a rowboat to meet me. Will sent a wireless tomorrow evening when I am reasonably sure. Tomorrow ought to be a bully day as we will be out of the Gulf Stream which has made this a muggy sticky day.

I took a photograph of the men stretched on deck this evening which I hope comes out well. They were so glad to get up into the air after over three days when

most of them were kept below.

Wednesday.

The close of a wonderful day and a busy one. I made my sick bay rounds in the morning, then had a run on my stock of towels, wash cloths, soap and underclothes, as the haggard wretches below found themselves and prepared to cut three and four days beards and take baths. They cleaned me out completely. I issued apples at the noon mess, 26 cases, and after dinner got the boys started writing home by handing out stationery around the decks. My, how good the bright sun and smooth sea seemed to them all! At 6.30 the talent of the 322nd Field Artillery, orchestra, singers and two professional negro minstrels gave a show for the troops on the after main deck. It was a picturesque sight: twelve hundred soldiers crowding the decks, sailors on the booms and rigging, the singers performing from the roof of the deck house with their orchestra grouped below.

I issued chocolate to all of the men. At 7.30 the performance was repeated below in the mess hall for the crew, a big crowd out. Tomorrow night is our last on the ship!! We are to have our officers' smoker postponed from last Saturday because of the storm. I took inventory of my surplus stock today and packed up some that I will not need for my successor. It is 10.00 p.m. now, so to sleep. I sent off a wireless tonight to Alice and several for sick boys. Goodnight.

IN

FIVE GREAT PARADES.

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One of the great outstanding features of the year following the War was the return to New York of the City's military organizations which were seen in five great parades. The first of these took place on February 9th, 1919, when the former 15th Infantry, New York National Guard, that colored regiment adored by our large Negro population of Harlem, marched in triumph up Fifth Avenue proudly wearing the fourragere of the French Croix de Guerre awarded to the 369th Infantry of which they were members. All of our dark-skinned patients at the hospital, as well as Miss Condé and Mrs. Stewart, the colored ward-workers, were on tiptoe with excitement at the prospect of seeing their favorite organization again, and they returned after the parade to tell us how wonderfully this "Black Watch" marched, headed by Colonel William Haywood, D.S.C., Croix de Guerre, and the other white officers who led them in battle. But the most popular heroes of the occasion were Lieutenant James Europe, whose band played thrilling martial music and was pelted with flowers all along the way, and Sergeant Johnson, who rode in an open touring-car that day because of illness, but stood bowing most of the time in recognition of the admiring applause that greeted him on every side. Sergeant Johnson was considered by his Colonel one of the bravest men in his regiment, for under very trying conditions he brought in singlehanded many German prisoners.

The United States sent more than 42,000 colored combat troops to France, exclusive of the Pioneer and Labor Battalion units, and these soldiers, who, most of the time, were brigaded with the French, were so efficient that they were awarded a very large number of personal decorations. Three regiments of Infantry; the 369th (New York's 15th), the 371st and 372nd received the high honor of the Croix de Guerre from the French Government for distinguished ser-

The next great day was on March 25th when New York's 27th Division wound its way, at times four abreast, through almost overwhelming crowds that filled the sidewalks of the great avenue and spilled over into the roadway, making it hard even for the troops to get through. Every window, every cornice, every vantage point on roof or tower held its quota of eager spectators, some of whom fairly hung on by their eyelids. Their numbers became unmanageable and gave the police great trouble throughout the day.

Hundreds of patriotic citizens as well as owners of most of the shops that lined Fifth Avenue offered the patients in New York military hospitals seats in their windows so that they might see the division pass by. Their comfort was further looked after by different welfare organizations, who at intervals distributed sandwiches, chocolate and tobacco, cakes and fruit to the invalids and those in line.

Some one had been inspired to gather up nearly all the benches from the city's public parks and these were placed in rows along the curbstones at convenient places on Fifth Avenue to accommodate more of our sick and wounded who entirely filled the blocks between 18th and 20th Streets, as well as at 27th and 28th Streets. Our own Grand Central patients were given seats on park benches placed along the blocks between 43rd and 45th Streets, where Major Neergaard, A.R.C., Field-Director at the Hospital, had obtained additional seats for them on trucks and omnibuses. The Army hospitals in the City were at that time caring for 7,000 invalid soldiers, all those of whom physically able to go were most eager to see the parade.

The day was clear and bright but a fresh wind blew in everybody's face, and our wounded were well wrapped up in Army overcoats and blankets and in many cases with the Red Cross knitted comforters that pleased the men so much.



WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN WHEEL CHAIRS WATCHING A PARADE FROM THE CURBSTONE ON FIFTH AVENUE.

(Copyright, 1919, by The New York Times Company.)

Promptly at ten o'clock a vanguard of mounted police opened the parade.

They were closely followed by the impressive flower-laden caisson draped in memory of the dead, which was drawn by eight black horses. The post of honor at the head of the procession was given to wounded members of the 27th Division.

They rode in seemingly hundreds of open touring cars owned and operated by women of the Red Cross Motor Corps, the Women's Motor Corps of America, and the National League for Women's Service. The smart appearance of those women in uniform was not unmoticed by the crowds but the applause and the acclaim went to the wounded, many of whom were actually riding bareheaded, clad in pajamas and bathrobes, with Army blankets pinned closely about them. Those who had them wore their overseas caps and overcoats, which concealed the lack of a uniform. Many were the shouts exchanged between the invalids sitting on the park benches and their wounded buddies of the 27th Division who rode by in Motor Corps automobiles.

One wounded doughboy, jaunty despite his weird "undress uniform" remarked:
"We all wanted to look over those New York birds, so we came without thinking much about our clothes." They all saw the New York "birds" with the authority of veterans who know veterans when they see them, and they pronounced New
York's men real soldiers.

At intervals along the way roses were pressed upon officers and marching troops, while the convalescents in the motor cars were showered with them by women associates of the Knights of Columbus, who were on that occasion their pretty blue and white canteen uniforms.

After the wounded came the Division Commander, Major-General John F. O'Ryan, the British D.S.M., who looked very magnificent on a big bay horse and who was accompanied by his staff. He had been made commander of New York State troops in 1912, holding the rank of Major-General, to which he had risen in fifteen years, for his military career started when he enlisted as a private in the 7th Regiment, New York National Guard. The General and his staff were followed by a narrow column of grim-faced men in khaki, who marched without overcoats, wearing their "tin hats" and carrying their gas-masks and most of their fighting equipment, packs, filled canteens, cartridge belts and rifles. On the shoulder and helmet of each of those marching men appeared the emblem distinctive of their division, chosen out of compliment to General O'Ryan, whose name suggested the constellation of Orion, an exact reproduction of which was interwoven with the initials of the State of New York. Throughout the line of march many bands and banners appeared, the National Flag, the regimental colors, the gigantic Honor-Roll, carried along by several soldiers, its 1980 gold stars recording the number of men who had paid most dearly for the glory which was not only of that day but of eternity.

This great body of 27,000 men took more than five hours to pass in procession; doughboys, machine-gunners, artillerymen, the engineers, the hospital trains, all that goes to make up a modern Division, were in line. The Colonel of nearly every regiment was personally known to hundreds of spectators who hailed him by name along the line of march.

It was a marvelous sight to the beholders as well as the participants of the parade, who went up the flag-draped Avenue of the Allies, past gigantic stagings and miles and miles of grandstand filled with enthusiastic fellow-townsmen. The Avenue ablaze with colored bunting, was further decorated by a magnificent Arch of Victory at Madison Square as well as the Court of the Heroic Dead in front of the Public Library, and the Arch of Jewels near the entrance to the Park.

So great was the crush of the beholders all along the line of march that those in the rear resorted to the use of periscopes in order that the little mother, the small sister, and the younger brother, too short to fight, might see the beloved features of the here of their service flag.

At the end of the parade thirty thousand lunch boxes were distributed among the marching men by members of the different welfare organizations.

The next great military event took place on April 28th, when the 69th Infantry, New York National Guard, "the Fighting 69th," which in this war was given the designation of the 165th Infantry, United States Army, marched up Fifth Avenue. The regiment had formed part of the 42nd or "Rainbow" Division, made up of men from every State in the Union, and this had suggested the name. Every soldier were on his sleeve a design which in shape and colors represented the



PARADE OF THE 77th DIVISION INFANTRY REGIMENT CARRYING RIFLES AND BAYONETS.

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rainbow. The parade was not a very long one, as it consisted of only one regiment, but it was watched with smiles and tears by families whose husbands and sons took part in it, by the company of gold-star mothers and widows, and the Regiment's host of friends. The stands and sidewalks were banks of flutter-

ing color during the passing of the regiment.

As this organization had always been identified with the City's Irish element many Irish airs were played by the regimental band. Its officers, a large number of whom bear Irish names, were recognized and greeted with wild enthusiasm as well as their distinguished Chaplain, the Reverend Father Francis P. Duffy, Distinguished Service Cross, Distinguished Service Medal, Cross of French Legion of Honor, Belgian Order of Leopold, Croix de Guerre, who closely followed the Commander of the Regiment, Colonel William J. Donovan, Congressional Medal of Honor, D.S.C.

The splendid appearance of this crack regiment will never be forgotten by those who watched the men as they strode by that day with their long, quick steps, their helmets worn at a rakish angle and their rifles over their shoulders. Following them came the convalescent members of the regiment; those who were well enough went on foot and the others, bowing and smiling, rode in automobiles provided by the Red Cross Motor Corps. They answered the salutations of the crowd by waving their crutches and the flowers with which they had been bombarded.

Profoundly significant was the parade on May 6th of New York's peculiarly beloved 77th or "Metropolitan" Division. About one million people saw the Division's parade, and about one million were turned away under severe police-regulations which kept the crowds one block away in the cross streets on either side of the Avenue after eight o'clock in the morning. However, everybody in New York whom the police would allow to be there was present to do "their boys" honor.

The character of this military spectacle was quite different from that of the 27th Division. At the head of the procession came a miniature statue of the Goddess of Liberty, the emblem of the 77th, mounted on a caisson which was covered by a great pall of purple velvet strewn with lilies as a memorial to its 2,356 fallen members. This was accompanied by ten white banners, covered with gold stars, borne along by members of the division. Ten minutes, according to schedule, was allowed to elapse after the Cortege of Honor and the Police Department band, which followed, playing dirges, before the parade itself arrived. This was the time which these men, had they actually marched, would have taken to pass in review.

At the head of the division rode the Commanding-General, the popular hero of the day, Major-General Robert Alexander, D.S.C., closely followed by his staff. He was known to the rank and file as "the General with the fighting face and compassionate soul," and owed perhaps much of his popularity to the fact that in France he preferred to be with his subordinates on the common footing of war in the front line trenches. It may be that he had not quite forgotten the three years or more which, at the outset of his military career, he himself had spent in the ranks. Brigadier-General Lenihan, the only Legion of Honor Commander seen that day aroused an almost equal share of enthusiasm, as he rode with his staff at the head of the 153rd Infantry Brigade.

The regiments filed by in squad formation, sixteen abreast, filling the street from curb to curb. It was the first time that large bodies of fully armed men had been seen marching in compact formation, and the effect on the spectators was one of overwhelming strength and power which could not be conveyed by open order marching in the narrow limits of a city street. The artillery marched like infantry, carrying rifles without bayonets, with their helmets slung upon their backs. On every man's sleeve appeared the symbol of the division, New York's Statue of Liberty, embroidered in heavy gold thread on a patch of bright blue silk. These 27,000 men in line took just forty-three minutes in passing, going at a rate of 128 cadence steps a minute, which was eight times faster than regulations require; and they marched the entire five and a half miles without a halt.

The glistening bayonets of the infantrymen, rising rhythmically with each step, was the most suggestive feature of the day, and looked at a little distance like the waving of a thick-standing field of grain. To others it seemed as if the great highway had been suddenly turned into a river running

bank-full with clive drab and steel. These New York boys, drawn from nearly every race on earth, made a dashing and magnificent picture. "In the mass they looked like the hard fighters that broke Germany's back in the Argonne; individually they were still the good-hearted happy-go-lucky youngsters who sailed away a year ago." The parade was in many ways more effective than its predecessors.

The 308th Infantry, under the command of Colonel N. K. Averill, had twice won the city's admiration when it appeared on the Avenue before sailing for France, and that day it was received with tremendous cheers all along the line of march. The crowd was quick to recognize the famous "Lost Battalion," as it has been unalterably nicknamed, whose place was in the last section of the parade.

At several points along the Avenue, but especially at St. Patrick's Cathedral, young women wearing the blue canteen uniforms of the Knights of Columbus greeted our victorious soldiers and darted out among the horses of the mounted officers on whom they pressed red roses. Even their Commanding-General proudly carried at his saddle-bow a bunch of long-stemmed American Beauties, and smiled as he threw them at the feet of Mrs. Alexander, who was seated on the reviewing stand.

The wounded members of the Division brought up the rear, riding in the now familiar touring cars, almost buried in roses, and patients from the military hospitals were cared for that day in the same way as they had been at other processions. War-casualties had not, however, all befallen soldiers, for several regimental mascots, various dogs and a pet goat trotted along, wearing saddle-blankets decorated with the 77th divisional insignia, like real soldiers, as well as wound and service stripes. A very interesting trophy, and evidently a source of much pride to the doughboys, was a big band instrument, an enormous horn, whose anatomy had been disemboweled by a German shell, and was carried in the procession as an honored relic. Another battle-scarred horn played bravely in the band, although it had sustained two serious wounds in action.

This last public review of the splendid 77th Division must always remain among the most glorious memories of those days of heroic and crowded recollections.

Many of the beautiful decorations which the City had erected as a welcome to returning soldiers were still in place when the First Division, that wonderful division made up largely of men from the old Regular army, the first American troops to be in action and almost the last to return, appeared on the Avenue of the Allies.

It was the most important military spectacle which New York had ever seen and included many of the great generals who were leaders of American operations in France.

General John J. Pershing, Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Force, rode down the Avenue that day accompanied by his staff and his personal aides. They were followed by the famous Composite Infantry Regiment known as "Pershing's Own," made up of men especially selected in France from six different divisions, who had accompanied him as his guard of honor in the parades that took place in European capitals.

The police arrangements that morning were very perfect. All those who really wished to reach the Avenue found places from which to see the parade. However, there was not the undue crowding which marred the procession of the 27th Division. General Pershing, himself, was seen that day after more than two years of absence, and all along the line he was greeted by tremendous ovations.

Browne belt was worn by all the officers taking part in the parade. As some of the units had been decorated with the French Croix de Guerre officers and enlisted men of those regiments were the fourragere which accompanies this decoration; and on the sleeves of all the members of the First Division appeared the simple red numeral 1. These bits of color together with the fluttering flags and guidons, and war-equipment of all kinds added greatly to the interest and picturesque quality of that martial occasion.

More than 25,000 troops marched that day in full field equipment which consisted of blankets, packs, helmets, gas masks and rifles. Beside the troops there were about 1,000 motors, and many of the 1,000 animals in line had seen

war-service. The spectators could tell the new ones from the old by the service stripes fastened to the harness of the old campaign mules and horses, and the clever beasts seemed not unconscious of the interest and plaudits of the throng. There was a place in the parade for nearly every means of arms transportation: motor carts, trucks, ammunition trains, gun-caissons and limbers, rolling kitchens, wagons and all.

This division like its predecessors on Fifth Avenue was accompanied by its wounded and convalescent members, who came from all the Army hospitals near by to share in the event. The Debarkation Hospitals No. 5 and No. 3 had been closed for many weeks, but there were still several thousand military patients being cared for in and near the metropolis, as well as in the Camp and Post Hospitals not far away. A large group of patients from the Camp Upton Base Hospital obtained permission to take part in the First Division parade, and on their return told us all about it. One organization which they especially noticed was made up of men of the Military Police, wearing their well-known blue armband bearing the white letters M.P. Crowds of ex-soldiers in civilian clothes as well as military men from other organizations thronged the line of march, and this company was greeted at frequent intervals with "WHO WON THE WAR?" and by the answering shouts of "THE M.PS." Their friends in the Military had not forgotten the old antagonism often evident toward these soldiers, charged with the enforcement of discipline.

The Camp Upton and other army patients aroused a large share of enthusiasm, their cars were filled with flowers, for they as well as the magnificent thousands of marching men had won the hearts of the nation.

All of them, indeed, were bombarded with flowers, even the great Generals who, judging by their smiles and gracious salutes, did not seem to mind it.

The parade took over two hours in passing but the time went quickly for the sunshine and soft wind of that beautiful autumn day made September tenth an ideal one for marching.

Our young men had gone abroad to take their part in the Great War; they had sailed away in darkness and secret; but they came back in the sunshine of approbation and acclaim, wearing many decorations and with victorious colors flying.



CANTEEN WORKER OF THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
Offering a rose to a Doughboy of the 77th Division.

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THE SHADOW LEGION

By

Garnett Laidlaw Eskew.

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When I see the lads come swinging Up the long Fifth Avenue. In between the throngs that cluster, Pressing out to get the view—
I shall see the brown battalions Stepping out in serried file. With a reckless, rakish grandeur; And the brave, brown faces smile In their greeting to the homeland, With a joy that seems to say, "We have done the job, by thunder! We are coming home to stay!"

There will be another legion
Marching there with all the rest,
A white and silent company
Of our goodliest and best.
They have never left the battle
Over there across the way;
Yet I think that they'll be marching
Up the Avenue today.
Oh, I know those gallant spirits—
They could never silent lie,
With the ranks of their old comrades
In the homeland sweeping by;

The great white arch stands proudly, and it spans the crowled street, and today its vaulted columns Shall re-echo to the beat Of the tramp of knights in khaki; They are clad in God's own mail—They have fought the long, hard battle, They have sought and found the Grail:

And after these, those others
Shall tread silently along,
Their steps will not re-echo
Nor their voices rise in song;
Yet I like to think they're with us,
In their silent white array;
That their spirits will go marching
Up the Avenue today!

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A COLLECTION OF

UNUSUAL WAR EXPERIENCES,

PILEY OF FURNISHED BY

SEVERAL OFFICERS OF

THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

1917 TO 1922.

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DIARY OF LIEUTENANT ROBERT PRICE,

BATTERY A, 1st BATTALION TRENCH ARTILLERY,

OCTOBER, 1917, to MARCH, 1919.

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DIARY OF LIEUTENANT ROBERT PRICE, Who won his Commission in France while serving with Battery A, 1st Battalion Trench Artillery. ----00000 Aragua, Massama & Elland, asplitung at Liebb pulsa 1917. October Organized at Fort Hancock, Sandy Hook, N.J. 26 -27 - 31. Usual garrison duty, equippage and preparation for overseas service. November 1 - 30. Usual garrison duty, equippage and preparation for overseas service. December Usual garrison duty, equippage and preparation for overseas service. 1 - 31. 1918. January 1 - 2 Usual garrison duty, equippage and preparation for overseas service. 3 -Left Sandy Hook at 6.00 a.m. en route to Pier No. 3, Hoboken, N.J., via government train to Highlands, thence by Jersey Central to Jersey City, thence by lighter to Pier No. 3, Hoboken, N.J., and boarded the U.S.S. "America" formerly the German Liner "Amerika," at 3.00 p.m. Sailed at 3.00 p.m. 4 - 17 On board the U.S.S. "America." Arrived at Brest, France, at 11.00 a.m. 17 -17 - 21 On board U.S.S. "America" in port under quarantine. Disembarked at 8.00 a.m. and hiked to railroad station, distance 6 21 kilos, entraining in French cars for Fort de la Bonnelle, at which was located the Trench Mortar School. 21 - 24 Traveling on train, eating canned corned beef, hard bread, canned tomatoes and occasionally getting a cup of black coffee at some Arrived at Langres, Haute Marne and hiked to Fort de la Bonnelle, distance 8 kiles, arriving at 2.00 p.m. Received sleeping quarters in what was called abris. 25 - 31. Under course of training at Fort de la Bonnelle. February 1 - 28. Under course of training at Fort de la Bonnelle. March 1 - 31. Under course of training at Fort de la Bonnelle. April 1 - 30. Under course of training at Fort de la Bonnelle. On April 21st greeted Batteries "B", "C" and "D" and Headquarters and Medical Detachments, - the rest of the Battalion, which arrived at Fort de la Bonnelle at about 4.00 p.m. May 1 - 31. Under course of training at Fort de la Bonnelle. June 1 - 15 Under course of training at Fort de la Bonnelle.

June Left Fort de la Bonnelle at 8.00 a.m., arriving at Rolampont at 16 -2.00 p.m., distance hiked 12 kilos. Under course of training at Rolampont. 17 - 30. July Under course of training at Rolampont. Entrained at Rolampont at 2.00 p.m., enroute to Germigny 1'Eveque. Arrived at Lizzy sur Ourcq at 10.00 a.m. and hiked to Germigny 10 l'Eveque, distance 8 kilos., arriving at 12.30 p.m. Camp duties at Germigny. 11 - 15 Detachment left Germigny l'Eveque on Detached Service at La Ferte 16 as Guard for prisoners of war. Camp duties at Germigny. 17 -18 -Detachment returned with prisoners for prison camp at Germigny. 19 -Left Germigny as Infantry Reserves for the 26th Division at 3.00 a.m., arriving at Montreuil at 1.00 p.m. 20th. Left Montreuil at 8.00 p.m., arriving at Paris Farms at 1.00 a.m. 21st. 20 -21 - 23 In lines at Paris Farms as Infantry. Left Paris Farms by trucks at 3.00 a.m., arriving at Belleau Woods, 24 -1 kilo. southwest of Epeaux Bezu, at 6.00 a.m. In lines at Belleau Woods as Infantry. 25 - 31. August In lines at Belleau Woods as Infantry. 1 - 2 3 -Left Belleau Woods at 8.00 a.m., arriving at Halloudray Farms 2 kilos from Bonnes. 4 - 5 In lines at Halloudray Farms as Infantry. 6 -Left Halloudray Farms at 7.00 a.m., arriving at Bois de Chatelet near Rocourt and 1 kilo. from Coincy. 7 - 10 Construction of Aviation Field. 11 -Left Bois de Chatelet en route to Germigny, arriving Montreuil at 3.00 p.m. 12 -Continued march, beginning at 7.00 a.m., arriving at Germigny at 5.00 p.m. 13 - 17 Camp duties at Germigny. Left Germigny en route to Chateau-Thierry, arriving at Paris Farms. 18 -Continued march arriving at Chateau-Thierry at 5.00 p.m. Marched to Mezzy, arriving at 12.00 Noon. Entrained and left at 19 -20 -5.00 p.m., en route to Armancourt, arriving and detraining at Joinville, hiking 28 kilos. to Armancourt, arriving at 1.00 p.m. 21st. 21 - 26 Camp duties at Arnoncourt. 27 -Left Arnancourt at 8.00 a.m., arriving at Joinville at 6.00 p.m. 28 -Left Joinville at 7.00 a.m., arriving at Houdelaincourt at 6.00 p.m. 29 -Left Houdelaincourt at 5.00 a.m., arriving at Pagny sur Meuse at 30 - 31. In camp at Pagny sur Meuse. September 1 -In camp at Pagny sur Meuse. 2 -Left Pagny sur Meuse at 7.00 p.m., arriving at Jaillon at 3.00 a.m., distance hiked 28 kilos. Left Jaillon at 8.00 p.m., arriving at Bois de Puvenell at 3.00 a.m., distance marched 26 kilos. 4 - 6 In camp at Bois de Puvenelle. Here we had a shower of machine gun bullets from a Boche plane. 7 -Left Bois de Puvenelle at 6.30 p.m., arriving at Montauville at 10.00 p.m. Detachment left at Bois de Puvenelle, same being used as a rear echelon. 8 -Another detachment left Bois de Puvenelle for Montauville. 9 - 12 Emplacing guns preparing for big barrage, positions in Bois de

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September Fired 240 mm. Trench Mortars in big American Artillery drive. 13 -First American troops to fire such guns in the Great War. 14 - 15 In action in the St. Mihiel Salient Drive. 16 -Left Bois de Patrie at 5.00 p.m., arriving at Villers en Haye at 1.00 a.m., 17th. Camp duties at Villers en Haye. 17 - 21 Left Villers on Haye at 10.00 a.m. by trucks, arriving at po-22 sitions in lines near Thiscourt in the Toul Sector. Detachment from Battery stopped at Ansauville which was the Battery's rear echelon. Operating French 95 mm. Siege Guns against the Boches. 23 - 30 he Prost and described at 2.00 pone, regular from rolloctober Operating French 95 mm. Siego Owns against the Boches. Left po-1 - 18 sitions near Thiagourt at 7.00 p.m. and marched to Ansauville. arriving at 10.00 p.m., distance 20 kilos. 19 - 27 Rested and were re-equipped at Ansauville. Left Ansauville at 8.00 a.m. and marched 6 kilos. to Royameiux, 28 where we entrained on route to Futeau. 29 -Detrained at St. Menehold at 3.00 p.m., marched to Futeau, arriving at 12.00 p.m., distance 12 kilos. 30 - 31. In camp at Futeau. Hovember Left Futeau at 7.00 a.m. and marched to Foret de Hesse, arriving at 12.30 p.m., distance 18 kilos. In lines at the Mouse Argonne. Left Foret de Hesse en route to Harricourt, arriving at Cornay. G ... Continued march and arrived at Harricourt. 10 ... Duty with First Army Corps Headquarters. Loft Harricourt at 7.00 a.m., arriving at Baulny at 5.15 p.m., 11 distance 35 kilos. 12 - 13 In camp at Baulny. Here we learned of the Armistice being signed. 14 -Left Baulny at 7.00 a.m., arriving at Foret de Hesse at 12.30 p.m., distance 15 kilos. 15 - 17 In camp at Foret de Hense. 18 - 20 One let. Lieut. and 70 enlisted men on Detached Service at St. Juvin. Salvage work. 21 - 30. Camp duties at Foret de Hasse. December Comp duties at Foret de Hosse. 2 -Began hike from Foret de Hesse on route to Trench Artillery Center, Vitrey, Houte-Saone, distance 225 kilos. Left at 7.00 a.m., arriving at Fleury, sur Aire, at 3.45 p.m., distance 23 kilos. Left Floury at 7.30 a.m., arriving at Vavincourt at 5.30 p.m., distance 29 kilos. Loft Vavincourt at 7.30 a.m., arriving at Bure at 1.30 p.m., distance 35 kilos. Loft Mantois at 7.50 a.m., arriving at Bure at 1.50 p.m., distance 24 kilos. 6 -Loft Bure at 7.00 a.m., arriving at Brechainville at 1.30 p.m., distance 24 kilos. 7 -Left Brechainville at 7.00 a.m., arriving at Concourt at 1.30 pama, distance 23 kilosa 8 ... Left Consourt at 7.00 a.m., arriving at Rozieres at 1.30 p.m., distance 22 kilos. 9 -Loft Rosieres at 7.00 a.m., arriving at Isohes at 1.00 p.m., distance 17 kilos. 10 -Left Isohos at 7.00 a.m., arriving at Franch Artillory Center, Vitroy, Haute Saone, at 2.30 p.m., distance 28 kilos.

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December Usual garrison duty at Vitrey and turning in combat equipment. 11 - 31. 1919 January Usual garrison duty at Vitrey. 1 - 28 Left Vitrey at 8.00 a.m., entraining at 1.00 p.m. for Brest, Port of Embarkation. On train, eating hard tack, canned corned beef, canned tomatoes 29 - 31. and jam. February Arrived at Brest and detrained at 2.30 p.m., marched from rail-1 road station to Camp Pontanezen, leaving at 6.00 p.m., after engoying a good hot dinner in camp kitchen, arriving at 1.30 a.m. 2nd. 2 - 10 Fatigue details, and re-equipment of battery, prior to sailing for U.S. 11 -Marched from Camp Pontanezen, Brest, to East Jetty, Brest, leaving at 8.00 a.m., arriving at 11.00 a.m., embarked on the U.S.S. "Virginia; a battleship. Sailed at 8.00 a.m. for U.S. 12 -12- 27 On sea, encountering rough storms. 28 -Disembarked at 8.30 a.m. at Newport News, Va., and marched to Camp Stuart, Va., distance 3 miles. March Delousing and re-equipment at Camp Stuart, Va. 1 - 6 Battery split up, detachments being sent to various camps throughout the States, the greater percentage being sent to Camp Upton, New York, by train, leaving at 10.35 a.m. Arrived at Camp Upton, New York, at 10.30 a.m. 9 - 11 Resting and awaiting discharge. 11 -Severe physical examination prior to discharge. 12 - 13 Turning in equipment, anxiously awaiting discharge. 14 -Received final pay at 7.30 a.m. and discharged from the U.S. Army.

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COLONEL GEORGE EVANS STEWART,

COMMANDING

THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

SENT TO NORTH RUSSIA,

1918 - 1919.

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COLONEL GEORGE EVANS STEWART,

Congressional Medal of Honor, Cross of the French Legion of Honor, Conspicuous Service Cross, State of New York, standing beside his train in Arctic Russia.

THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE SENT TO NORTH RUSSIA

Under the Command of

COLONEL GEORGE EVANS STEWART.

* * *

Colonel George Evans Stewart was born in 1872 near Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, and when about twenty years of age he came to the United States to finish his studies in architecture, as he had planned to make this his profession.

In 1898, at the time of the war between the United States and Spain, he enlisted in the Army and served for two and a half years as a private, most of the time as assistant to the Engineer Officer of the Department of the East, Governor's Island, New York. Attracted to the Army as a career, he then sought and obtained a commission. One of his first assignments to duty as an officer was in the Philippine Islands, which were at that time in a state of insurrection. While he was still a Second-Lieutenant, with General Hughes' expedition on the Island of Panay, he was awarded that most coveted decoration, the Congressional Medal of Honor, for bravery shown during an action by his Battalion against the Insurgents. This action had taken place in the vicinity of Iloilo and the Insurgents had been driven north. The preceeding day General Hughes' force had defeated a large body of Insurgents at Alimodian Heights and pursued them North through various towns to Possi. There. two Insurgent forces united, holding the line of the Jalaur River against the rapidly advancing American columns. This pursuit lasted about six days. The Insurgents expected the American attack on the 27th of November, but Major-General Hughes, Commanding the American Expeditionary Force, made a swift advance on the afternoon of November 26, 1899, from the town of Colinog. He met the Insurgent line of resistance at about five o'clock in the afternoon, crossed the river, defeated them, and occupied the town of Possi by seven o'clock. The bridge across the river had been destroyed by the Insurgents. The fords were unknown, and in the advance, which was made with the greatest rapidity and under very heavy fire, some of the General's men plumged into the river and tried to swim across; others, who evidently had not sufficient confidence in their ability to swim the stream, made every effort to find fords and a few tried to cross on what was left of the bridge timbers. It was during this operation that an enlisted man, embarrassed by his rifle and equipment, was observed to go under by Lieutenant Stewart, who was about one hundred feet away, and he immediately plunged in to his assistance. He succeeded in reaching the soldier and effected his rescue, for which he was decorated.

From the Philippines Colonel Stewart went to California for a term of duty; and from there he was sent to Alaska. In speaking of his two years' service in this Northern Territory, particularly at St. Michael's, Colonel Stewart said that the first year was very lonely and time hung heavy on his hands. He made, however, the most of outdoor sports and recreations, and turned to account such resources as were there available. For nine months his post on Bering Sea was inaccessible to navigation; nevertheless, every few days mail reaches those stationed there by means of relays of dog-sleds. It was 55 days on the way to their distant post, which happened to be in nearly the same latitude as Archangel, Russia.

Department decided to entrust him with the command of the American Expeditionary Force sent to Arctic Russia during the Great War. There he remained until within seven days of a year, for the allied forces maintained troops to the number of about 28,000 men, including 15,000 soldiers of the Anglo-Slavic legion in the region between the seaport of Murmausk and Szenkhursk, a town some 300 miles south of Archangel. Continuous fighting of a defensive character continued against the Bolsheviki during the six months which followed the signing of the Armistice, and this compelled the Germans, to send reinforcements of men and supplies to help their agents on this Northern front. For more than half a century Germans had been systematically honey-combing the Empire of Russia. With the opportunities furnished by the War the successors of these agents, under the guidance of Lenin and Trotsky inflamed the excitable and easily swayed Russians



Colonel's Life Story Reads Like Novel of Adventure

Signal Corps Officer at Ft. Hayes, Holder of Congressional Medal of Honor and French Legion of Honor, Has Sweltered Under Tropical Sun and Frozen in Arctic Wates.

Colonel George Evans Stewart of Fort Hayes, Signal composition of filter the Fifth Army Corps Area, hold of the Congressional Medal of Hou and Chevalier in the French Les of Honor, doesn't have to read tion to learn about adventure. read fiction to learn about adventure. All he has to do is to think back over some of his personal experiences during 31 years in the U. S. Army, in which he enlisted as a private.

Yet when Colonel Stewart relates his experiences, which ish't often, they are as shorn of elaboration as a persegraph in Who's Who.

paragraph in Who's Wro.

Colonel Stewart has fought under his flag from the sun blistered Phil-lipines to the snowy westes of north-ern Russia on the rim of the Arctic circle.

By odd coincidence this officer won his decoration from the U. S. government for oddstinguished gallating in action in the torrid zone while the honor bestowed upon him by the French government was won other extreme, almost the

The Congressional Medal of Hon was won Nov. 26, 1899, at imminent risk of his own life, when he then Lieutenant Stewart was with the Fifteenth U. S. Infantry fighting the insurgents at Passi, Island of

Bridges had been demolished by the high waters, and the soldier were wallowing under full pack were wallowing under full pack through the swollen streams. One soldier, unable to swim, was carried beyond his depth and was in imminent danger of drowning when Lieutenant Stewart plunged in and held the man's head above water until other assistance arrived and completed the rescue.

Rescuer and rescued were too

Rescuer and rescued were much occupied with other affairs at that moment to waste time getting acquainted. Not until 12 years later did their trails again cross. This was on the streets of Seattle, where the soldier who had been rescued recognized the then Captain Stewart, made known his identity and



COL. G.E. STEWART

thanked the officer to whom he owed

Perhaps the greatest of Colonel Stewart's adventures was when he commanded the American expedition to northern Russia in 1918-19, the enemies were the cold, influenza and Bolshevists.

In the interlude, however, he commanded troops at Ft. St. Michael situated at the mouth of the Yukon River in Alaska, had again crossed the Pacific and served two years in the Philippines, besides having completed assignments at a dozen military posts scattered from Georgia to California and engaged in sundry they have been stationed since.

skirmishes with Mexican border ban-

Unaware that he was to command the expedition to Russia, Colonel Stewart sailed overseas with the 85th Division, which was trained at Camp Custer, Mich., and of which his regi-ment, the 339th Infantry was a part. That was in July, 1918.

When his regiment disembarked at Liverpool, Colonel Stewart received orders that sent him in command of nearly 5000 troops, consisting of the 339th Infantry, a battalion of the 810th Engineers and several hospital units, to Archangel. They landed Sept. 5. There the three transport loads of Americans joined the 4000 British and 1600 French troops, augmented by 15,000 Russians who had been mobilized by the British high command into the Anlo-Slavic Le-

gion.
A line of outposts 400 miles long was held by the allied command. Ten per cent of the officers and soldiers of all nationalities were the casualties suffered because of the below zero cold and the incidental fighting, Colonel Stewart said.

Although the armistice ended the world war Nov. 11, two months after the American forces arrived in Russia, winter had locked the troops in its embrace, shutting off escape until the next year. Besides, there were immense allied supplies to guard. The situation became critical early

in 1919, however, when the Soviet government launched a drive against the allied forces with 30,000 troops with the avowed intention of driving the allies into the White Sea.

Colonel Stewart returned to the United States in July 1019 was as

United States in July, 1919, was assigned as instructor of the New York National Guard, and in recognition of his service with this organization he was awarded the New York Conspicuous Service Cross. He was the first Regular Army officer to win this decoration. In July, 1924, Colonel and

Stewart came to Fort Hayes, where

to violent political and social unrest. Therefore, all war-materials which Germany was forced to send North in resisting the Allies deflected supplies from the German Troops fighting along the French frontier.

General Poole commanded the original expedition sent to the Murmansk coast and in October, 1918, he was relieved by General Ironside, who had under his orders 3,500 British troops, 1600 French, and 1500 Italians. Colonel Stewart's command numbers 5,000 men and 200 officers.

There was also an army of about 15,000 men of the Anglo-Slavic legion serving under British command, and a large force of Czecho-Slovakians who were fighting with the Allies. Due to the intervention of the Allies in Bussia the Germans were obliged to maintain eight combat divisions on the Northern front with provisions and supplies of all kinds; and this compaign in Russia was a thorn in their side.

Russia is peculiarly deprived of seaports; her Southern ports were useless to her during the War because of the continuous fighting in progress at Saloniki; her Baltic ports were closed to shipping by the presence of hostile German vessels in those waters. The only remaining Russian seaport available to the Allies all the year around was Murmansk, one hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle. From here supplies could be shipped to Petrograd by railway over a small road equipped with inadequate rolling stock.

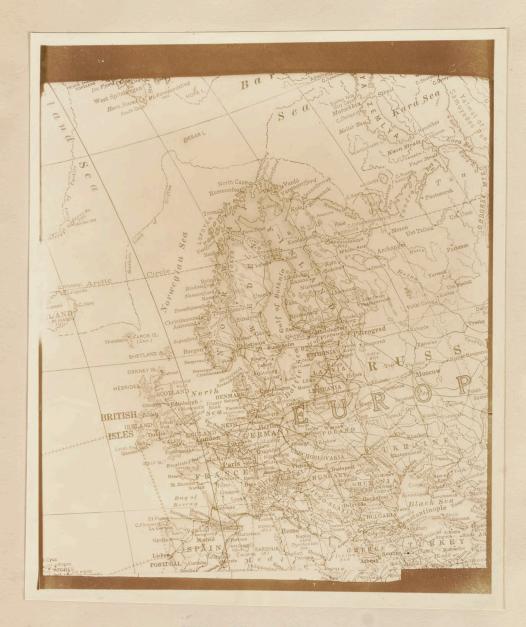
The base for the American Expeditionary Force was Archangel, on the Dvina River and supplies were sent from there by boat when the rivers were open. During cold weather the allied command was supplied by convoy of horse-drawn sledges. Some 10,000 horses were requisitioned locally for this service and nothing more eerie can be imagined than the passing of these silent supply-trains continually moving in the darkness of the Arctic winter. The foot-falls of horses and the runners of the sledges were soundless over the hardened snow, and they slipped by unnoticed and vanished like shadows in the night.

Colonel Stewart's regiment was the 339th Infantry, made up principally of men from the State of Michigan. Lieutenant-Colonel Corbey was the only other officer serving with the regiment on this expedition who belonged to the permanent Army establishment, all the other officers being graduates of the training-camps. Their ninety days of military experience was but a slender preparation for actual warfare. It was a heavy responsibility for the Colonel to feel that the health, welfare, and safe return of these five thousand men lay largely in his own hands.

The 339th Infantry was organized and trained at Camp Custer, Michigan. In July 1918, Colonel Stewart was detailed to the regiment as Lieutenant-Colonel and pending the appointment of a Colonel to his organization, he received orders from Washington to embark with the regiment for European service.

On August first, the 339th Infantry landed in England, and to everyone's surprise instructions were received for immediate departure for Murmansk, Russia, instead of joining the great force of American troops already in France. The regiment was kept in England for three weeks, preparing for Arctic Service. Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart was promoted to the rank of Colonel on August 26th. The same day they sailed from Newcastle, arriving ten days later at Archangel. On the voyage there were many wild rumors flying about concerning conditions which the "Black Hawks," whose distinguishing emblem the regiment had adopted, expected to find in Russia. They were, therefore, much astonished by the prosperous aspect of the very progressive sea-port city of Archangel, which, owing to the course taken at that point by the Gulf Stream, is open to shipping throughout the year. Great docks had been built for the landing of troops and war-materials as well as hundred of huge galvanized iron ware-houses. Indeed, sufficient supplies of all kinds, brought from England and America, were kept in storage at his base to maintain, if necessary, a million men in arms for the period of one year.

The 339th Infantry had already had a few cases of "Spanish Influenza" among its members; while rounding the North Cape these increased in such numbers that on arrival in Russia they were uncountable. Men of the Sanitary Train and Officers of the Medical Corps did magnificent work in this emergency. Hospital conditions, however, were deplorable, and all available medical supplies remained in the holds of the transports. In spite of the most heroic work on the part of the medical officers there were sixty-two deaths during the first three weeks as a result of this terrible disease. Fortunately, the month following there were no deaths.



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MAP OF RUSSIA,

Showing the Murmansk Coast and the American Base at Archangel.

Archangel itself, a very substantial city situated eighteen miles from the mouth of the Dvina River, was used as a base for the Allies forces, and from that point operations were directed throughout a wide expanse of territory in which they had fortified seven sectors, cover-

ing a front about four hundred miles in length.

These seven sectors in turn were Posts of Command for a chain of outposts and little fortified positions held by groups of twenty-five to fifty men each, many of these outposts being miles from their supporting bases, and located in the midst of great forests of Russian pine-trees, Both sides indulged in snipping and reprisals, and the fighting was constant and harassing, although of a defensive character, offensive operations being impossible, owing to the deep snow and impenetrable forests. Surprise-attacks on the part of either opponent were out of the questions. The element of surprise, being the essential feature in the success of such an undertaking, was impossible owing to the extraordinary silence of the Arctic twilight, through which sounds travel with unexpected clarity. Either side was therefore warned of the attempt of such a manoeuvre long before it could be carried out. It required much patience and fortitude on the part of the Allied troops to endure the unaccustomed cold, the solitude, and the Arctic gloom of that terrible and forbidding country, Much of the time the temperature was 30 to 45 degrees below zero. Men burdened with the clothing and equipment necessary for such excessive cold quickly became exhausted and could advance but slowly through the deep snow, which lasted until May, carpeting the frozen tundra that stretched away in every direction, traversed only by trails beaten by the passing of sledges drawn by horses and reindeer. The little groups of soldiers holding these isolated posts felt very lonely and forgotten. It was a difficult matter for officers to maintain the morale of their men and to direct military operations against the Bolsheviki long after the signing of the Armistice, for the Russians as a whole were looked upon as Allies.

The one redeeming feature of this campaign was the surprising regularity of the mail-service. Even the Christmas mail, with its coveted Christmas Boxes - those precious little parcels, "3 X 4 X 9" - reached each sector and outpost almost on time, for they were only two days late as far

South as Shenkhursk.

Warfare on the Russian front consisted largely in the defense of all avenues of approach to the cities: the river approaches, the winter trails, and the Vologda Railway, for the defensive sectors penetrated far into the interior. Allied soldiers were often hit by snipers of the opposing forces, and if a man was struck or his fall unnoticed, he frequently froze to death before help arrived.

Headquarters of all Allied troops were located at Archangel. A large brick building belonging to a Russian Polytechnic College was given over for the American Headquarters by the Allied commander. It was remarkably well constructed, having walls four feet thick, and contained many large rooms that had been used as class-rooms. However, it required a great deal of cleaning and painting before it could be used by the American Army; and sanitary conditions of the most primitive character prevailed throughout this section of country.

buildings had to be provisioned for the long Arctic winter. A small store of wood had been left at the college by its Russian owners, but a winter's supply had to be provided without delay. Fortunately, the Colonel was able to buy 800 cords of firewood which had come down the river on rafts and barges. Russian peasants had told him about the arrival of the wood, and he at once despatched one of his aides, who bought it for the use of the Americans. A detail of Russian prisoners under guard was sent to the river front to unload this fuel. In a very short time it was all neatly piled in the courtyard of the erstwhile Russian College ready for winter use. The British command, having suddenly found itself short of firewood one day sent over a request for a share of this precious fuel. Some of it was supplied to them, but there was not enough to give them all that they needed and they were obliged to scout on their own account for more.

One morning a complaint came to Colonel Stewart's attention concerning the quality of the food which was being issued to Russian prisoners. He immediately sent one of his officers to investigate this food supply, and in a short while his Captain returned to American Headquarters accompanied by an enlisted man who carried a gunny-sack from which arose a most unsavory odour. This bag contained materials issued to the prisoners for making soup. In a moment the office at Headquarters was permeated with a peculiar and penetrating scent; enquiring faces looked in from every door. The Colonel asked his aide to



RUSSIAN REINDEER SLEIGHS.



open the bag and show him these soup-materials. They consisted of some five pounds of rice, poor in quality, and half of a sheep's-head unfit for human consumption.

Every one at Headquarters hurriedly opened windows and doors so as to remove the sickening stench, and the Captain accompanied by the soldier who had brought the "soup-materials," started at once for British

General Headquarters.

It was not long before the American Commander heard from that soup-stock again. Indeed, in a surprisingly short time a trim young English officer appeared, turned out in the most approved London style. he was near the Arctic Circle, in the dead of winter, mattered not at all; he looked ready for Park Row, from the tip of his polished boots to the monocle screwed into his eye, and this charming young person even carried an English walking-stick. Vastly entertained by the appearance of the attractive youth, who seemed so totally out of keeping with the conditions in which they were all living, Colonel Stewart smiled his greeting and asked what he could do for him.

"Oh, my dear Sir! That frightful "soup meat"!" exclaimed the British officer. "Why, we could not stand it at headquarters. It was

really quite awful; We had to put it outside, don't you know!"

He then went on to say that food of excellent quality had been furnished to those charged with providing the mess for Russian prisoners. Evidently, these persons had kept or sold the British supplies and had substituted this vile food. With the usual British thoroughness the matter was soon sifted to the bottom and no further complaints on this score were reported.

Throughout the stay of American Expeditionary troops in Russia, their food was uniformly good, and they were at all times supplied with the best of white bread, which was furnished by Army cooks and bakers. This beautiful white bread was greatly envied by the Russian townspeople, who could only obtain small loaves of coarse dark bread, composed in part of materials other than flour.

Military life in Russia was by no means all spent in towns and villages. At frequent intervals the American commander visited the seven sectors watching the progress of military affair, and helping and encouraging his men at their outposts. On one occasion Colonel Stewart was accompanied on his tour of inspection by General Ironside, of the British Army. The day in question he had walked for miles beside his sledge in order to keep warm, for the trail led through great forests almost deserted except for a woodcutter's hut at long intervals. The trails were well packed by the passing of many sledges, and walking was infinitely preferably to travelling for any length of time on the sledge. Although the Colonel was warmly and suitably dressed he became chilled after riding in his horse-drawn sleigh, as the temperature remained at about 30 degrees below zero. They had covered about twenty-five miles when toward nightfall they reached a rest-house, whose welcome lights shone against the background of tall dark trees.

Evidently they were not to be the only guests that night, for several figures could be seen moving about in the dusk. They proved to be soldiers of the Allied Armies and the door was quickly opened for the English General and his American confrere. The house seemed to consist of but one large room, near the corner of which was a huge brick stove beside which snuggled the bed used by the owners of the house. The room seemed full of soldiers, who were engaged in preparing their supper. To those entering from the outer air, the heavy atmosphere of the room, whose few small windows were tightly sealed, was almost unbearable. The scent of cooking, mingling with that of unwashed humanity, was almost beyond endurance. The dark interior was but imperfectly illuminated by the flickering light of a few candles. The officers, however, soon noticed the owner and his wife, who were huddled together watching the culinary activities of the soldiers, and also two wounded men whose injuries their conrades were trying to dress.

Feeling rather faint from the foul air of the room the two

officers strove to make the best of the situation. They were both sleepy and very tired after walking nearly all day, and there was no other stopping place for twenty miles. They, therefore, shared the common supper and chose a spot in which to spend the night. However, in an hour or two the lack of ventilation proved too much for the General, who decided to push on again through the night rather than stay any longer at the rest-house.

The temperature had not risen, it was still about 30 degrees below zero — and the officers alternated riding or walking beside the sleds. They travelled thus all night, walking as long as each could, for exercise and warmth, and then riding awhile until they were somewhat rested and all but numb with cold.

At about four o'clock in the morning they finally reached another rest-house on the edge of the forest. The last few miles proved very trying for the officers, their men and the animals. They were all much exhausted, for they had been travelling almost continuously during thirty hours. However, they reached their destination just in time for a good breakfast, having covered fifty-six miles in less than twenty-four hours on foot and by means of sledges.

Some time later Colonel Stewart, was accompanied by another officer on an inspection-trip. This officer was dressed much more heavily than the Colonel, although his clothing was no warmer. Mile after mile, they trudged along together over the well-packed snow, the Colonel covering the ground with ease, but his companion seemed less

and less enthusiastic over their adventure.

When their stopping-place was finally reached the other officer's strength was quite spent. As usual, it was a peasant's house at which they were to pass the night. To Colonel Stewart's surprise his companion's fatigue was so great that he just managed to reach the hearthrug, where he at once stretched out before the open fire and fell fast asleep. The Colonel, who still felt very fresh, was in no wise inclined to sleep. Instead, he gave directions for their accommodations for the night.

Feeling rather crestfallen, perhaps, at his lack of stamina, Captain Blank compared his equipment with that of Colonel Stewart. The American commander was dressed like an infantry-man, his feet were encased in soft socks and regulation Army shoes, above which he wore rolled puttees. Over his shoes he had drawn on rough woolen stockings, and outside of these he had put on arctic overshoes. He was both warm and

comfortable.

Captain Blank, on the other hand, wore high officer's boots, made entirely of leather, and they were cold and heavy.

In January, 1919, the Commander of the Allied Forces, General Ironside, of the British Army, found it advisable to withdraw all troops stationed at Szenkhursk, a little Russian town situated at the apex of the territory occupied by the Allies. Reinforcements and supplies were difficult to furnish at such a distance, for Szenkhursk was three hundred miles south of the base at Archangel. This withdrawal, a difficult matter in itself, was further complicated by the presence of ninty-two sick and seriously wounded soldiers. Orders for the evacuation of the city had been issued at 10:30 P.M., and by 1:30 A.M. the entire command was on the march. Everything was abandoned except what each soldier could carry, and the men all went in the uniform in which the order of their commander found them. As everything had to be transported by means of sledges or sleighs, only the most necessary equipment could be taken. All the sick and wounded were made ready for the journey, well wrapped up in furs and blankets, and carefully placed on sleds driven by American engineers. Throughout the long journey back to Archangel they were tended by surgeons and enlisted men of the Medical Corps, who did the seemingly impossible, for no patient died on the way, neither was any case aggravated by the removal, although the trip lasted fourteen days.

Several amusing incidents occured during that winter in Russia. A number of dances were arranged for enlisted men at the request of the citizens of Archangel. Two or three times American bands provided music for dances which Russian youths and maidens attended. A few of these affairs were graced by the presence of American officers, but as they spoke little or no Russian their interest in such entertainments was of short duration. To the Russians gaiety and dancing are more or less suggestive of drinking, and these parties generally became more and more boisterous as the evening progressed.



VICE-ADMIRAL NEWTON A. Mc CULLY,

COMMANDING

THE ATLANTIC FLEET,

1924.



UNITED STATES SHIP WYOMING

Rany Jard Brooklyn

8 December

Dear miss Emma
Nont you and run

Jather with Miss Helen and

for Cean come & hunckeon

with no on Coard myoming

mith no on Coard myoming

ment Thursday 11 December

about one oclock. I tried to

telephone you today, and did

manage to get mis. Mileham

who thinks Thursday is alight

Can revoir & Lanky you for last Sundy _ To for N.A.M. Cully. Sieutenant, Junior Grade, United States Navy. Toen Chustres Haffy Vice-Admiral M. Cully United States Navy

Commander Scouling Heet

for La, as I hope it may he fu du. Trub Kind regards and Loping & see you all Mg suienel zous Marrely

Can revoir & thanky you for last Smild - Vor

Lieutenant, Tunior Grade, United States Navy.

Den Chustras Happy Vice-Admiral M. Cully United States Navy

Commander Scouting Fleet



REAR-ADMIRAL NEWTON A. Mc CULLY'S FLAG-SHIP, THE U.S.S. DES MOUNES, fast in the ice in the Arctic Seaport of Murmansk,

during the Winter of

1918 - 1919.

Mins Emma M. Darkee

Stoke Seymour

So West 45 Sheet

New Jork



U.S.J. Yneklor apple 15, 1919 Dear Miss Imma Jon chopings Love her most interesting & all que and of tourse make us all free other more like starting for Lome. I suppose there mil Le some diciscon one way or another very over, But affairs cutarief we become Complicate Q. His most neter. esting of lower, and if the elimento of misery in des. Tun coned be alleviated of would not be so had. Toup-



fore it is something like a Julefight where the proper atmodflen lan sot te nahzed weless the Lorses are gored. Horses we had mongh but I late to think of cheehen ouffering -In did mail right stant the nolets and Thope by this time that miss Hele. is Some and making you all unions by stones yten enpercices. While in I muce I would a to get up to the trues but was too busy or another Job -It has been a Land Write or the soldiers up here, but



there never was such a healthy chimate. No one wer gets à each. I have had my ears and nose frozen his with attention one queks gets over it. It tappens in a few seconds, and one doent keeon! of it, welles some one else tells him. We have done quite a lot of sking, snow-Stoning, and made dorse trups through the ice, what nne most interesting - new sul of navigation for me. for you of the Krithed They but Write so our rows, and They will not be needed. If we stay anothe White I



Thall remember your offer and ask you for them, hus Loge that I may have the pleasure of sering gen before anothe Mutter again with may thents In the chyspiness and with Mumeribrace & gon Fach and Miss Aller -Inthell gours naw Tues U.S. Janklon our Portroste new Jork lety.











SOUTH AMERICAN PASSENGER SERVICE

Souther Crow

At Sea 8 January 1925

Dear Mins Frama.

Your Christmas Box was

Most affeciated, and I think the

pudding will be an inspiration

It may amateur cooks - it was

delicious - some of it was in

my baggage when darting

at last I am off- me

and Bokka the Jup - So glar

Sout Valorague

Long Brand

Long Brand

Low Jork.



1821 Gye nt N.W. Wash D. C. Dec. 30. 1923.

Dear. Miss Enima Durkee

Thank you very much

for your lowly presents for

Truit cake grab basket.

With much love to you. From Russian children. it Las heen vey rice. We aft Dens Jork the day after the bligsaid, and thoy laters we were Dow it is real suchy. I am enclosing jon another Kodak of the years Christmas for foreson of compareson - I am som it is not regood. With rel good makes to Jon and Jon facker for 1925, and loping to be able to Tuning you some new kodales and enferences in 1927 Jones always succeef Mantuel Gast valchogue Long Island New York







RUSSIAN ORPHANS AT JALTA ON THE BLACK SEA

Seven of whom Rear-Admiral Mc Cully adopted and
brought back with him to the United States in 1920.

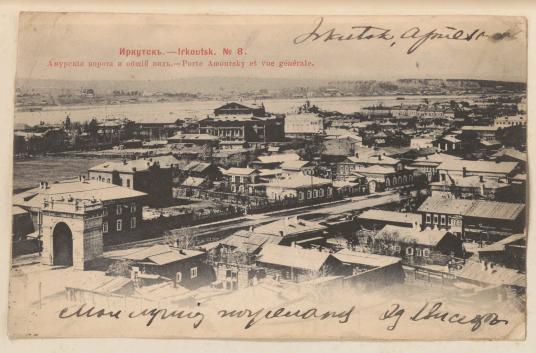
Earl Spring - Russen

Complements of

Vice-Admiral M. Gully

United States Navy

Commander Scouling Theot









one of his most interesting experience was at Eastertide, when Colonel Stewart was invited to be present at the Easter ceremonies held in the Cathedral. It was still dark when at seven o'clock
he arrived for the service. Lights shone brightly through the stained
glass windows, and many candles burned within. A great throng filled
the edifice which was gragrant with burning incense a most welcome
perfume in that stifling atmosphere. But his interest soon centered
upon the gorgeously apparelled clergy and the marvelous, unearthly
music of the Russian Church. The cathedral choir boasted many fine
voices, among them those of boy-choristers. Particularly noteworthy,
moreover, were the octavists, whose bass voices sang an octave below
pitch and served as substitutes for the pedal-notes of an organ. It was
a wonderful service, filled with deep devotion, and long to be remembered.

On May 28, 1919, Rear-Admiral Newton A. McCully, Commander of the American Naval Forces in Russian waters, who had been stationed at the open port of Murmansk all winter, brought the first North Russian Expeditionary Relief Force to Archangel, after a difficult trip through

Arctic ice.

His flag-ship, the U.S.S. "Des Moines," brought, besides the four vessels of the expedition, a large contingent of British troops to relieve Americans and other units that had been in Russia since September, 1918. This expedition was made up of men who fought in the British Armies in various theatres of war and who volunteered for Russian service.

The convoy consisted of the transports U.S.S. "Menominee," "Stephan," "Tgar," and "Tgaritza," with four ice-breakers out ahead and

the warship "Des Moines" as advance guard.

Large fields of ice, made up almost entirely of floe ice, with here and there great expanses of rubble ice, impeded the movement of the ships. The ice-breakers pounded their way through, but the fields closed so rapidly after them that the "Des Moines" was unable to force her waybthrough without taking the risk of battering in her bows. For six hours she was held up until a favoring movement of the ice permitted her to move ahead. For twenty-eight hours the convoy was in the ice, then the ships came out into clear water and arrived safely at Archangel.

This trip was a welcome one to the Admiral and his American sailors, who had found life very monotonous and dreary all winter at their Arctic seaport. During two months they had not seen the sun. The only redeeming feature of life in that latitude was the remarkably good health of his command. No one suffered from colds, but all had to guard against frost-bitten ears and noses. Rear-Admiral McCully wisely made the most of various winter sports, encouraging his men in competitive contests of skiing, snow-shoeing, skating and similar pastimes.

His sailors were all quite as glad of the prospect of returning home as their army comrades. The last American Infantry unit on the Vologda Railway had just been relieved after eight months of service, and the soldiers who gathers in large numbers at the docks sent up a mighty shout of welcome at the arrival of the ships which meant the end of their sojourn in Russia.

The officers of the French forces stationed in Russia, appreciated keenly Colonel Stewart's ready support and co-operation with their military plans, and in token of the esteem in which they held him, the French Government awarded to him the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

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CAPTAIN ROBERT C. SNIDOW,

COAST ARTILLERY CORPS,

WITH THE

AMERICAN RELIEF EXPEDITION IN POLAND

IN 1919 AND 1920.

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OFFICERS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY,
with the Automobile Sanitary Column attached to the
Second Polish Army. Helped to combat the Epidemic of Typhus and Cholera in Poland in
1920. Captain Snidow stands second
from the left.

Coast Artillery Corps.

It is a very curious circumstance to see how strongly the influence of birth and descent affect the lives and destinies of each one of us. Captain Robert C. Snidow of the United States Army, a Virginian with ancestors from the Baltic Provinces on his father's side, was born in Pembroke, Virginia, in 1890, and received his first instruction in the art of war while a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute, one of the oldest schools of military science and engineering in this country - the school founded by Colonel Claude Crozet, Polytechnician and Engineer in the Grande Armee of Jackson and the Confederate Military Academy.

After graduating at the Virginia Military Institute in Engineering and pursuing graduate work in Philology at the University of Pennsylvania and Berlin he became an instructor of Modern Languages. However, with the outbreak of the Great War his early training in the profession of arms as well as his strong inclination toward patriotic duty urged him toward the Army and he sought a commission in the Coast Artillery Corps, of which he became an officer in August 1917. After a period of training at Fort Monroe, Virginia, he was sent to France in 1917 as an artillery instructor and with several regiments.

Because of his familiarity with motorized equipment of all sorts used in connection with Artillery, in June 1919, Captain Snidow was sent to Poland with an enormous amount of sanitary material which the Polish Government had bought from the American and British Armies in an effort to control and check the terrible epidemic of typhus which was raging throughout Russia, Poland and the Balkan States. Almost immediately after the Armistice, American troops began to be sent back to the United States. The need of sanitary equipment for our soldiers in France was greatly diminished; it was also very evident that with each passing month less and less of it would have to be used, therefore when a request came from the Polish Government for seven million dollars worth of sanitary material for this purpose it was accepted with alacrity, collected from all parts of France and brought to Coblenz, whence much of it was shipped to warsaw by rail. This material consisted of 600 Ford Ambulances, 10 Pierce-Arrow bathing units, 50 steam propelled delousing units, thousands of portable showerbaths, huge quantities of soap, towels, blankets, bandages and other sanitary material. This was placed in charge of twenty medical officers, ten line officers, and five hundred enlisted men, all members of the American Expeditionary Forces, who were loaned to the Polish Government in order to help train native officials and soldiers in the use and care of this equipment.

The amount of this material was so great and it consisted of so many different elements, that all of it had not reached its destination until the first week in October. The American Forces in Poland under Colonel Gilchrist were assigned to quarters at Fort Zegrze, and at Praga, thirty-nine kilometers from Warsaw with Major R.W. Riefkohl, of the Coast Artillery Corps, as Battalion Commander. For a while Captain Snidow, Coast Artillery Corps, was in charge of the various metal-working shops required for the motor equipment, and of the personnel, with Second Lieutenant Richard G. McKee, Infantry, as assistant and as mess officer.

Six months later, in the bitter cold of a Polish winter these shops and the command were moved to Czerniakosha Street 88, in the city of Warsaw, and installed in a large building that had formerly been used as a factory, near which there was sufficient yard space to park all of the cars. This great building had been completely stripped of all apparatus by the Germans during their occupation of the country, so that completely new fittings were required.

"The enlisted personnel were kept working in an American shop to which the motors that were in the worse condition were sent to be repaired, but others were used throughout the plant, to advise and instruct the Polish mechanics in their new duties. These men were good machinists but inexperienced as automobile men. However, as soon as they showed themselves capable of handling their department, Captain Snidow's men were withdrawn. It was the intention of the Americans to train the Poles to take over the complete operation of the plant and thus release our men for other work."



MOTOR REPAIR SHOPS AND PARK, WARSAW -



OFFICERS OF THE AMERICAN POLISH RELIEF EXPEDITION, with Sterilizers and other Sanitary Equipment.

Captain Snidow is in the foreground, third from the left, holding a swagger-stick.

Conditions in Poland at that time were in a frightful state of confusion further complicated by the different racial elements within the nation itself, the Poles, the Jews and other racial elements, each of whom had aims that they were trying to further; a government subject to occasional drastic changes of make-up, and a constantly changing battle-front and enemy. According to verying circumstances, the Poles were fighting the Russians, the Bolschevists and each other. The country was in a turnoil of war-fare, with discondant elements milling around within its borders and along those of neighboring nations.

The work laid upon the Americans was almost entirely connected with sanitation: the cleaning up of villages and districts, and affording bathing facilities for the purpose of disinfection against epidemic diseases; also operations with the Polish Army. To give an illustration of this work, Captain Snidow

writes in his report of the campaign:

"On September 5th I left Warsaw with an automobile sanitary column to

operate with the Second Polish Army on the Norther front.

"The equipment consisted of one Pierce-Arrow bathing truck (U.S. Army type), one Austrian sterilizer which was loaded into a Packard truck along with the soap, two tents, one for the personnel, and a ward-tent to be used as a dressing-room in case of need, and five Serbian cans as auxiliary sterilizers.

"As we were immediately following the Army on its advance, we encountered everywhere difficulties due to the condition of the roads, which had been shelled, and to the temporary bridges, nearly always approached by a side road from the main chaussee. This made it very difficult to move our heavy trucks, and in some cases we were held up for hours at the crossing of a river waiting for a bridge to be completed. In fact, we never did reach our objective, Lapy, because for the last eighteen kilometers there was no trace of a road except the trail made by the polish wagons in crossing the open, sandy, muddy fields. I reported, however, to the chief Surgeon of the Army there and was assigned to work for the time being with the 1st Division of the Polish Legion, which was supposed to be operating along the chaussee from Bialastock to Suwalki.

"Arriving at Bialastock, I left the column in order that the trucks might be gone over and refilled with gasoline, and went in search of the Division. I found that it had already advanced beyond Knysin, where the Army had supposed it to be, and was apparently moving to the North and East where it would intercept the Grodno-Bialastock chaussee at Sokolko. All of the bridges on the other highway having been destroyed, I moved the sanitary column to Sokolko and so informed the Chief Surgeon of the Division, who directed me to remain there until instructed by him as to which way I should go. The orders, however, were changed and they were thrown off the chaussee to operate along the sand roads from Augustow and Nowy

Dwor. There it was impossible for us to follow them.

"At Sokolko I found the advance regiment of the Carpathian Mountains Division, and learning that it was impossible to follow the other division I had the column attached to this division, notifying the Chief Sanitary Officer of the 2nd Army of my action. I took a position in the town of Sokolko four kilometers behind the outposts, which, in view of the general situation was perfectly safe. Nevertheless, we took no chances and the Polish authorities kept us informed at all times of the developments, our men sleeping with their clothes on, equipment packed both trucks headed to the rear, and always ready to start at a moments notice.

"The Commanding General placed any building or buildings in the town at our disposal to be used either for our quarters or for the purpose of setting up the plant. We decided to remain in our tent on the outskirts of the town, which was decidedly preferably to living in one of the dirty houses. The plant was set up at the old German bath-house with the sterilizer in the yard, and our showers running

from the truck, which remained in the street, into the old bath-room.

"At all of the towns in Northern Poland, Lithuania or Russia, the Germans had had large garrisons, and had built for their troops great bathing and sterilizing plants. The plant at Sokolko when in repair, could easily accommodate over a thousand men a day but unfortunately these plants were not established with the same ideas of economy which characterize all of the german installations in their own country. The boilers and all of the machines were taken from factories in the nearest towns and most of them had about fifty horse-power boilers, while the sterilizers were nearly all hot-air chambers, constructed of brick with a metal floor, under which a terrific fire must be maintained. A door at either end permitted the men, who had undressed on entering, to place their clothes in the machine, pass on to the bath, and emerge from the opposite end of the bath, where they received their uniforms at the other door of the sterilizer. With the vast forests of Russia at hand the Germans paid no attention to expense. The plant at Sokolko, for example, required about thirty cubic meters of wood per day to run.

These plants are now all out of repair, and were they not, the cost and the lack of transporation would render their use prohibitive. At Lida, a Russian garrison city, there are two forty horse-power engines in the plant to operate

the pumps and supplying water for the baths.

"When we arrived at Sokolko there was only one regiment, which we deloused in two or three days together with its trains. At the end of this time
the offensive on Grodno had been decided upon, and almost immediately the entire first Division, accompanied by another Bivision, began to arrive in the
town. To secure co-ordination we attached ourselves to the 104th Base Hospital
and all troops arriving were ordered to report to this hospital where they were
assigned a date at which time they were to report for sterilizing. We averaged
while here a full battalion of about three hundred men a day, the capacity
being fixed by the limits of the small sterilizer and depending on the equipment
of the soldiers.

"When the Division jumped off for the Grodno offensive we followed with them through Kuznitza and on into Grodno. At this point the divisions separated, proceeding on the sand trails across country, and we were attached to the Army Headquarters. From Grodno there is only one highway, the military road leading from Lida through Grodno and to Nowy Dwor towards the German frontier. We were therefore sent to Lida as the town was to be taken that day by the Poles.

"Arrived in Lida, we found that the Chief Surgeon had not exaggerated the seriousness of the situation. The Bolschevists had gone but they had left behind them the results of their habits and disorganization. The town was full of cholera and typhus. Four days after the town was taken, the streets were still full of dead, and more than ten days after the occupation I saw the entrails of a man floating down the creek, which is one of its principal water-supplies.

"About two kilometers out of town the Bolo had made use of a fine Russian barrack as a hospital, and about a week after we came the Chief Surgeon of the Second Army asked me if I would care to go there with him to inspect it. He had just heard that they had left 374 wounded who had nothing to eat. Indeed, they had had nothing to eat for a week. There were no clothes, no blankets, no medicine, NOTHING. Most of them had gas gangrene though a few also had contagious deseases. I only went into one room. Eighteen poor creatures were lying on the floor, two of them dead. One unfortunate came forward dragging himself along on all fours to beg the Chief Surgeon to shoot him. Two sisters sat in one corner almost too weak to move. A doctor came in, crying from helplessness and misery. He said that several days before they had reached a point where there were no patients left strong enough to carry out the dead.

"Here, also we had been offered any house in the town, and finally selected one in the outskirts which gave us ample room for the plant as well as quarters apart for myself and the men. Rigid orders were given in regard to eating and drinking, and associating with any of the inhabitants. Not an article of the clothing to be sterilized was ever touched by our men. All of this work was done

by the Bolshevick prisoners.

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"At lida, in addition to bathing and sterilizing over a battalion of soldiers a day, we also took care of all the people who had been exposed to typhus and cholera and sterilized all the effects from their houses. When we arrived the deaths from cholera were running as high as thirty-nine a day, and the evening we left I was informed by the Sczef Sanitarny for Civilians that there were no new cases and the epidemic of cholera was at an end; furthermore, that he attributed this almost entirely to our work in the town.

"On leaving, in accordance with verbal instructions from Colonel Godelesky, Commissioner, and from the Commanding General of the Second Army, the apparatus was turned over to the Polish authorities, and we received a most flattering letter written by the Chief of the Sanitary Section, Headquarters of the Second Army.

"This was the first opportunity that I had of forming an integral part of the Polish Army and of actually being with the soldiers and the officers of the combat organizations. I wish, therefore, to record the fact that everywhere we were welcomed with enthusiasm both by the officers and also by the men; that the soldiers who themselves had little to eat were at all times ready to share their meager supplies with the men of my detachment, and that the officers always eagerly grasped every opportunity to avail themselves of the facilities offered by the sanitary column. In every way they showed the utmost appreciation fo the work that we were trying to do for them. The spirit of the soldiers was little short of marvelous, not ten percent had a change of underwear, few more had blankets, not half of them had overcoats, many had practically no shoes and their one uniform was in rags.



POLISH WOMEN SEARCHING FOR THEIR DEAD.

A Roadside Scene -



UNBURIED DEAD IN POLAND.

Long After a Battle
Photographs taken by Captain R. C. Snidow -

They were at that time operating over one hundred and fifty kilometers from the nearest railroad, and all of the transportation had to be done with the little one-horse wagons of the people. Consequently, food and all other supplies were very scarce, and yet the soldiers seemed contented and willing, even eager

to be off and into action.

"The sanitary conditions in this section cannot be described. There was no need to ask the road from Bialastock to the front, the trail of dead horses lay strewn along the roadside in the never ending wake of verious armies. These horses, poor at the beginning of the campaign, were kept continuously at work, and from being subsisted mainly on hay, they frequently dropped in the traces and were left where they fell. Some other organization following would push them to the side of the road, and there they stayed. Horses had lain there, indeed, since the first Polish retreat. Occasionally they were left lying in the road and subsequently wagons, trucks and automobiles being unable to pass them had driven over them. They dead along the road were thrown into shallow graves at the best, but more often they had been simply pushed into the drainage ditches by the roadside and a few shovelsful of earth thrown over them. Apparently, no system of identification was followed. In the case of the Polish dead, usually a cross was erected over the graves, whereas those of Russian soldiers were marked simply by their caps - providing that the cap left lying on the grave was not a good one. The dead we saw lying by the roadsides had been there more than ten days after the armies passed; generally they had been stripped of the greater part of their clothing.

"The peasants living along the roads had suffered the most from this passing and repassing of armies. Each passing army had taken something from them so that most of them were left to face the coming winter - it was snowing in Lida when we left - with absolutely nothing to eat. One old peasant, from whom we tried to buy food at any price, brought out a double handful of potatoes and, with tears in his eyes, said they were his entire winter's supply; and that was was to become of the peasants during the winter only the panu Bogatz (Mister God) could tell. The greater number, however, were too stolid and too accustomed to the war to be desolated by the prospects. To them it had become the routine of life, and they had learned from the wars to hide something away. One afternoon, during the Grodno offensive, I saw the Polish Infantry on a hillside firing at the Bolshevicks on the opposite slope, while down in the valley, as soon as the Bolshevicks had passed, an old peasant got out his horse and proceeded to plow his field while the children sat stolidly by and minded the goats. On the outskirts of Grodno an old man was noticed repairing his dug-out. We asked him why he was repairing it, since the army had passed and peace would doubtless soon come. He replied that he had already been told the same thing thirteen different times during the war, but it always came in handy, and he continued with his work.

"As the Polish Armies continued to retreat plans were made for the defense of Warsaw. It was decided to intrench the city and trenches were dug about five kilometers away, well protected by wire. About 1500 meters beyond this position was a slight hill giving the Bolshevists a clean field of fire. If the Poles had entrenched themselves a few kilometers further away they could have used a complete defense-work, with concrete machine-gun nests, constructed by the Germans.

"Inasmuch as every available man, the boy scouts, and several regiments of women had gone to the front, the Polish method of getting this done was rather interesting. Every morning a detachment of soldiers would go over into the Jewish quarters, close off each end of a section of street, have one or two armored Fords with machine guns patrol up and down, and then send details into all of the buildings to bring out workmen. The men would be brought out accompanied by a howling, screaming mass of female rags. All of the women folks of the tribe would come down into the street where the line was forming, and try to hang on to the coat-tails or the arms of the men. Along would come a soldier and with a tap of the butt of his gun on their shins, send them back into the mass with shrill yells of aie, aie, aie, only to emerge again the moment the soldiers had passed. The men thus recruited were bundled into freight-cars until an engine could be found to pull the train. Meanwhile they waited, thirty or forty in a car, their bright black eyes, spectacles and beards appearing at the windows.

"Then they would be sent to the outskirts of the town to work. ludicrous and pathetic to see the men, with their little black caps and long black coats, for all the world like a flock of crows, handling wire as though it would explode, and perhaps doing the first day of manual labor that they had ever done in their lives.



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GENERAL HALLER.

three daughters and two sons, was comfortably installed in two rooms over in that quarter, and who handled all of our contracts. Not having seen him for several days and needing some supplies I sent my chauffeur over one evening to tell him to come around the next day. After long efforts the door was opened and klinger admitted that he and his family had been shut up there for three days with the blinds drawn and nothing to eat because he was afraid that he might be

killed by the heavy labor of digging trenches.

The Polish artillery was as an organization almost as complicated as the Infantry. The greater part of the guns were the French 75s and the German 77s. The Russians had left them among other things, over a million rounds of shell for Russian guns but no guns. The Germans had left guns but no ammunition. The heavier callibres were mostly 155 Schneiders, although at one position I saw emplaced a battery of 120 rifles, but the officer commanding told me that they had never had any ammunition. The only time I ever saw anything that really resembled massed action was in the attack on Grodno, whose forts had been built by the Russians, and were manned by a peace-time garrison of an army corps. In this attack they had, in addition to their ordinary artillery, a couple of batteries of about 300 M.M. Italian Mortars. The fire control here was very good."

General Haller was a conspicuous and romantic figure of the campaign.

Through force of circumstance, in 1918 he wearied of continued warfare against the Russians, Austrians and Germans; and by dint of various disguises he escaped between the German lines, traversed Germany, and made his way through Russia up to the Arctic seaport of Murmansk. There he was able to obtain passage to the United States, where he sought out the Polish imigrant population in its chief strongholds. He recruited an army division of his compatriots in the city of Chicago, and in the Russian coal-mine districts of Pennsylvania; also a second division of legionaires in France. This constituted his own "private army," with whom he joined the Allies in the Great War, fighting on the French battle-front until the Armistice was declared.

General Haller and "his Army" then went to Poland, where the government used them in resisting attacks on the part of the Bolshevists. His men wore a miform of French horizon-blue, but their caps were distinctive and the upper part, made of cloth, was typically Polish of which the traditional four-sided Uhlan shako was a modification.

"In general, the Pozen and General Haller's artillery was very well directed and very accurate. Direct observation was or could always have been possible without great risk. On one occasion I saw a 155 battery fire four or five rounds without fuzes. I explained to the battery commander that it would do more good if he screwed one of these things into the head of his shell, so he sent over to another battery and got some. He was firing at a town that happened to be occupied by his infantry, although he didn't know it at the time. Inasmuch as the elevation and direction he was using could not come near the town and would fall on the Bolo lines I did not correct him for if he had tried to change has tactics he would probably have shot into his own forces.

"The Bolshevick artillery consisted almost entirely of Russian materiel though at the end of the campaign they were beginning to bring up a good deal of allied materiel taken from Denniken. The batteries were generally commanded by officers who spoke poor Russian with a German accent but who spoke no German. They had the habit of firing just enough to get well on the target and then stopping. One afternoon I saw them put four shots around an armored train to within almost fifty feet of it, and then stop. Another day they dropped one shot hear a battery of 155s, where we were standing, and then no more followed. The next day we had reached the Russian positions and found that they had left a lot of ammunition,

therefore it could not have been due to a shortage.

"They had bought a few tanks from the Allies, but I know of no time at which they used them to advantage. On the Northern front they placed them in front of the defenses and all of them were captured before they could be removed. Near Warsaw I saw eight tanks, with a couple of gas-tanks, waiting in the road. The Bolo held at that time a strip of woods about two kilometers long and perhaps 500 meters wide, his Infantry was known to have outrun his artillery by several days. Having tired of watching the fight which was very slow that afternoon, (the afternoon, by the way, that General Weygand assumed command of the Polish Army, and had his cavalry charge at his Infantry troops with the flat side of their swords to drive them forward) we decided to return to Warsaw to dinner, and as we passed the officer commanding the tanks, I asked why he did not send them to clear the strip of woods. His reply was a shrug and; "Niema Benzine panu". (No gas, sir.)

three sides and a column of cavalry were closing in the fourth. They had already crossed the River Vistula and the next day we would have had to leave, as by night the only good road leading out would have been cut off. But his first evening was a holding attack and the following morning he launched five columns in a grand offensive. It was so long since the Bolo had been really attacked that he was surprised, and during the next three days over 150,000 prisoners were brought into Warsaw. The Bolshevist column which was within twenty kilometers of the German frontier was captured in its entirety.

"Other Bolos dispersed, and filled all of the forests with small wandering groups of soldiers which it took several weeks to capture or drive out.

Many of these bands managed to escape as had other bands of other armies since 1914. While driving through the forests one was frequently confronted by strange types of men with whom it was not advisable to linger very long.

"As soon as this offensive had been successfully launched the Bolos, who had outrun communications had become demoralized, retreated almost as fast as the poles, so that within three weeks they had returned to the tentative line of the peace Treaty. Here there was a temporary Malt, for the poles had been ordered by the Big Four not to go any further. This situation introduced to the world a new form of attack, which might be called a defensive attack. If the poles could no longer take the initiative they could at least defend themselves. Therefore, when all the preparations were made they had only to send out a reconnaissance force of two or three regiments whom, by filtering through the Bolshevick lines, attacked them in the rear. The Bolo naturally ran in the opposite direction and the poles, seeing themselves attacked, necessarily were forced to repulse the enemy, in so doing they usually managed to gain about twenty-five kilometers.

"The prisoners coming in presented quite a problem as they had to be fed and guarded by a people who had neither food nor men to spare, but even so they got a great deal better food than they had received from their own army. The polish method of disposing of them was unique, to say the least. They were all brought back to the large prison camps at Warsaw, where they were kept for one or two weeks. During this time officers were sent among them to divide them into classes. Two of these officers I knew very well, fine snappy-looking Cossacks, who spoke about twenty dialects, and who always appeared on the street dressed with great elegance. They would lay aside their uniforms, put on rags, go barefoot and dirty, and live with the prisoners for about a week. At the end of this time they took a guard and went to the camp, where the prisoners were lined up, and walking rapidly down the line would pick out the communists. These were then sent to the real prison camps, while the others were sent into internment camps further in the interior where they were trained and watched closely for a time, and then sent to the front as Polish soldiers. Only about ten percent of the prisoners were communists, and the others were only too glad to fight them, provided, of course, that they were fed.

"The offensive showed up the real moral stamina of the soldiers. During the retreat there was not morale, but this was due more to the fact that their officers had got them into something and couldn't get them out than to the fright of the soldiers. At that time over half of the wounded send back had wounds in the left hand, presumably self-inflicted. However, this doesn't signify a great deal, for there were no means of looking after the more seriously hurt and no effort was made to evacuate them. On one occasion I saw only one doctor and one girl-soldier who were giving first aid. Perhaps there were more of them.

"During the winter of 1919 their morale was very high and this notwithstand-

"During the winter of 1919 their morale was very high and this notwithstanding the fact that only about ten percent of them had a change of underclothing, few more had blankets, many of the men had no overcoats even, and over half of them had no serviceable shoes. This didn't matter so much, as during the offensive, while they were fighting every step of the way, going fifty kilometers a day, most of those who had shoes carried them on their packs and marched barefooted. In an attack they advanced in the face of the machine-guns with the sang-froid that comes from six years of continuous fighting.

"The railroads at the beginning of the campaign were only hanging together. Most of the bridges had been blown up and rebuilt with wood several times during the war. At Czerniawicz the bridge over the Vistula was blown up by the Russians and rebuilt by the Germans in less than a month. Here they had already shipped to the Jewish merchants all of the steel necessary, everything was in readiness, even the bolts and rivits.

Near the town we were stopped, and our pass was rigorously examined, after an argument we were allowed to continue. This happened in spite of the fact that the Ford had been stopped and no pass exhibited because we had the pass for the party, although they were allowed to go on. The soldier at the outpost was dressed in a French tin hat, German uniform, United States equipment, with the United States insignia, naturally, still on the pack, carrier and canteen, and he was armed with an Austrian rifle. He stopped us by waving a small Belgian flag. This combination was, however, unusual because most of the soldiers in the European Armies are now wearing exclusively the American uniforms, with buttons, service-chevrons and all; and occasionally one even sees a fellow with non-commissioned officers' chevrons that have been left there in the scramble for money for the sale of salvage clothing.

"However, after satisfying him that we were not Bolshies or idiots, eyen if we were going contrary to the general direction of traffic, we were allowed to proceed to Novo-Minsk, where we expected to find millions of soldiers together with all of the hurry and bustle that should accompany them at American headquarters when there is a movement of over a million soldiers. Orderlies dashing madly off on motorcycles, autos racing around, frantic staff-officers coming and going with reports or with confidential orders, and in general, what one would expect from an army defending their homes, as well as presenting

the bullwark of civilization against the hordes from the North.

"Am entering the town, we did find the streets full of soldiers. One group of approximately fifty men was marching up the street, others were loitering idly around in front of the piwo stands. (Beer stands). After asking two or three soldiers where one could find the headquarters of the Commanding General of the Groupement des Armees (this, in a town of approximately 10,000 inhabitants) one fellow "allowed," in Polish, that there was some sort of headquarters over at the chateau in the park; so there we went. It was a perfectly ideal place for a headquarters. A sleeply sentinel was drowsing in front of the door and looked at us very resentfully for driving up, thus requiring him to stand at attention, but his expression changed when he found that he could do a thriving business by

shooting snipes, as we were to stand there for sometime.

"To add a touch of dash and life to the scene, a Cadillac car stood in the courtyard well back under the shade-trees, also a Dodge and a Mercedes; and directly in front of the main entrance a Morss, that evidently was constructed much the same as the Deacon's One Hoss Shay, and had made its last run; the top had caved in, two tires were gone, engine kaput and everything else matched. While we waited for Bergman, who had gone inside with the interpreter and who remained some little time getting the dope, we noticed a soldier who had evidently at some time in his career been the chauffeur of that machine and who approached it a frequent intervals and looked at it as though he were wondering if it could really be true that it would never run again. Also, while we waited, two Polish officers drove up in a Ford Hand-me-down-made-over-light-deliver-car and one of them descended and started into the building, but evidently thinking better of it he re-ascended into the Ford, and they drove away. I didn't blame him for I, too, was getting hungry by that time. An Italian officer looking very worried over something - perhaps because he couldn't find a road which led from that town to Rome p approached and asked us for a ride; but upon being refused he sighed deeply and walked into the building. I presume he asked the General that the war be called off.

"Eventually Bergman returned proudly carrying a map from the G.S. Thus armed with the official map we proceeded to acquaint ourselves with the real situation, no second-hand dope hand-out by the G.S. at Warsaw, but fresh from Army Headquarters. A first glance at the map revealed the general situation. There was a series of about eight blue arrows and some four red arrows further eastward, but heading in the same direction as the blue ones, very blue ones they were - in fact so blue they were sad - was Warsaw. Up in one corner one blue arrow was headed towards Russia and towards a red arrow. We commented upon the "lost battalion", anoth army being sent to protect the railroad-line to Dantzig, that the red arrow threatened. Yesterday when Lieutenant Albro's supply-train on that line was intercepted and sent back because the Belshies had cut the line we were relieved, for we knew then that the "lost battalion" had recovered its sense of direction and was returning towards warsaw. We learned that the road from there to Siedle was fairly safe as they were raiding parties only which cut it frequently. Siedle was also safe because the poles had not yet completed their evacuation, which they were do-ing as rapidly as possible, and that the main body of the Bolshies was eight kilometers to the other side of the town. The 4th Army had occupied the town some days before, and the headquarters there could tell us more precisely what to expect.



CHARACTERISTIC POLISH PEASANT CARTS,

After a photograph by Captain R. C. Snidow -

At Grodno they built a wooden bridge more than a mile long and three hundred feet high. These were, of course, all destroyed either by the Poles or the Bolos. During the retreat of both armies the tracks were so blocked that much of the material was lost. At Minsk alone they destroyed the tracks before they had brought two hundred trains out of the Vilna net. Therefore, with such conditions of railroading, the railheads were often 150 kilometers in the rear of the line.

oracle that they were sure they would be able to destroy. These great military chaussees led straight as an arrow from the interior garrison cities to the German frontier. The road from Brest-Litovsk to Warsaw makes only two turns in a distance of nearly 200 kilometers, but there are very few of them and besides an army cannot fight on the road. Such conditions also limit the amount of heavy artillery that can be used. I have seen the teams from three guns hooked on to the fourth gun to get it around a detour occasioned by the destruction of bridges. The lack of roads calls for a high percentage of cavalry. They constituted, of course, the main arteries of transportation and a certain number of trucks were used to points that were the farthest away, from the railheads. Frequently they were so constructed that by blowing up bridges, as for instance in the Masurian lake region, they could be blocked for weeks to anything except the pana wagons and my Ford. On such roads one would meet from time to time a French Colonel riding very sheepishly in one of the characteristic one-horse wagons.

"I came back to Bialastock more than a week after the armies had passed through it. It is a city of 120,000 inhabitants, nevertheless, at that time there was not a street-car to be seen, not a truck, nor a railroad train; and the Bolos had taken away every horse. The only provisions available for the civilian population was the small amount of food that could be carried to the town on the backs of peasants from a distance of twenty to forty kilometers.

"The sole means of transportation that actually reached the front and which could be relied upon was the little peasant wagon, drawn by one small horse, which could go across the fields or on the sandy by-roads. As soon as the Germans reached Russian territory they found that even their escort-wagons were useless and therefore requisitioned these little wagons, which the soldiers called the pana wagons. One seldom saw anything except these on the roads. Apparently, large bodies of troops were never on the road. One afternoon I counted one of these trains, composed of over four thousand wagons. They were actually arranged about as follows: a mounted sergeant, followed by a detachment of soldiers on foot, most of them barefooted; next came about twenty of the little wagons; then spare horses that they had gotten somewhere, ridden bareback and with only a rope halter; following these came the cattle, being driven by two or three barefooted soldiers using their rifles as prods; then another section. Interspersed throughout the column were the officers, sometimes riding in handsome carriages that had evidently been salvaged, and at other times in disreputable looking sea-going hacks that had formerly served as Droschkas. The wagons appeared to be loaded with everything that could appeal to the heart of a soldier - chicken-coops, scraps of iron and brass, and so forth. But on all of them there were great piles of hay gathered from the fields in passing. At times it seemed that the entire army could have used no other supply than hay, judging by the long processions of wagons each horse of which was eating from the load in front of him. Apparently, the march might have been kepy up indefinitely by changing the leading horse.

"The drivers were generally the peasants to whom the horses had belonged. These old men when they saw their last horse being taken from them, would say that they could do nothing more at home without a horse, and might as well go along to drive it. Some of them were old, old men. The officers say, however, that their patriotism was not as real as it seemed, for the moment that no one was watching the driver he would hasten to drive home with his horse.

"The Bolo had maintained an entire army at Lida for more than two months when the Poles sent three divisions to attack. These divisions, which were approaching from different directions, were to converge upon the city on a given date just at dusk. All of them arriving as they did at that hour the confusion that resulted was terrific. Many of the Polish soldiers were ignorant that other divisions of their men were attacking, and the Bolo was trying to escape. The first division opened fire. This was answered by the second division; and throughout the night there ensued a frightful carnage. Every man fought the man in front of him, and a Red Cross worker told me that the following day he saw three Poles pinned together with their own bayonettes. However, almost the entire Bolshevist Army was captured, and as the men had no food or other supplies the Poles did not bother to take them prisoners.

"Those who were not dying with cholera along with the civilians, simply idled around the town. Every man was equipped with a little bucket, or can, and had a spoon stuck in his foot-rags or leggings, if he was lucky enought to have any. During the day they prowled about gathering up the bones, or pieces of meat, potato peelings, and so forth, and put them in their little cans. At meal times they would get some water and sneak up to a group of Polish soldiers to cook their soup at the camp-fire".

Other phases of the work done by the American Polish Relief Expedition are revealed by these extracts from a report made at the time by Captain Snidow. The very considerable motor-repair work carried on under his direction, while most important and necessary, is less interesting to the average reader than his work in behalf of the Polish Army and the native population. It is therefore very much abbreviated and sacrificed in favor of what Captain Snidow did in the

way of humanitarian service from August 1919, to November 1920.

"The following brief summary will give the salient facts of the work done with Motor Transportation as Commanding Officer of the motor repair parks and shops at Czerniakoska Street.

"Installation of complete repair shops including: two machine shops, radiator shop, motor rooms, vulcanizing shop, magneto shop, blacksmith shop, oxyacetyline welding shop, general overhaul shops for Packard Trucks and for Ford

"Repairs and overhauling, mostly rebuilding of approximately two hundred cars. The detachment consisted of approximately twenty-five men which included drivers, kitchen force, medical attendant, interpreter, and so forth, from which mmerous details were continually being taken for other urgent work, such as repairing sterilizing apparatus, disinfecting, bathing, convoying gasoline, and so forth. Leaving the average effective force for automobile repairing proper at about eighteen men."

SANITATION OF GARWOLIN.

"By the first of June the Poles had reached such a degree of proficiency and training that they were able to undertake themselves some of the shop work that the American detachments had been doing, therefore the Commanding Officer adopted the policy of employing the greater part of our personnel in the work of carrying out sanitation and reforms in the smaller Polish towns. In a word, the men were to be scattered in small detachments throughout the typhus-infected country to clean up the towns and thus to combat the development of the disease from a preventative point of view. To the Poles this did not appear feaseable and as a test the Commanding Officer asked that we be assigned to the dirtiest town in Pohand. To meet this requirement the Polish Commissioner for the Campaign against epidemic diseases selected the town of Garwolin than which, although we had not seen all of the Polish towns, everyone was inclined to admit, that there could be no dirtier. The task of cleaning this town was assigned to me and I was allowed to select my personnel and given absolute control and unqualified support by the Commanding Officer.

"The personnel selected was composed of an American Sergeant, (Sergeant Maurice V. Joyce, an unusually capable man) and of two Polish speaking American

soldiers.

"The equipment available consisted of two large sterilizers which, due to the inability to get coal, had never been and were never used. Our equipment consisted of ten large galvanized iron cans, twelve brooms, stable, four wheelbarrows, one tarpaulin, some soap, soda and underwear; with cigarettes and wood

purchased by us personally.

The town of Garwolin, which numbers about 7,000 inhabitants, seventy percent of whom are Jews, is the commercial center for the Polish peasants of a rich farming district. It is grouped around a central space or square paved with rude cobbles, surrounded by innumerable one-story huts of frame or log construction, having small windows and low ceilings, partly roofed and covered with thatch. In the front room of each of these is the small booth which serves as a store, and in the rear the room or rooms in which the family lives with all of its living posterity. In some small houses of two or three rooms were actually found fifty people who lived there: cooking, eating and sleeping, as well as carrying on their industries in the same small rooms. The furniture usually consisted of a dirty table, one or two chairs, THE pot, spoons, THE washbowl, a couple of beds in the corners, which during the day were piled high with pillows and bedding that served for distribution over the floors at dusk, and the great, flat, tiled stove which furnished heat and was used to cook the potatoes and water during the day, and at night formed the base for the bedding and pillows of the Patriarch and his wife, who slept on the honored and warmest spot.



PEASANT CARRYING WATER AT GARWOLIN -



HEATING WATER FOR LAUNDRY AND BATHING PURPOSES Photographs taken by Captain R. C. Snidow -

One family or patriarchate was observed who served their repasts in the little brother of the conventional triangular pig-trough of America, pouring the potatoes and water into the trough, whereupon the tribe took turns in helping themselves to a great mouthful with the common spoon, retiring to a distance to chew and swallow it. None of the houses had any of the sanitary conveniences needed for modern life. All refuse was poured into the gutters at the front door; two latrines were provided by the town but were little used. In almost all of the house-areas after much search there would be found an open latrine which they jealously guarded from us by all kinds of disguises and camouflage, as the product therefrom was to be used after the harvest to spread on their small patches of land beyond the village. Most of the water for drinking and all other purposes was obtained from a sluggish creek at the outskirts of the town which a mill-dam nearby rendered still more sluggish and actually turned the yards of some of the houses into reeking swamps. The people were accustomed to wade in the creek and cattle and goese were always there. A few wells were found but all of them were contaminated by seepage from the nearby latrines. In the first preliminary council we were assured by the priest, the rabbi and the mayor, and later this was confirmed by two doctors that not a soul in Garwolin had had a bath for over a year. This statement we considered conservative, and I greatly doubt if water had touched the persons of most of them since the departure of the Germans, during whose occupation they were required to bathe at least once a week, when they could be caught. A fairly good bath-house existed but the people stood in horror of it from having been compelled to bathe there by the Germans. Furthermore, it would have been very difficult to get wood in sufficient quantities to heat and operate the German plant.

The method of operations, as at first arranged, was to have our men act as advisors, the actual directing of the work being done by the Poles; and as stimulants to this end prizes which were to be given out at the end of our work were offered for the cleanest houses and people. It was at once apparent that this method would not be a success, therefore, in a very unostentatious manner we gradually assumed the control of the town, so that when the work ended we were practically the government. It even went so far that on one occasion, when the house in which a patriarchate was living fell in upon them one night they were requested to move, and the following day they were referred by the mayor to the military, and by the latter to us, saying that they could do nothing except

at the orders of the Americans.

"The first regulation issued was that anyone whose cattle was seen in the creek below a certain bridge, or who waded in the creek, or who used water from any of the forbidden wells would be punished. This did not purify it but insured at least clear water instead of the muddy water that they had been using, and it improved its odor because from the bridge to the town there was a slight fall and a chance for it to become a little better.

"All latrines in the town were ordered to be emptied three time a week and in the interval to be boxed in tightly and made absolutely fly-proof and less odorous. All the accumulated stable-manure of the last few years was ordered removed and subsequently to be carted away three times a week; and in the intervals to be kept in fly-proof boxes. All yards and alleys were ordered swept each day and periodically washed down with water and crossote and lime. All streets in the town were swept thoroughly each day in the morning and the market-place after supper, this work being done by the civilian prisoners of the town. It appeared that a law existed whereby all property-holders were required to sweep in front of their premises each day, and after we had been there a few days it became a regular thing when the prisoners appeared in the morning for the town's people to flock out and sweep the dirt together into small piles so that it might be carried off by the prisoners in their wheel-barrows.

"All stores were required to be swept and scrubbed each morning with sand and water and during the day to be swept as often as was necessary, so that when my men happened to come in unempectedly they would be clean. Residences were scrubbed when necessary and swept each day. Dishes were not allowed to stand dirty. Water which had once been used to wash the dishes and the children was not allowed to remain for another application. No one was allowed to have dirty water in the house.

"At the bank of the creek below the mill an open laundry was put into operation. The women were required to wash their bundles of clothes first in the creek with soap and then later to boil them thoroughly in soapy water. This was managed in the galvanized iron cans with the help of the prisoners, I, myself, buying the wood to make the fires. In this way an average of 200 bundles of clothes were washed every day.



POLISH WOMEN WASHING THEIR CLOTHES IN THE STREAM



PUBLIC BATHS AT GARWOLIN

Arranged by Captain R. C. Snidow -

"Near the bathing-place the tarpaulin was stretched on stakes to afford privacy, with a part of it on the bank and a part in the creek. The people were required to wash themselves with hot soapy water from the cans which we placed within the screen, and afterwards to wade into the creek to rinse. About sixty people a day were so washed."

As typhus is communicated by the presence of body-lice, these enforced baths and other cleansing regulations were the best possible means of combating the disease. The Jews as a rule did not particularly object to lice for they had an ingrained idea that the insects were more or less beneficial, much after

the manner of the old-fashioned leeches.

"The method by which we enforced this regulation was that one man stayed to superintend the work at the bath and laundry while others spent the entire day prowling around the town, stopping irregularly and unexpectedly at any of the houses. If they happened to be dirty it was required that they be instantly cleaned, the men remaining until the work had been done then writing the name of the inhabitants in a little note-book. This was found to have more effect than fines or other punishments as the people were accustomed to the methods of the Russian police and doubtless are still wondering today what is to become of them for having their names recorded in the little black books. In extreme cases they were fined either in work or money-fines, of which the former was by far the more effective.

"The distribution of prizes proved an utter failure as all of the Poles living in the town knew from the first day that we would give the prizes to the Jews, while the latter were as firmly convinced that we would give them to the Poles. It is another instance of the mutual distrust and suspicion which renders these two peoples absolutely inimical. The committee to pass on the houses, and award the prizes, consisted of the priest, the rabbi, the mayor and the two doctors. At the time they were to be awarded, the doctors did not come and the other members of the committee each recommended his own house for first prize and was indifferent as to whom should go the others.

"The test was pronounced by the Commissioner to be very successful, as a demonstration as to what could be done and it is regretted that the crisis of the invasion of Poland came at that time so that other work of this nature, had to be

abandoned and a change of policy made."

* * * * * * * * * * *

These extracts from Captain Snidow's diary, written on his little portable typewriter when he was not too tired to do it at the end of his busy days in Warsaw, are so full of human interest and amusing comments on the situation in Poland that they greatly supplement his terse official reports.

"All day long the streets have been full of soldiers going to the front. Not real soldiers, but what Poland has to send and is sending. Battalion after battalion of mere boys, all of the boy-scouts over fourteen have volunteered and have gone. Over half of the soldiers that I saw today were without arms and almost all of them were without equipment. A battalion of women-soldiers left - they looked as though they could do good work, too; big, husky, hard-boiled washerwomen and yet, in the midst of this spectacle of children and women going to war, the country is not mobilized. Tonight the cafes are full of civilians, drinking and eating, and not apparently minding the rumor which came this afternoon: that the Bolshy advance-guard was only about sixty kilometers away. They are the counts, etc., who have enough pull to keep from being drafted. Every night processions of women go through the streets, stop in front of each cafe and shout: To the front, or more accurately: "Idx na front." When entering the cafes, they shout over every man who is wearing the Polish uniform.

Tuesday, August 10th.

"Back from a very interesting trip to the front, in fact, beyond the front. The details of the trip may be taken as indicative of the great comic opera which we who are here are privileged to see unfolding before us. The eastern front is sufficient. From Brest to Warsaw the distance is about two hundred kilometers. This particular sector is divided almost equally by the towns of Novo-Minsk, Siedlee and Biala, which are approximately fifty kilometers apart. Last week Biala was reported by the General Staff to have been taken. Wednesday Siedlee was taken, so we estimated it would not be a long run to see the show. The Army, or rather the headquarters of the Groupement of Armies, of the North and East was at Novo-Minsk, with General Haller in supreme command. Our plan was to go there directly, get the information fresh from the wires, and govern ourselves accordingly. The party consisted of two cars, of which the Ford was in the lead, and we followed with the Lexington.

"From that time on we were in the zone of the Armies and naturally expected to see many troop columns. In this we were not disappointed. The road was ale ed to see many troop columns. In this we were not disappointed. The road was allows continuously filled with movement. Occasional bodies of infantry, sometimes whole companies of infantry, but usually a small band, evidently made up of good friends, who marched in little groups of ragged, barefooted, dirty, dusty Polacks. I few of them had their rifles which they were evidently keeping in case some polshie should surprise them, doubtless believing that the woods were full of cossacks. A few batteries of artillery, and two batteries of heavy artillery, were also passed later in the afternoon. But most often there were successions of wagontrains, all laboring slowly along, each train or group of soldiers driving with them pereral head of cattle, the greater part of which (according to the refugees) had been stolen from them by the soldiers. Some of these trains were frequently encamped in the fields on each side of the road, the soldiers lying asleep in the grass or sitting idly about. A few of them always tended the cattle; and the rolling kitchen, the great soup-factory, was ever present comfortably steaming with their potato soup. there were no signs stating that this was a one-way road but it seemed to be perfectly understood for we were the only ones who used it to go in the other direction.

Finally we arrived at Siedlee.

"Here the atmosphere made me homesick. It reminded me so much of other and happier Sundays - Sunday afternoons in my ville natale (150 pop). Church was just over. The women were all standing on one side of the street in their brilliantly colored shawls gossiping, while the men were assembled on the other side of the street. As it was Polish I don't know what they were talking about, but I do know that similar groups at home would have been wishing to Goodness that the women would go home to dinner, although it was a very pleasant square under the tall, ancient tower topped by the figure of man bearing the earth on his shoulders, perhaps Father Siedlee himself. Siedlee is a town of about thirty thousand inhabitants, although it has, of course, the European appearance of being about six thousand. We drove down the principal street and asked the first soldier we met where to find the headquarters of the Fourth Army. He didn't know, being newly arrived from the front. A gendarme was also newly arrived with a company of other gendarmes and didn't know, although he thought that there was an army somewhere nearby. Eventually, we decided to go on an trust to luck in finding the Army, which was defending the road somewhere, before we had gone so far that it would become necessary for us to pass ourselves off on Trotsky as fellow New Yorkers. However, in asking the way we came across that which is so pleasingly spoken of by Horace, or is it some other of the Roman Poets whom we are supposed to read, as a rara avis - a gendarme who not only had been there for sometime but who knew the roads, and although he didn't know whether there was an amy there or not, yet he did know that there was some kind of a military bureau down the street, at the depot. This, moming on the top of the confession from the military Commandant de la Place, that he knew there was an army there, but didn't know which one or where it was, cheered us so much that we decided to continue the search for the army headquarters. Before, going, however, we asked the gendarme where the Bolshies were. At the suddenness of this question he was somewhat taken off his guard and looked anxiously behind him but seeing no Cossacks about he was reassured and informed us in Polish that we could search him, "or words to that effect." So far as he knew they were thirty kilometers away, down the road to Biala. He had heard that Biala had been taken and that the Polish army was falling back but he did not know where they could be found. There were, he said, no warlike signs in that town. Only about three weeks before a Jew had been found spreading Belshevick propaganda and had wem killed; but a little thing like that didn't mean anything.

"We decided at once to proceed to the depot to see that the military bureau at that place did not know about the situation, or the lost army headquarters. By carefully following the gendarme's directions we missed the depot, and in a later attempt to find it I noticed a slate, an ordinary school slate, with the words scribbled on it which indicated that we had found the object of our search. Inside we found all of the activity that the exterior promised. Two French officers were sitting at a table conversing and apparently very bored. They informed us that the adjutant could perhaps give us some information for they themselves didn't know anything because they

spoke no Polish and couldn't find out what was going on.

. . . . "At Zegrze we sought and found our old friend Captain C letter known to us as Panni Benzine because we were always able to borrow "benzine" from him when we were out of gas. He is the chief gas officer of the Army, and had at Zegrze over a million shells and grenades. I asked him what would be done with the gas, and if they succeeded in evacuating it. He smiled sadly, and replied that in Poland it was always "Utrop" - tomorrow - that he had gone to the minister over a month before and had demanded that he be given trucks and cars so that the gas could be removed. he removed. They replied that the victorious Polish Army which had taken Kieff would in a few days repulse the Bolshies as they were soon to start their offensive.



AMERICAN SANITARY EQUIPMENT



OFFICERS OF THE AMERICAN POLISH RELIEF EXPEDITION
1920

Captain Snidow stands at the extreme right

Again they smiled and spoke of the Proud Poles. / The following week, panicstricken, they sent for him and ordered the renoval, and to facilitate it in every way possible they gave him two trucks - two trucks: - to haul all of that ammunition to a depot more than a mile away. He told me today that he had shipped about half of it. It must not be exploded because there was enough gas to kill all of Warsaw if the wind should blow it in that direction, so he had done what seemed wisest and removed the fuzes, hoping that the Bolshies would be unable to use it in their guns if they found it. "The Poles are no cowards. They have no officers and no Organization to

back them, but I do not think that the individuals are cowards. I have watched them in the retreat. They did not run, they walked quietly, laughing and talking; they calmly crossed a bridge which was being swept by machine-guns. They deliberately attacked at Wyczkow in the face of machine-guns which they could not see. One of them rode along a road, which was being terrifically swept, to tell our chauffeur that he should push the car away and take refuge behind the bank, which was quite needless as he had already done so. They had simply gotten into Russia; and its spirit and its terror had gripped them. They retreated, with the main body following them, while the Cossacks struck wildly on the right and left flanks with short sharp jabs that kept them terrified, not knowing what was in their rear. It seemed to them as if the spirit of Russia had awakened. The Great White Bear had been aroused and was following, his head angrily shaking as he came along the road, while his great paws struck out wildly and blindly

to the right and to the left.

"The Jewish question, always acute, had been increased by the Bolos. It is no mere chance that the Jews, with their long black coats which reach to the ground, their little black caps, from beneath which peep the small, deep, cunning eyes, look so much lake crows when at work in the fields before the armies. As the crows fly over abandoned camping grounds in search of the grain that remains, even so are they the crows of empires. Armies come and go, bringing with them different people, different customs, different conditions; but through it all the Jews, having no home, no instinct of self-preservation, having had all combativeness crushed out of them for centuries and knowing but two gods - Jehovah and Mammon - remain. They greet each army with the best that was left in their house from the last occupation, their best wines are brought out and laid on the table for the arriving army. They are beaten by the Russians because they sold Russia to the Germans. By the Germans they were cursed because they had been friendly to the Russians. The Poles inaugurate pogroms because they are Bolos; and the Bolos revile them because they have submitted to the Poles. And so they remain, bearing the united curses of all peoples, but in spite of everything, still they gain a few shekels. It may be Russian gold, or German marks, or Austrian kronen, or Polish marks, or even rubles, yet they are the gainers, and little by little money is accumulated. Out of the wrecks of empires they have emerged:

battered, a little dirtier, more hated, but with more money.
... "Our next stop was at Wyczkow, where Bergman and I had had the pleasure of dodging the machine-guns and the Polack peasant who mistook us for Bolos. They had blown up the bridge as they left, so that we had to leave the road and proceed across the sand, and finally cross the river on a temporary bridge that the army had thrown over. The other side began with about the steepest bank that I have ever seen, and at the top of the bank it finished in about two hundred yards of the deepest mud that I have ever experienced. At the foot of the bank we chained the two trucks together then three them into low gear, opening the throttle wide, and so we went. Part of the time the Pierce was pulling the Packard, and part of the time the Packard was pushing the Pierce; but for about three hours we were pushing and digging at both trucks. Finally by completing the demolition of a partially destroyed house we got them over the worse of it and from there to Ostrow had no trouble with anything except the flivver,

which we had to partially make over.

"At Ostrow the Pierce in some inexplicable manner broke its fan and we had

to lay up there twenty-four hours to get a new one.

"There is one excellent hotel, that is, it was before the war: The Ritz. I managed to get billeted there and had dinner there the first night, The dinin room was large and still had some of the small 177718 tables with shaded lamps that suggested candlelight, and white linen on the tables. The orchestra played soft music, evidently because of the shaded lamps, and the ghosts of handsome officers in high boots and brilliant uniforms and lovely women of before the war, while waiters loitered around the room watching the solitary American eat. Sitting there alone with the ghosts was too much for me, so I hastily finished my dinner and went away leaving the orchestra serenely playing. Upstairs, I found much the same state of desolation. There had been running water in the room, but Fritz had needed the fixtures. There had also presumably been sheets and covers for the beds, but Johnnie Bolo had borrowed all that for himself.





LITTLE POLISH CHILDREN MUTILATED BY THE BOLSHEVIKI.

One foot has been amputated from each of these boys at the ankle.

There were many more to be seen -

These photographs were taken by Captain Robert C. Snidow -

The billet therefore meant nothing more than what it said: a room. However, I bribed the hall-man and he finally got me some clean sheets - one - and a blanket, as all of my blankets were in the sterilizer and it would have meant unloading all of the truck to get at them, I slept between the hotel sheet and fortunately excaped from it with nothing worse than itch. That, however, is so common over here that one doesn't pay any more attention to it than one would at home to a flea.

"The next day, while the men got extra gas and went over their trucks to get them tightened up again and in shape, Roush and I went over to Knysin to try to locate the division. Just out of town we again found that the bridges had been blown. So by persuading the Ford to cross a rather deep swamp we cut into a sand road and managed to get there. In doing so we had to pass into the edge of the Masurian Lake Region, where Hindenburg and the Russians had such a difficult campaign in 1915. It is a beautiful country, low, wo oded hills alternating with wide stretches of flat country which was sometimes filled with a lake, and at others merely a deep swamp, and at still others a marsh, through which cattle could graze and from the little islands of which hay had been gathered and stacked to be removed this winter, when the ground shall be sufficiently frozen to permit teams to go there.

"This is the Northern country which has suffered very severly from the first war in actual devastations. In their retreat the Russians, adopting the same methods by which they conquered Napoleon, drove all of the people before them, burning the villages and everthing to eat. In the whole section there is scarcely an old house left standing. The Cossacks drove the people out at the points of their swords, allowing them to take what they could rapidly get away with, and the remainder was burnt. Only in the vicinity of the Hindenburg Line is the destruction worse than here. This line to the East of Lida, which runs clear across stretches of Russia and into the edge of Austria, presents a picture which is well cal-

culated to make the North of France seem a very cheerful place.

"The trenches extend across an area of twenty to thirty kilometers and throughout this region there is not a house nor a tree that is left standing. Nothing except theer masses of concrete, and labyrinths of trenches and barbed wire. One town of fifty thousand inhabitants, which had been an important manufacturing center was so completely wiped out that there remains not even a score inhabitants, and not one house is left. The only monuments of the town's former greatness are the cobbled streets, the tall Russian brick stoves that always stand, and two smokestacks that have managed to escape. One of our officers, who passing through this town last winter, saw a strange creature emerge from a hole and run rapidly across the snow to another hole. He pursued, and found that it was a girl of fiftwen, who, to his intense surprise, speke perfect English and informed him that she had been born in America, had come there with her father and mother the year of the War, and that they had been killed. She lived alone in the hole that had once been the basement of her grandfather's house. She had only a few rags for clothing, no fire the thermoneter was than about ten below zero - and for food she showed him something black, baked from straw, pounded leaves, and roots, which she called bread. She had come to Russia at the age of seven, and remembered America as a place where people lived in houses, where they were not often killed, and where children could play out in the streets. He brought her in to the Red Cross at Bialastock."

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When the officers and men of the American Forces in Poland were withdrawn in November, 1920, all of them were presented with Haller's Army Campaign ribbons; and Captain Snidow was decorated with the Cross for Valor for his services to that nation.

Their experiences on the Eastern Front had been most interesting to the members of the American Relief Expedition. Nearly all of them had learned to speak Polish with fluency, and felt a warm appreciation for the artistic and generous qualities of the people, as well as deep admiration for the beautiful country and its quaint cities, The officers of the Polish Army and many delightful civilians had done their utmost to make their stay agreeable, and in every way gave Captain Snidow and his fellow-officers their unqualified support and encouragement.

However, when orders finally came to rejoin the American Forces in Germany they were really eager to go. It was just a little nearer to the United States and

Home !

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MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY T. ALLEN,
COMMANDING

THE AMERICAN FORCES IN GERMANY

FROM

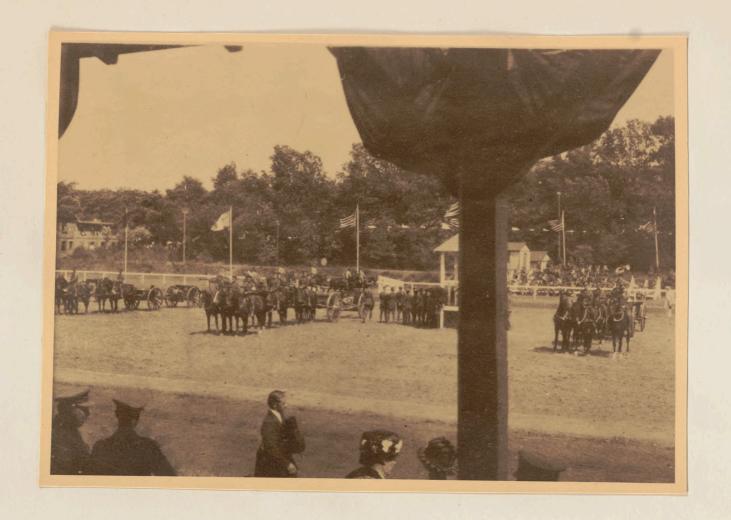
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JUDGING FIELD ARTILLERY PIECES

At the Horse Show, during General Allen's command of the American Forces in Germany.

A Photograph taken by Captain Robert C. Snidow.

MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY T. WITH THE AMERICAN FORCES IN GERMANY, from NOVEMBER 1920 TO 1922. ---000000---Major-General Henry T. Allen, whose early military experience was with cavalry troops, afterward passed many years in Washington, where he had been appointed to serve on the General Staff. This duty was followed by several years spent in Russia, where he represented the United States Government as attache' at the Imperial Court at St. Petersburg. During the Great War his handling of difficult situations and military problems merited high praise from his fellow-officers and from President Wilson. He was therefore chosen as Commander of the American Forces in Germany at the Bridgehead of Ehrenbreitstein on the Rhine. His position was peculiar and unique. Vested as he was with almost kingly authority, his handsome person and regal bearing were well calculated to enhance American prestige. No one ever had so much power as he was given at Coblenz during the American Occupation, and it rather went tobhis head. The General and his family lived in semi-royal state in a residence known by his suite as "The Palace". He was surrounded by a carefully chosen little society composed of officers and their wives stationed in Germany with the American Army of Occupation. They were known by the other American residents as the "Lords"and "Ladies-in-waiting", some of whom were of the immediate Allen

family and made up the General's set at the important social functions and

"court balls" that distinguished his residence on the Rhine. Much time was, of course, required by the regular military routine attendant on the occupation of any foreign country, but the social life of the American Colony became a very prominent feature of its stay. General Allen, owing perhaps to his long association with the Cavalry, was devoted to horse-back riding and soon after his arrival he organized a Hunt Club among the officers of his command. It was a magnificent sight to see them ride to hounds wearing scarlet coats and white doeskin breeches, shining patent-leather boots, and black hunting caps. Indeed, membership in the Hunt Club assumed such importance that an officer who refused to join it met with disfavor in the eyes of the General, and was usually very promptly sent back to the United States. For many reasons service abroad had its bright side from the view point of military experience and advancement, and the fear of being sent home induced many officers to do things for which they had no great liking. The Hunt Club dinners following an afternoon of sport were delightful affairs at which the assembled Company usually joined in singing old English hunting songs, a particular favorite being, "Thus sing we merry huntsmen all."

Among the officers at Coblenz was a Major Donahey, an Artilleryman, whose inventions and developments in the way of gummery had proved remarkable. contributions in this field were so noteworthy that the General Staff had asked to have him sent to Fontainbleau for further special work. His friends among the officers however, urged him not to follow out this plan, as it would antagonize General Allen, with whom we stood in favor. Therefore, he sent a request that he be allowed to remain on the Rhine.

As eager-hearted as a boy and with the honor of his branch of the service strongly in mind, the Major had decided to exhibit his favorite gun with its teams of magnificent artillery horses at the famous Inter-Allied Horse-show, which was one of the great outstanding features of General Allen's Command at Ehrenbreitstein. With a zeal that one can but admire he set himself to win the prize from other Allied contestants. Major Donahey sought out Captain Snidow, then in charge of the American Motor Transport Organization at Coblenz, and obtained his willing help. Ever ready to oblige, especially where anything connected with his beloved artillery was concerned, the Captain gladly offered his collegue every facility at his command. The Major wanted his pet gun decked for the gala day much as a bride is arrayed for her wedding. He wanted her to be a thing of beauty for all men to admire.

Camouflage in the Great War was developed to a point never before dreamed of. Guns, ships, material of all sorts, appeared in strange disguises - protective coloring and baffling means toward invisibility was sought.

The Major, however, was not going in for camouflage at the Horse-show. Quite the contrary: The gun was brought into the motor repair shop where one hundredth of an inch was polished off of its exterior and the entire surface was further decorated by a series of little dappled markings such as one often sees in the interior of watch-cases. Beside this, every part of the gun itself was burnished and buffed to the highest degree of brilliance. In addition, every part of the gun-carriage, limber, caisson and ammunition-box received their full share of attention. Even the hub-caps and tires of the wheels were nickel-plated.

On the great day the gun with its horses was brought to Coblenz with care by means of moving-vans. So much thought and effort had been devoted to the splendid piece of artillery that it was not allowed even to come in contact with the ground. Instead, it was slowly rolled out of the van onto strips of carpet that covered the road, leading to the shed prepared for its reception. The horses delicately picked their steps down the inclined platform and were led away over the carpet.

Major Donahey was standing very near the General when his beautiful gum wheeled into the drena. Indeed, its appearance fairly took the assemblage by storm and for a moment left them breathless. No one had ever seen so radiant a gun before. It caught the sunlight and glowed like a creature of light, every detail of the tooling, every nut and bolt glistened, contributing its share to the dazzling effect. But the gun itself was not all. When the eyes became used to it one saw the animals that drew it. Their coats shone like satin, as they tossed proud manes and lifted brightly varnished hoofs shod with nickel-plated shoes - hoofs that fairly seemed to flash fire. The harness they were had never been used before and its buckles were nickel-plated to match everything else. Last but by no means least, the gun-crew, in new uniforms, handled the piece to perfection. Weeks had been spent in training the army horses, and they were driven three times around the arena in faultless step.

Amid rousing applause they received the first prize, and the General smiled with pleasure, commending the industry of Major Donahey. Had an officer conceived and executed such a project at any other military gathering he would have been

court-martialed and obliged to pay the price of a new gun.

The Allied officers, whose guns were shown in this competition, looked upon the matter with mixed feelings. For weeks their comments were both bitter and amusing, not only on account of the gun in question, but because a battery of machine guns appeared that put everyone's eyes out. Some officer had had the happy idea of getting them nickel-plated.

Other features of the Horse-show were the prizes offered for horses from various classes of service in the Allied Armies; and there was always a good deal of interest in the judges' awards to the best saddle-horses. Naturally, the General's horse must receive the first prize - ex-officio, as it were - therefore, instead of the customary three prizes, four were offered, and everyone came to look upon the second prize as in reality a first prize. Many prizes were donated for these events and though the American officers won their share of cups and trophies they were always surrendered to General Allen, the Commanding Officer, who claimed that they belonged to him inasmuch as every thing there was under his jurisdiction. His collection of gold and silver cups at the end of his stay was very considerable.

At an Army athletic contest a certain Private Lamb won a very beautiful gold trophy which had been offered by the wealthy wife of an American Major stationed at Ehrenbreitstein. This prize took the form of a little gold globe on top of which was poised an exquisitely chiselled Gallic Cock symbolizing France. The judges had decided in favor of Private Lamb, a man of superb physique, as the best all around athlete with the Army of Occupation, excelling as he did in many sorts of sports. Two days after this award, General Allen sent his aide, to seek out Private Lamb and ask him for the trophy, saying that it would be safer at headquarters than in his billet. Private Lamb, however, told the Captain that he had already pawned the trophy for which he had been given fifty dollars, showing him at the same time the pawn-ticket which he had received, and he added that this money was already spent. The Captain who knew only too well the General's attitude regarding these prizes took the pawn-ticket and from his own private funds redeemed the handsome token which he carried back in triumph to headquarters. To him fifty dollars was but a small matter compared with the eventual success or failure of his military career.



AMERICAN FLAG FLYING FOR THE LAST TIME AT COBLENCE.



THE FRENCH MAG BEING RAISED OVER THE FORTRESS.



MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY T. ALLEN

Leaving the Fortress of Ehrenbreitstein to

Occupation by the French Army
Photographs taken by Captain R. C. Snidow -

The General's favorite escort when he rode forth on occasions of ceremony was a detached troop of cavalry, which he had been requested to send back to the United States six different times but which he kept with him throughout his stay on the Rhine. They were unofficially known as the "Horse-guards." Mounted on magnificent army troop-horses, their equipment polished to perfection, the Horse-guards would be drawn up before the door of the "Palace" presenting sabers, to await the coming of the General. It was a wonderful sight to see Major-General Allen emerge, preceded by a flourish of bugles, and start off down the hill in his automobile, his Horse-guards in the lead, on each side and behind him, the cavalry-men and their mounts jingling as they galloped at full tilt through the town on the way to the railway station, where the General's private car was waiting to take him to Cologne or to Berlin. Indeed, so military was the whole atmosphere of the command that woe betide the private who refused or neglected to salute Mrs. Allen, the General's wife, when she walked about the city.

perhaps it was the General's lordly presence and imperial aspect that gave piquancy to a situation that arose on one occasion. A Belgian officer presented himself one day at Headquarters as the bearer of decorations from his government to the American General and some of his officers. These things had lost the charm of novelty for him but there is always room to add one more medal to an officer's collection of campaign ribbons and the Belgian officer was graciously received. He found that Americans charming: so hospitable, so helpful, so - everything that is nice! He found it hard to

express himself.

A few days passed before the bestowal of the decorations, which was to take place with some ceremony. The Belgian seemed worried and anxious. However, with but little urging he confessed the reason for his concern - in brief, he was short of funds! General Allen and other officers generously helped him meet his immediate needs with varying sums amounting to several thousand francs.

When the day for the presentation of the medals came most of the American Colony had assembled on the parade-ground as admiring spectators, the "Lords" and "Ladies-in-waiting" were there, of course, and the families of officers, many welfare workers, and civilians. The troops, drawn up by companies, stood at attention, the band played, colors fluttered in the light breeze, and brilliant sunshine flooded the scene. In every direction lay the beautiful Rhenish country-side with its stretches of farms and woodland, little towns, and historic castles perched high on mountain-sides; through it all, below in the valley, the great River wound its way magestic to the sea.

General Allen and a little group of his officers stood together, flanked at either end by color-bearers, well in advance of the troops. The dapper Belgian officer came forward facing them, and read a long and very complimentary address, then he advanced and gave each officer to be decorated the "Accolade" with the flat of his sword, a kiss on either cheek, and pinned the decorations on their breasts. It was indeed a stirring occasion:

Time passed. The Belgian officer had been gone for months when news of him came again to Coblenz. The Intelligence Department, G-2, at Headquarters, had been advised of his arrest in Poland as a German spy. Further correspondence gave other details. The man had been mascarading in Belgium as an officer of the Belgium Army and had bought the decorations which he gave at pawn-shops. Painful to relate, he never returned the sums that he had borrowed.



AMERICAN FORCES IN GERMANY
Leaving the Fortress of Ehrenbreitstein.



DEPARTURE OF AMERICAN TROOPS FROM THE CITY OF COBLENCE
Photographs taken by Captain R. C. Snidow -

OFFICIAL COMPLAINT AND REPORT The there is a reason of the person of the person of the second of the s HEADQUARTERS Military Intelligence Division COBLENZ torn is so donted in my mind that spee pointained of the flat and D-Cale and 4-2 Live at time overstopped their authority, seemedally when depling with the Ar-

HEADQUARTERS AMERICAN FORCES IN GERMANY MILITARY INTELLIGENCE DIVISION COBLENZ.

October 31, 1921.

Memorandum:

FOR THE A.C. OF S., G-2.

subject:

RELATION BETWEEN THE A.F.G AND THE GERMAN POPULATION.

In dealing with the attitude of the German population towards the American Army of Occupation it will be necessary to differentiate between: (a) the working classes, (b) the retail merchants and middle class in general, (c) the industrials and intellectuals, (d) high officials and aristocracy (irreconcilables.)

Classes (a) and (b) generally speaking are complaining very little regarding the occupation, unless it be a case of individual abuse on the part of a member of these forces, which complaint is usually addressed to the Commanding

General and attended to in the usual way.

Classes (c) and (d) represent those parts of the population who, instead of seeking relief from the authorities of occupation, as a rule air their own or other people's grievances in the press and by the presentation of a carefully kept record of abuses alledged to have been committed by these forces, endeavor periodically to arouse the Berlin authorities to energentic action with a view to having these forces greatly reduced and, if possible, the period of occupation curtailed.

these forces greatly reduced and, if possible, the period of occupation curtailed.

That there should be a hostile attitude on the part of the forces of occupation towards the German citizen of the Rhineland must be traces back to various causes. The theory that Germany is a defeated nation, that it provoked the World War, and that it is only right and just that the individual citizen should be inconvenienced in order to promote the personal comfort and well-being of the officer and enlisted man is so deeply rooted that further comment seems to be superflous. To this state of mind, which, in my opinion is present with all Armies of Occupation (early occupation of D.I. or so called "days of the Empire") must be primarily ascribed the many abuses, slight and serious, which the Germans were complaining of.

The agencies of the A.F. in G. which come in an official capacity directly in contact with the population are the Military Police, the D.C.I., and G-2 (b). There is no doubt in my mind that some operatives of the M.P. and D.C.I. and G-2 (b) have at times overstepped their authority, especially when dealing with the intellectuals, who are accustomed to courtesy and respect for their station in life. As many of these operatives are either of German or Jewish descent, or know the German language so well as to pass for such, it is quite possible that the average German has conceived the idea that it is the German-American element who are especially cruel and abusive towards the population in the performance of their duties. There is, however, a certain psycological factor to be considered in connection with the German-American element of these forces which has its exception in many cases, i.e., the average German-American, in order to escape the onus of being considered pro-German, is inclined to be more severe in the execution of his duties in connection with the German population than the American not of German extraction.

The billeting question in which mostly classes (c) and (d) are concerned because as a rule, they own the more desirable billets, has added much to the feeling of antagonism, Daily pin-pricks produced in many cases by enforced living to -gether in one building; and by the refusal on the part of the average American officer to recognize socially the Germans living in the same house; and in some cases the actual ejection of some German families from their homes because the American families are being annoyed by them, are only a few examples of causes for discontent.

The salute to our flag which was temporarily required from the population of Andernach recently and which the German nationalist associated in his mind with Certain episodes described by Schiller in his "William Tell", the prohibition of the singing of the German National Hymn and patriotic songs as well the display of the National Flag by the Rhineland Commission; and also the favorable rate of exchange have left impressions of hatred in the hearts of the intellectuals.

A great deal of harm is being done in the eyes of the Germans to American prestige by the young officers of this command who, in my opinion, have failed to restrain their men from committing abuses or indulging in conduct which would not be countananced by public opinion at home.

The fact that many German women of the lower classes have consented to prostitute themselves, in order to make an easy living in comparative luxury, has led to a state of affairs where young officers and a great many enlisted men keep mistresses or find at least no difficulty to engage in illicit intercourse, whenever they wish to do so. This condition seems to have created the impression in the mind of the average young officer that all German women, as well as German men are immoral. This in turn, gives him the moral excuse of condoning or overlooking many abuses, especially those of a sexual nature.

If, after the exchange of the instruments of notification of peace between the United States and Germany, a policy could be inaugurated whereby the German educated classes, especially the high officials of the Rhineland, industrials and intellectuals were given an opportunity to meet representatives of the American Forces in a social way probably less would be heard of the abuses, and much could be settled by mutual understand. However, in my mind it is doubtful whether at present, or even in the near future, such a policy could be feasible. At any rate, the young officers should be reminded of the necessity for

At any rate, the young officers should be reminded of the necessity for treating the well-behaved German, the educated one as well as the common type wherever he meets them, as he would like to be treated himself, especially now that the United States and Germany are at Peace.

RELATION HETWEEN THE RHENISH POPULATION AND THE A.F. IN G. OPINION OF THE INTELLECTUALS FROM AN INTELLIGENT GERMAN.

The opinion of the intellectuals regarding the A.F. in G. may be briefly summarized to the effect that for political reasons and in part because of the homeogeneousness of the races these classes decidedly favor an American occupation, if they must choose between the American and French Troops. However, this decision almost without exception is connected with several "ifs" and "buts", desires and doubts of every kind. First of all, the complaint about the excessive number of American soldiers and about their conduct; furthermore about the large number of women, etc., and the great burden of billeting which, to a great extent results from the presence of women and children.

It is generally desired that the strength of the occupying force be reduced to about the size of that of the British in the Cologne Bridgehead. It is further suggested that all enlisted men, including sergeant, be billeted in barracks and not in private billet.

These circles hold the view that the members of the A.F. in G. are still imbued with a certain war psychology which is clearly noticed everywhere, although a peaceful occupation exists and the state of war has been formally terminated. The American occupying authorities prefer to assume a dictatorial attitude towards the Germans and to employ an imperious and domineering tone, whereby agreeable and peaceful negotiations are absolutely impossible.

The sentiment of fairness and justice of each individual German is considerably violated thereby, at the same time the feeling of personal safety and security is entirely lacking because the officers, and expecially the military police organs, act as if war was still being waged and as if they were still entitled to command unconditionally. From the same point of view the enlisted men for the slightest causes and often without any reason whatsoever emply "the blow with the fist" in the true sense of the word, thereby creating a feeling of great uneasiness and timidity among the population.

B. THE BUSINESS PEOPLE:

People of the business world no doubt have quickly disposed of their goods, as the members of the A.F. in G. have spent nearly all of their high pay in German stores and restaurants. However, in view of the general "clearance sale" which began recently, the merchant prefers to keep his goods rather than exchange them for German marks, the rate of which is gradually declining. He is, therefore, not at all interested in American customers or any other foreign buyers, even if they behave decently and thoughtfully. The women connected with the forces of occupation who do shopping have become a burden and an inconvenience to the average Coblenz merchant because they usually bargain and barter for the price of goods - exceptions prove the rule - and complain about being taken advantage of by merchants. Up to a short time ago they even caused their husbands to prohibit the sale of any goods to members of the A.F. in G. by affixing the well known signs. "Off Limits." Many business people, especially the big firms, will probably not regret it if the members of the A.F.G., especially the women no longer frequent their shops.

C. HOTELS AND RESTAURANT KEEPER:

a minimum.

The American officer hardly visits a German restaurant and apparently frequents exclusively the hotels and mess-rooms requisitioned for him. The enlisted men in great numbers, however, patronize the restaurants, especially a certain kind of hotel and saloon. The German male population is gradually withdrawing from these places, which to a great extent are frequented by American soldiers because it desires to avoid eventual disputes and quarrels, whereby the German always gets the worst of it. In view of the fact that the restaurant keeper has the alternative of catering to American or German guests, this question is easily settled by him especially since the American soldier whose monthly pay exceeds that of a high German official, is quickly intoxicated and in this condition frequently knocks to pieces more in one night than the restaurant is able to earn in one week. The extraordinary great drunkenness of the soldiers is chiefly due to the partaking of wine and champagne but by no means to the sale of cognac alone which, though hardly obtainable in the restaurants, to a certain degree can be bought on the outside. The trade in cognac is being indulged in by unscrupulous German elements, as well as by discharged American soldiers, who are well acquainted with their former comrades and their tricks, and who import the cognac from the unoccupied territory where they purchase it at a lower price. Whoever is desirous of obtaining a real picture of the drunkenness of American soldiers, with its detrimental consequences, may abide at the neighborhood of the Barracks on Sunday evenings, especially after pay-days, or may watch the late trains arriving at Coblenz from Cologne, as well as the occurences at the railroad stations at Bonn, Coblenz, Remagen, Cologne, etc. In many of these late trains intoxicated American soldiers have committed excesses of the worse kind, without mentioning the great scandal which they cause through the presence of the shameless, mostly German, women who accompany the soldiers. Without any consideration, mostly without tickets, they really storm the trains. Due to the fact that the M.P.'s are usually conspicuous by their absence and the German conductors are absolutely powerless, the traveling public is entirely at the mercy of the unrestrained and intoxicated soldiers. In many instances prominent citizens, men and women, were and still are exposed to the mischief of these soldiers, who frequently do not refrain from actual attacks upon the passengers. D. HOUSEWIVES:

The German Hausfrau suffers exceedingly from the billeting since she is compelled to place her best furniture, her most valuable linen and most precious silverware at the disposal of her tenants. Aside from the American wife of an officer or an official, as she does not understand the German character and does not intend to understand it, the German, French or other foreign female companion of an N.C.O. is making the most exhorbitant demands and displays an inconsiderate, insolent and arrogant behavior. Intentionally she wastes light, water and fuel; she ejects the German Hausfrau from kitchen and cellar and wilfully destroys the precious furniture and household objects by means of burning cigarettes, kicks, etc. If protests are lodged even in a most courteous manner, she threatens to send for the M.P. and not seldom carries out this threat. The large number of women, the entirely superflous mothers-in-law, aunts, sisters, dancers, actresses, the many nurses, Y.M.C.A. girls and other women who accompany the army constitute a great burden. Their number should be restricted to

On this occasion one or two words should be said about the Y.M.C.A. as such. This organization by no means forms an integrant part of the American Army. By giving up almost entirely its original tasks of a religious and educational nature, this organization seeks to justify its presence here by prepossessing the soldier in its favor, for whom the Y.M.C.A. requisitions playgrounds, dining halls, etc., in a most rigorous manner. This especially increases the immense costs of the occupation of the American Army in comparison with the other occupied areas. In addition, the Y.M.C.A., in order to discharge its costly, unnecessary tasks requires a great number of employees, who aside from the aforesaid women, consist of many former officers and enlisted men, who even assume a more rigorous attitude towards the German population than the actual members of the A.F.G. The billeting of these numberous Y.M.C.A. officials, employees, actors, artists, becturers, etc., who are partly married, is a great burden on the almost insolvable housing problem.

It may be frankly stated that the billeting is nowhere as extended and trying as just in the American occupied area. It frequently becomes a special burden at places where members of the A.F.G. are married to European women. Aside from the desire of having the army considerably decreased and the number of women restricted to a minimum, the strong desire is voiced that all those officers and enlisted men who are married to European women be immediately sent back to the UNITED STATES. It must be especially stated that these same often questionable women, in addition to the drunkenness of the soldiers, have considerably impaired the prestige of the American Army.

LABORERS AND RURAL POPULATION:

These circles profit hardly at all from the presence of the A.F.G., but suffer considerably damages from the fact that the troops contribute to the general clearance sale, and the increase of prices caused thereby, that they further aggravate the housing difficulties and after frequenting restaurants and other localities, not seldom attack peaceful farmers, mal-treat and even commit rape on women. Laborers and farmers, as a whole, while desirous of being relieved of the American occupation, no doubt prefer a small number of well-

behaving American troops to a French occupation.

The view of the German officials may be defined to the effect that it shares the desires and suggestions mentioned above. The "warlike" attitude of the majority of the American officers is especially felt by them. They often bitterly complain about the harsh, impolite and arrogant conduct displayed by the officers, especially about the manner in which the highest German officials, for reasons of minor importance, are ordered to appear in the American offices where they are frequently held responsible in matters which do not concern them or for which they cannot be held accountable.

The final judgment may be summarized as follows: That ideal of American liberty, democracy, unselfishmess and consideration, which was present in the minds of the Germans from Karl Schurz and his contemporaries, and from their own relatives and acquaintances, and particularly from the first American forces of occupation, who were very friendly and distinguished and showed a reserved attitude, has been entirely obliterated and destroyed by the strong militarism of the present forces which was not known before, and by their arrogance and licentiousness, and not the least by the women.

The German official considers the intercourse with the American authorities very difficult, disagreeable and almost useless. The average German feels that he is treated in the American area as a second rate human being, which fact is expressed in public life and in mutual intercourse with the American authorities. Therefore he desires with the same eagerness the withdrawal of the American occupation that he fears and hates the possible entry of the French. Business people and restaurant keepers no doubt have gained considerably from the presence of the American troops of occupation, especially during the early stages of the occupation. However, the situation has changed, inasmuch as these two categories would probably now assume an indifferent attitude. The German Hausfrau with whom American families, etc., are billeted in many cases has become a real martyr and would probably even prefer French tenants to American people. The intellectuals, official and average German, for political and patriotic reasons, especially in view of the French chicanery and the policy of penetration persued by the French, absolutely prefer an American occupation, which is entirely disinterested in Rhenish politics, to French troops and authorities. However, he desires:

1. A considerable reduction of the Army.

2. More forebearing enlisted men and more humane officers.

3. The abolition of the Y.M.C.A. and a partial withdrawal of the women and their dependents.

In this way the most unbearable burden of the present occupation would at least be somewhat lessened.

Notwithstanding all these complaints, the politically educated German is fully aware of the advantage arising from the American occupation, which, as contrasted with the French, is free from all penetration ideas and separitists movements and aspirations. This, however, does not prevent him from pointing to the defects and faults which according to his estimation, could easily be remedied.



DEPARTURE OF THE AMERICAN FORCES

IN GERMANY -

Photographs taken by Captain R. C. Snidow -



THE AMERICAN ARMY OF OCCUPATION
At the Railway Station in Coblence.

HEADQUARTERS

AMERICAN FORCES IN GERMANY

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE DIVISION

COBLENZ.

November 26, 1921.

Memorandum to: THE CHIEF OF STAFF

Subject: ATTITUDE OF GERMAN POPULATION TOWARD AMERICAN

OCCUPATION.

Your attention is invited to the attached papers. It is earnestl

Your attention is invited to the attached papers. It is earnestly recommended that they be read in their entirety by you and the Commanding

I am convinced that the feelings of the German inhabitants as a whole, of the American Area are more unfriendly at the present time than at almost

any time since the beginning of the Occupation.

When the American troops first occupied the Coblenz Bridgehead the Germans were openly nervous and anxiously friendly. Comparisons between the French and Belgian attitude and that of the American and British were quickly made, and the inhabitants of the latter two zones considered themselves fortunate. There were many minor cases of friction but on the whole the feeling between the American troops and the Germans became, comparatively speaking, so friendly that the French became alarmed, and anti-fraternization orders were issued.

During this time the Peace Conference was in session and the Germans

pinned their "Faith" to Mr. Wilson and his fourteen points.

For about a month before the signing of the Peace Treaty, there was a large increase in the cases of individual friction - an epidemic of "beating up the Boche" among the soldiers and not a few cases of attacks by German young men upon American soldiers seen with German girls.

Then came the Treaty of Versailles, and great was the disappointment of the thinking Germans who had looked to America to "Save them from the Allies."

The departure of the combat divisions and the forming of the A.F.G. was followed by a very large increase in acts of violence by American soldiers resulting in a noticeable feeling of apprehension among the Germans. They saw, however, and appreciated the rigorous campaign that was waged against offenders by the American authorities, and when success was achieved, and what we called the crime wave came to an end (serious offenders discharged dishonorably or returned to the United States, absentees rounded up, etc.,) the Germans were reassured and an era of almost friendly feeling set in.

In the latter part of 1919 and the first half of 1920, American and other families came, the Rhineland High Commission was organized, and an ever increasing number of billets were requisitioned. Numerous cases of friction between house-holders and those billeted developed, but these were generally regarded by the Germans as incident to any campaign, and the general attitude

was unchanged.

It is estimated that the reaction set in toward the end of 1920 and has gradually increased during 1921. It seems fairly certain that there is a marked difference between the local German attitude towards the American Occupation as it exists at present and that of a year ago. The local causes of the present antagonistic feeling will be discussed hereafter, but it is deemed advisable first to bring to your attention some general factors that in all probability have not been without their effect on the local attitude.

The Versailles Treaty and the German disappointment at the American signature thereto, The American attitude toward Dr. Dorten's attempts at a separation of the Rhineland from Germany or from Prussia, did much to counter-act

the feeling engendered by the Treaty.

The flat disappointment expressed by the Germans over General Allen's report on the "black troops" and the attitude of the American Government towards

the same subject.

Generally, German hopes of American restraint upon France have failed of realization as, for instance, the "sanctions" and Upper Silesia. While the Germans are keenly appreciative of America's failure to participate in the various measures taken against Germany and particularly of the American efforts on the Rhineland High Commission, (which they attribute almost wholly to General Allen), yet official Germany and thinking Germans have come to the conclusion that little

if any "help" can be expected from America.

Long ago I had it on excellent authority that the Berlin Policy was that while anything could be said about the French, press and people were to "go easy" with regard to complaints about the American zone. It seems probable that now, inasmuch as it is felt that "nothing can be gotten out of America" there is no longer anything to be gained by silence with regard to complaints against the American troops of Occupation.

It is doubted that any organized propaganda is emaniating from Berlin, but it seems probable that, for one reason or another, there is a minor propaganda going on in the American Area. This can hardly be called Anti-American, but rather it is being put forth in the hope that thereby some alleged abuse in the American zone will be brought to the notice of the proper authorities and hence will result

in an amelioration of the conditions complained of.

At the same time the fact that the United States has no selfish ends in view is gratefully appreciated, and so whatever propaganda there is cannot be deemed

political.

The possibility that some subtle propaganda may be emanating from other and

more "friendly" source, should be kept in mind.

The main complaints are made with regard to the following: Billeting, misconduct of American soldiers, injustice of American courts.

DICTATORIAL AND DOMINATING ATTITUDE OF THE AMERICANS.

BILLETING. The Germans realize that discomforts in this regard are inseparable from the fact of occupation. But they believe that these discomforts are aggravated in the American Area. They realize that the presence of the Rhineland High Commission has much to do with the Billeting situation; no sooner do the Americans vacate a billet than someone else, usually a Frenchman, takes it over. But they object to the many American families (mothers-in-law, sisters, etc.) and to the Y.M.C.A. etc., also to the ejection in a few cases of entire German families. They complain, doubtless with some reason, of the harsh attitude of some Americans towards the German householders. "Cherchez la Femme" in most of those cases, they say. On the other hand certain German householders are sometimes more difficult to deal with. "The good hotels in Coblenz take in American, Allied and neutral people in no way connected with the occupation; while the Germans of high efficial position must go to second and third rate hotels. And yet we are at peace with America."

MISCONDUCT OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS:

This is an old story and unfortunately it is all too true. Drunken soldiers cause trouble on the streets in cases and restaurants and on trains; they make unprovoked attacks on Germans and insult women. The attitude of many soldiers and of some officers is that one may do anything to a German and this attitude it publicately demonstrated, physically or by words in many places. The Germans say they have no feeling of security or safety on trains or on the streets of Coblens at night. Conditions with regard to the foregoing are serious, and radical steps will be necessary before an improvement can be looked for.

INJUSTICE OF AMERICAN COURTS:

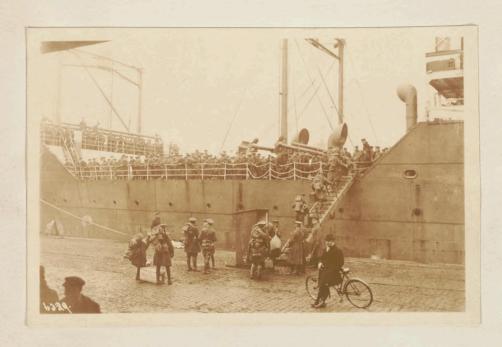
The Germans do not believe they get a "square deal" in our courts, either as defendants or when a soldier is German. Whatever the foundation for this feeling, it undoubtedly exists and throughout the local population, according to our information. The average German feels that he has little hope of redress, and frequently for this reason fails to make a complaint against an American.

This complaint comes largely from the official class, and secondly from house-holders and the middle class in general. They feel that the Americans, particularly the officers, are either domineering or condescending toward them, and that their attitude is more rigorous than the circumstances warrant. This feeling would probably exist in any case, but it is probably true that some American unnecessarily humiliate self-respecting Germans. It is but natural that a fifty year old Burger-meister should dislike being sent for by a Young American Captain or Lieutenant and being "cussed" out by the latter - the Germans speak feelingly on this general subject and use the foregoing as an illustration.

In general they feel that peace has come and yet the American attitude is more unfriendly than during the first year of the Armistice.

There are many minor factors, such as the low value of the mark and the high pay of American officers and soldiers; the luxurious life of the Americans in German residences and clubs, the "cleaning out" of Coblenz stores by American women and the coincidental rise in prices; the presence in Coblenz of so many discharged soldiers and other American civilians (some of them in occupations of a more or less queer nature) etc., etc.

There is an occasion mild criticism of some article or expression in the Amaroc News, which is widely read by local Germans and also in Berlin, but in general, the comment is very favorably in regard to the tone of the paper.



AMERICAN TROOPS EMBARKING FOR THE UNITED STATES, 1922.

After a photograph talen by Captain R. C. Snidow.

CONCLUSIONS:

The billeting situation is a prolific source of complaint, whether or not justified, and is secondarily responsible for the change of feeling.

primarily responsible is the misconduct of our soldiers. It seems fairly certain that the general discipline of the A.F.G is not nearly so good as it was a year ago. The German population has just cause for complaint with regard to the misconduct of our soldiers, which is a grave reflection upon these forces and the Army in general. As always, the blame for this must rest upon the officers.

The belief that they cannot get justice in the American Courts is an important factor of the subject under discussion, and merits attention as does the feeling regarding the attitude of many Americans towards the Germans in general

and the officials in particular.

In general, it is believed that the reasons for the change in the feeling of the inhabitants are to be found in the actions of the American troops of Occupation. Many of the matters complained of are inseparable from the Occupation, but many are entirely separable therefrom. It is the latter that must be corrected, not because of what the Germans may think of us but because of our own self-respect and the good name of our country.

RECOMMENDATIONS:

It is earnestly recommended that the general subject and the main factors mentioned above be carefully considered with a view to taking such action as will leave the German population no just cause for complaint with regard to the abuse of the power we possess, the conduct of our soldiers, the dispensing of justice by our courts, the consideration and redress of just complaints or the dignity of our attitude towards those who are for the time being at least, a subject people, We must be satisfied that there are no abuses to be corrected or else we must take remedial action. It is submitted that the situation as set forth in the attached papers, calls for investigation and careful consideration.

The most important factor is the conduct of our troops. It is believed that the remedy lies within the hands of the officers directly charged with the discipline of those who offend. If sufficient M.P.'s are not available, let officers and N.C.O.'s be detailed to patrol the streets and ride on trains. If the situation

is brought home in this manner to the officers it will soon improve.

In addition, it is suggested that an example be made of those officers, who fail to support the M.P.'s and who award company punishment (or none at all) to soldiers who disgrace the uniform, by sending them home. An instance or two of this kind will probably have very good results.

It is further suggested that an investigation be made with regard to the many American civilians most of them discharged soldiers, now living in Coblenz. Those who have no legitimate means of support or who conduct businesses that are

per se objectionable could be required to leave the area.

One interesting item was omitted from the foregoing. It is said by the Germans that they feel that if General Allen knew of their legitimate complaints, he would quickly have them redressed, "but we do not believe he ever even sees them - they are not allowed to reach him, - so we feel that our complaints are really unheard."

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UNITED STATES ARMY HOSPITAL NO. 41,
- FOX HILLS, STATEN ISLAND,

NEW YORK.

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THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING,

With Colonel Ford, M.C., U.S.A., Commanding Officer, in the foreground at the right.

* * * * * * * The United States Army General Hospital Number 41, Fox Hills, New York, The laboratory Staff at the Hospital. Chaplains at Fox Hills. Some of the Army Nurses.

Fox Hills, New York, 1920-1921.

The laboratory Staff at the Hospital.

Chaplains at Fox Hills.

Some of the Army Nurses.

The Reconstruction Aides.

Red Cross Ward-Workers.

The Patients' Mess.

Story of Captain William Wiley Jones, Medical Corps,

Member of the Hospital Staff.

Story of Miss Emma Frohman, Independent Worker,

"The Woman Who Never Forgot."

* * * * *

The Officers' Ward.

Lieutenant Patrick F. Shea, 89th Division.

Poem: "Paddy Shea," by James H. Heron.

Captain Arthur D. Edmonds, Cavalry.

Captain Page Van Rensselaer Stires, Wuartermaster Corps.

Captain Joseph Patrick Mac Avoy, American Red Cross.

Lieutenant Thomas Ernest Warren, Motor Transport Corps.

A group of Officers in the Ward.

Miss Eveline Claire La Riviere, United States Signal Corps.

* * * * * *

Some of the Patients in the Enlisted Men's Wards:

Sergeant Kreugg and Sergeant Stroup.

Sergeant John Carroll and Private Gilbert Moreaux.

Private Gilhooley, "The Great Gilhooley."

Sergeant C. Hodobenko, a Russian.

A group of Patients from Convalescent Wards, 24, and 25.

Corporal Harper, 2nd Division.

"The Watch on the Rhine."

A case of Hard Luck.

Contageous and Psychopathic Wards.

.

Memorable Events for the Fox Hills Patients:

The Garden Party at Governor's Island.

A Fourth of July Celebration at the Hospital.

An excursion by Steamship up the Hudson River.

Arranged by Miss Emma Frohman for the Whole Hospital.

The United States Army General Hospital Number 41 becomes:
A United States Public Health Hospital, October 15th, 1921.

* * * * *

UNITED STATES ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL NO. 41.

FOX HILLS, STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK.

January 1, to October 15, 1920.

COMMANDERS OF THE HOSPITAL:

Colonel Fox, Medical Corps, U.S.A.

Colonel French, Medical Corps, U.S.A.

Colonel Edward G. Huber, Medical Corps, U.S.A.

Colonel Joseph H. Ford, Medical Corps, U.S.A. (Until Sept. 1920.)

SOME OF THE OFFICERS OF THE MEDICAL CORPS:

Colonel Edgar C. Jones, Medical Corps, U.S.A., Chief of Surgical Service.

Major Ralph H. Goldthwaite, Medical Corps, U.S.A., Chief of Nose, Throat, Bye and Ear Service.

Major Frank M. Eude, Medical Corps, U.S.A., Chief of Orthopedic Service.

Major William A. Murphy, Medical Corps, U.S.A., 78th Division Organized Reserve; from New York City, Personnel Officer.

Major S. J. Turnbull, Medical Corps, U.S.A.

Major Lloyd A. Kefauver, Medical Corps, U.S.A.

Major Presnell, Medical Corps, U.S.A., Surgical Service.

Major Philip D. Connolly, Medical Corps, U.S.A.

Major Frank E. Winter, Medical Corps, U.S.A.

Major Francis, Medical Corps, U.S.A.

Major Newhold, Medical Corps, U.S.A. Wards 41 and 42. (Medical & T.B.)

Major Long, Medical Corps, U.S.A.

Major A.D. Dean, Medical Corps, U.S.A. Chief of Reconstruction.
Service; from Columbia University.

Captain C.W. Sampson, Medical Corps, U.S.A., Chief of Physio-Therapy.

Captain Hirsch, Medical Corps, U.S.A., Physio-Therapy.

Captain Kernan, Medical Corps, U.S.A.

Captain Harold H. Buehler, Dental Corps, U.S.A., Dental Clinic.

Captain Evans, Medical Corps, U.S.A., Operating Ward No. 7; from New York City.

Captain William Wiley Jones, Medical Corps, U.S.A., 3rd Army, Wards 27 and 28, and Guardhouse; from Denver, Colorado. Captain Thurston, Medical Corps, U.S.A., Wards 24 and 25.

Captain Joseph Christianson, Medical Corps, U.S.A.

Captain Joseph Smith, Medical Corps, U.S.A., Ward Surgeon 42.

Captain Clements, Medical Corps, U.S.A. Captain Estabrook, Medical Corps, U.S.A.

Captain Cornelius A. Donehy, Medical Corps, U.S.A., Orthopedic Service; from White Plains, New York.

Captain Armett, U.S.A., Physic-Therapy. Captain L.M. Field, U.S.A., Physio-Therapy.

Lieutenant H.P. Bullard, Medical Corps, U.S.A.

Lieutenant Spangler, Medical Corps, U.S.A.

Lieutenant Charles Dwight, Reid, Jr., Medical Corps, U.S.A.

Lieutenant Seifert, Medical Corps, U.S.A., Ward 24.

Lieutenant Shamansky, Medical Corps, U.S.A., Laboratory.

Lieutenant Whitney, Medical Corps, U.S.A., Laboratory. Lieutenant McGillicuddy, Medical Corps, U.S.A., Ward 40.

Lieutenant Jacob Buckstein, Medical Corps, U.S.A., Stomach cases;

from New York City. Lieutenant Swift Canfield, Medical Corps, U.S.A., from San Antonio Colorado.

Lieutenant A. P. Lee, Medical Corps, U.S.A., from New York City. Lieutenant Jay Thompson, Medical Corps, U.S.A., from Red Bank,

New Jersey. Lieutenant Ingraham, Medical Corps, U.S.A.

Lieutenant Hughes, Medical Corps, U.S.A.

Lieutenant William Pott, Medical Corps, U.S.A., Ward 10. Lieutenant W.W. Leunop, Medical Corps, U.S.A., Commerical subjects, and supply officer of the Reconstruction Service. Lieutenant Thomas, U.S.A., Morale Officer. Mr. Thomas, Instructor of Auto-mechanics.

CHAPLAINS:

Chaplain (Lieutenant) J.J. Byrnes, U.S.A., Roman Catholic. Rabbi B.A. Tintner, Jewish Welfare Board, Temple Mt. Sion; from New York City. Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Crosby, Episcopalian; from New Brighton,

Staten Island.

SOME OF THE NURSES:

Miss Robinson, Army Nurse, U.S.A., Supervisor until about Nov. 1919. Miss Keener, Army Nurse Corps, U.S.A., Supervisor until General Hospital No. 41 became a Public Health Hospital; November 1919 -- October 1920.

Miss Florence Healy, Secretary to Miss Keener.

Miss Landy, Army Nurse Corps, U.S.A., Assistant Supervisor.

Miss Meyrer, Army Nurse Corps, U.S.A. Miss Coffey, Army Nurse Corps, U.S.A. Miss Ridey, Army Nurse Corps, U.S.A.

Miss Donovan, Army Murse Corps, U.S.A.

Miss Fitzpatrick, Army Nurse Corps, (One of "the hungry and thirsty sisters".)

Miss Dwyer, Army Nurse Corps, U.S.A., (The other "hungry and thirsty sister".)

Miss Duming, Army Nurse Corps, (Had served with British forces. Later in charge of Ward 42.)

Miss Bortree, Army Nurse, U.S.A.

Miss Agnes McCloskey, Army Murse Corps, U.S.A., "The Fighting Irish Nurse."

Miss Sarah E. Tiddy, Army Nurse Corps, U.S.A., Ward 42. Miss Leary, Army Nurse Corps, U.S.A., Dental Clinic.

Miss Lee, Army Nurse Corps, U.S.A.

Miss Dunn, Army Nurse Corps, U.S.A., Ward 41.

Miss Bailey, Army Nurse Corps, U.S.A.

Miss Burgess, Army Murse Corps.

Miss "Mickey" Murphy, Army Nurse Corps.

Miss Powers, Army Nurse Corps.

The Misses Galena, Army Nurse Corps.

The Misses Clarritty, Army Nurse Corps.

Miss Wilson, Army Nurse Corps. Miss Moran, Army Nurse Corps.

Miss Hundley, Army Nurse Corps.

Miss Rogers, Army Murse Corps.

Miss Greene, Army Nurse Corps.

Miss Gibson, Army Nurse Corps.

Miss Tattersall, Army Nurse Corps.

Miss Sundry, Army Nurse Corps, Dental Clinic. Miss Munde, Army Nurse Corps, Dental Clinic. Miss Jones, Army Nurse Corps, Operating Room.

Miss Hopkins, Army Nurse Corps, Ward 41.

Miss Allen, Army Nurse Corps, Ward 41.

Miss Lilly A. Anderson, Army Nurse Corps, Nervous Cases, Ward 26.

Miss Anna E. Andersen, Army Nurse Corps, Ward 42.

Miss Montague, Army Nurse Corps, Ward 25.



RECEIVING WARD AT GENERAL HOSPITAL NO. 41.

(Photographs by Miss Nell Walker, R.A.)



CORRIDOR CONNECTING ROWS OF WARDS AT THE HOSPITAL.

LABORATORY TECHNICIAN:

Miss Carroll.

NEUROLOGICAL TECHNICIANS:

Miss Leone Bispham. Miss Gardner.

DIETITIANS:

Miss Nan Byrnes. Miss Marion H. Robinson.

RECONSTRUCTION AIDES: Civilian Employees:

Miss Fayette Barnum, R.A., Head Aide; an artist; from Louisville, Kentucky.

Miss Gertrude Field, R.A., Chief of Occupational Therapy; from San Francisco, California. Miss Emily Wellington, R.A.? Chief of Physio-Therapy.

Miss Olga Presentine, R.A., Physio-Therapy.

Miss Alice McGowan, R.A., Physio-Therapy.

Miss Ethel Painter, R.A., Physio-Therapy.

Miss Adelaide Hussey, R.A., Physio-Therapy.

Miss Freda Ruether, R.A., Physic-Therapy.

Miss Ruth Sisson, R.A., Physio-Therapy.
Miss Gertrude Rockwood, R.A., Physio-Therapy.
Miss Lelia Zernow, R.A., Physio-Therapy.

Miss Margaret Boylston, R.A., Physio-Therapy.

Mrs. Eastman, R.A., Teacher of bedside industries.

Miss Cornelia Grolius, (Mrs. Edgar Raynor) R.A., Teacher of bedside industries, expert weaver; served at Camp Upton, 1919.

Miss Linna M. Roby, R.A., Teacher of bedside industries; from Fowler, Indiana.

Miss Margaret Place, R.A., Teacher of bedside industries.

Miss Mary Caton, R.A., Teacher of bedside industries. Miss Harriett Pooley, R.A., Teacher of bedside industries.

Miss Edith Armstrong, R.A., (Mrs. L.M. Field), Occupational Therapy and planist. Took turns at each. (Girl with the right hand gone); from Guthrie, Kentucky.

Miss Emily W. Brown, R.A., Occupational Therapy; from Boston, Massachusetts.

Miss Ina Atwood, R.A., Occupational Therapy; from Waterstown, Connecticut.

Miss Florence Grayson, R.A., "Sunshine", Occupational Therapy, Wards 12 and 13; from Huntington, Indiana.

Miss Dorothy Scott-Byrne, R.A., Occupational Therapy, Officers' Ward 42; from Detroit, Michigan.

Miss Katherine Kellogg, R.A., Occupational Therapy, Wooden Toys; from New York City.

Miss Meta Rupp, R.A., Occupational Therapy, Crafts; from Loginaw. Michigan.

Miss Katherine Hobbs, R.A., Occupational Therapy, Crafts. Miss Eleanor Sackett, R.A., Occupational Therapy, Crafts.

Miss Miriam Goddard, R.A., (Mrs. Maxwell Davis), Occupational Therapy, Crafts.

Miss Ruth Adler, R.A., Occupational Therapy, Crafts.

Miss Alice York, R.A., Occupational Therapy, Crafts, in charge of tinshop.

Mrs. Kerr, R.A., Occupational Therapy, Grafts. Miss Alice Hirsch, R.A., Occupational Therapy, Grafts.

Miss Innes, R.A., Occupational Therapy, Crafts, (Deaf Mute).

Miss Ethel Stewart, R.A., Occupational Therapy.

Miss Ruth Benedict, R.A., Occupational Therapy; from New York City.

Miss Ruth Wilder, R.A., Occupational Therapy; from Vermont.

Miss Dearbone, R.A., Occupational Therapy.

Miss Katherine Conklin, R.A., Occupational Therapy.

Miss Ethel Knowlton, R.A., Occupational Therapy.

Miss Katherine de Kay, R.A., (Mrs. Barbour) Occupational Therapy, Ward 38.



PASSAGES CONNECTING WARDS AND OTHER BUILDINGS OF THE HOSPITAL.



LOOKING DOWN FROM THE RED CROSS RECREATION HOUSE ON THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AND MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE HOSPITAL.

Miss Helen Punnett, R.A., Vocational adviser, Occupational Therapy
44 West 10th Street, New York City.
Miss Nell Walker, R.A., Teacher of Spanish and official photographer
at the hospital; from Kirksville, Missouri.

Miss Dennison, R.A., Occupational Therapy, Typewriting.

Miss Weber, R.A., Occupational Therapy, Typewriting. Miss Helen McArthur, R.A., Occupational Therapy, Typewriting.

Miss Powell, R.A., Occupational Therapy, Typewriting.

Miss M. Anne Brown, R.A., Teacher of Radio.

Miss Sadie May Morse, R.A., Occupational Therapy, Painting. Miss Fletcher, R.A., Occupational Therapy, Illustrating and weaving.

Miss Ruth Cook, R.A., Occupational Therapy, Commercial Work.

LIBRARIANS:

Mrs. Sophie E. Gay, American Library Association, Chief librarian. Miss Ruth Rodier, American Library Association, Assistant Librarian. Miss Green, American Library Association, Assistant Librarian.

INTERPRETERS:

Miss Conte. Mrs. C. Hodobenko.

SOME OF THE MEDICAL CORPS MEN!

Sergeant Harry Huxford, Medical Corps, from Camp Upton; 241 King Street, Charleston, North Caroline, (Shoe Clerk). Corporal Reinhardt, Medical Corps, 6th Division, from Camp Upton. Private 1 cl., Matesky, Medical Corps, Ward-master, Ward 25.

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(Compiled with the help of Lieutenant Charles R. Wallach, D.G. and Miss Helen Punnett, R.A.)



MAJOR JOHN WARD DUNSMORE,

American Red Cross Field Director, United States Army General Hospital No. 41, and Mrs. Dunsmore, Hostess at the Recreation House. UNITED STATES ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL NO. 41.

FOX HILLS, STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK.

January 1, to October 15, 1920.

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AMERICAN RED CROSS ORGANIZATION.

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Some of the American Red Cross Officers:

Major John Ward Bunsmore, Field Director; Portrait Painter, from New York.

Captain George V. Brooks, Home Service.

Captain Robert Parkhurst, Home Service.

Captain Vyse, Home Service.

Captain H. Collins, Home Service.

Captain George Peck, Athletics.

Lieutenant Victor Hamberger.

Mrs. Henry G. Gennert, Social Service Director.

Miss Lawton. Social Service Director.

Miss Maude Wallis, Army Nurse Corps, Social Service Nurse at Red Cross House; from Toronto, Canada.

Chief Hostesses:

Mrs. John Ward Dunsmore, Hostess at Red Cross Recreation House.

Mrs. Williams, Hostess at Red Cross Hostess House.

Miss Grace A. Hobbs, Hostess at Nurses' Red Cross House.

Some of the Ward Workers:

Miss Helen Bradish, (Mrs. William Walton Rixey), from Debarkation Hospital No. 5, New York, Camp Upton Base Hospital, and Mitchell Aviation Field Hospital.

Miss Coughlan, from Debarkation Hospital No. 3, New York.

Mrs. Henry Butterworth, from Debarkation Hospital No. 3, and Polyclinic Hospital, New York.

Miss Emma West Durkee, From Camp Upton Base Hospital, and Debarkation Hospital No. 5.

Miss Lily Pearson, at General Hospital No. 41, from 1918 to 1920.

Miss Louise Irving, from Debarkation Hospital No. 3, New York.

Miss Cobb, from Walter Reed General Hospital, at Washington, D. C.

Miss Kirkham, from Debarkation Hospital No 3, New York.

Miss Salisbury, from Debarkation Hospital No. 3, New York.

Miss Nathalie Howe, from Debarkation Hospital No. 3, New York.

Mrs. Charles F. Neergaard, from Debarkation Hospital Nos. 1 and 5; New York.

Miss Laura Williams.

Supply Room:

Mrs. Charles Dwight Reid, Jr., wife of Lieutenant Reed, Medical Corps. Mrs. Thomas, wife of Lieutenant Thomas, Morale Officer.

At the Red Cross Recreation House:

Miss Sadie Rattigan, from Debarkation Hospital No. 5, New York; Mrs. Gennert's office.

Miss Dowd, Secretary to Major Dunsmore.

James Byrnes, Enlisted man.



TWO CANTEEN-WORKERS AND A WARD-WORKER,

Mrs. Green, A. R. C.,
Miss Durkee, A. R. C.,
Mrs. Bartrop, A. R. C.

FROM ATLANTIC DIVISION, AMERICAN RED CROSS:

Miss Sara Cunningham.

AMERICAN RED CROSS CANTEEN:

Miss Frances Kellogg, Director.

A FEW OF THE CANTEEN WORKERS:

Miss Mearney, from Staten Island.

Mrs. Green, from Staten Island.

Mrs. Bartrop, from Staten Island.

Mrs. Schwartz, Jewish Welfare Board.

AMERICAN RED CROSS HOME SERVICE:

Mrs. Erskine.

AMERICAN RED CROSS MOTOR CORPS OF STATEN ISLANDS

Miss Janet Eastmeade, Captain.

Miss Edith Burns.

Miss Dorothy Cavanaugh.

Mrs. Charles D. Simons, Junior.

INDEPENDENT WORKERS.

Miss Emma Frohman, from Debarkation Hospital Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and U.S.A. General Hospital No. 1, Gum Hill Road, New York.

Mrs. Bussenius, from Great Neck, Long Island. Miss Clara P. White, from Debarkation Hospital Nos. 3 and 5.

NATIONAL LEAGUE FOR WOMEN'S SERVICE:

Miss Emily Goldsmith. ("Ray of Sunshine"), entertainments.

GODMOTHER OF WARD 13:

Mrs. Charles D. Simons, Junior, American Red Cross Motor Corps of Staten Island.

GODMOTHER OF WARD 42:

Mrs. Charles J. Fay, Staten Island.

GODMOTHER OF WARD 41:

Mrs. Johnson, Staten Island. WFICERS.



A GROUP OF SICK OFFICERS,

On one of the Boat-excursions given for all the patients at the Hospital.

SOME OF THE PATIENTS AT THE OFFICERS' WARD,

UNITED STATES ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL NO. 41,

FOX HILLS, STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK,

1920.

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Colonel Chauncey B. Humphrey, Infantry, U.S.A., from Governor's Island. Lieutenant-Colonel Donnelly, Medical Corps, Fordham Hospital Unit.

Major George Pulsifer, Air Service, U.S.A.

Major Powers, Infantry, U.S.A.

Major Edwards, Coast Artillery Corps, U.S.A., from Fort Wadsworth.

Major Christopher Lee, Infantry, 26th Division.

Wajor Hauley, Engineer Corps, Chief of Hydraulics.

Captain H. C. Stadie, Distinguished Service Cross, 306th Infantry, 77th Division.

Captain Ralph Eberlin, Distinguished Service Cross, 3rd Division, U.S.A.

Captain Rogers, Engineer Corps, U.S.A.

Captain Arthur Clappe, Chief of Army Bandmasters' School, U.S.A.

Captain Paul C. Shaughnessy, Infantry, 334th Machine Gun Battalion.

Captain Page Van R. Stires, Quartermaster Corps, Second Corps Area.

Captain William J. Condon, Medical Corps, 77th Division.

Captain Henry Maslin, 105th Infantry, 27th Division.

Captain Geoffrey Patterson.

Captain Costello, Medical Corps.

Captain Patrick Joseph McEvoy, American Red Cross, from Camp Upton and Camp Dix.

Captain Arthur D. Edmonds, Cavalry.

Captain Clarence A. Clifton, Coast Artillery Corps, (with wonderful stamp collection).

Captain Deeton, 41st Infantry, from Camp Upton.

Captain Julian Fairfax Scott, Infantry.

Lieutenant Daniel Robert McDougall, Engineer Corps, First Division, from Camp Upton.

Lieutenant Patrick F. Shea, Infantry, 26th Division, and 353rd Infantry, 89th Division.

Lieutenant Kenneth Leroy Austin, Medaille de Recommaissance, Section Sanitaire des Etats-Unis; with French Army eighteen months.

Lieutenant William F. H. Godson, Jr., Cavalry, son of Colonel W. F. H. Godson.

Lieutenant Pearl D. Hopper, 307th Infantry, 77th Division.

Lieutenant Nash, (Ward 32).

Lieutenant Le Soulier.

Lieutenant Edward R. Gookin, Medical Corps, of 63rd Pioneers.

Lieutenant Theophile Kominski.

Lieutenant Edgar O'Hara.

Lieutenant Thomas Ernest Warren, Motor Transport Corps, Port of Embarkation, New York City.

Lieutenant Harry Reiner, Infantry. Lieutenant George Dyer, Air Service.

Lieutenant Robert Love, 101st Infantry, 27th Division.

Lieutenant Preston A. Love, 327th Infantry, 82nd Division.

Lieutenant Sigmund Dober, Dental Corps, 79th Division.

Lieutenant Le Roy Wells, 209th Engineers.

Lieutenant William E. Brown, Quartermaster Corps, Transportation Service.

Lieutenant Le Roy Smith, Infantry.

Lieutenant Roy Schupp, 4th Infantry, 3rd Division.

Lieutemant Calvin A. Finley, 9th Infantry, 2nd Division.

Lieutenant Charles S. Matthews, Air Service.

Lieutenant Charles R. Wallach, Dental Corps. Lieutenant George G. Ashe, 165th Infantry. Lieutenant Joseph A. Cormier, 102nd Engineers. Lieutenant Frederick C. Klingsmith, 111th Infantry, 28th Division. Lieutenant Joseph W. Martindale, Medical Corps, 23rd Infantry, 2nd Division. Lieutenant Langdon Raymond, Air Service. Lieutenant Thomas Carlin, Infantry, 27th Division. Lieutenant Vadnais, Air Service. Lieutenant Frank Meade, Infantry, 77th Division. Lieutenant Baylis, Artillery, 27th Division. Lieutenant Edward Griffiths, Air Service. Lieutenant Harold Heckenberger, Artillery. Lieutenant Edward Edson, Infantry. Lieutenant Calvin Finley, Infantry, 2nd Division. Lieutenant Cornelius R. Hartnett, 39th Infantry, 4th Division. Lieutenant Joseph J. Devine, 17th Field Artillery, 2nd Division. Lieutenant John Ammermann. Lieutenant Lawrence, Infantry. Lieutenant Robert Ritchie, Artillery. Lieutenant Charles Schminke, Air Service. Lieutenant Howard G. Smith, 168th Infantry, 42nd Division. Lieutenant James Allen, Quartermaster Corps. Lieutenant Paul Parks, Infantry. Lieutenant James Rose, Infantry, 26th Division. Lieutenant Edward Georgi, Air Service. Lieutenant Stewart Haggerty, Air Service. Lieutenant John Saint, Infantry. Lieutenant Cassidy, Infantry, 1st Division. Lieutenant Harold B. Wertz, 18th Infantry, 5th Division. Lieutenant Donald Smeallie, Infantry, 5th Division.

Lieutenant Thevanet, Engineer. Lieutenant Nat Hooper, Air Service.

Army Field Clerk McGeough. Army Field Clerk George H. Monroe.

Army Field Clerk Michael Donlin.

Army Field Clerk Alexander.

SOME OF THE WOMEN PATIENTS

AT

UNITED STATES ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL NO. 41,

FOX HILLS, STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK,

During 1920.

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Mrs. James A. Irons, wife of Brigadier-General Irons, U.S.A.

Mrs. Edward H. Audres, wife of Lieut .- Colonel Audres, Infantry, U.S.A.

Mrs. Charles R. Gill, wife of Captain Gill, Medical Corps.

Mrs. George R. Rutherford, wife of Sergeant Rutherford, Motor Transport Corps; from Mount Vernon, New York.

Miss Sergeant's daughter.

Nurses:

Miss Helen Jewell, Army Murse Corps, from Camp Upton.

Miss E. Florence Oram, Army Nurse Corps, from Camp Upton; of Toronto, Canada.

Miss Tryon, Army Nurse Corps, from General Hospital No. 41.

Miss Irene Tennant, Army Nurse Corps, Third Army; from Coalinga, Calif.

Miss Evans, Army Nurse Corps, Third Army.

Miss Helen Magnes, Army Nurse Corps; from Forest City, Arkansas.

Miss Reid, Army Nurse Corps.

Miss Murphy, Army Murse Corps, U.S.A.

U.S.A. Signal Corps:

Miss Eveline Claire La Riviere, Telephone Operator, A.E.F., from Spencer, Mass.

American Red Cross Hospital Guide:

Miss Alice B. Jacot, 210 Ward Avenue; from Tompkinsville, Staten Island.

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A CLASS IN BASKET-WEAVING.

(Photographs by Miss Nell Walker, R.A.)



PATIENTS WEAVING RAG-RUGS.

UNITED STATES ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL NO. 41, FOX HILLS, STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK.

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SOME OF THE PATIENTS IN THE ENLISTED MEN'S WARDS

DURING 1920.

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Sergeant Henri Werlemann, Medaille de Reconnaissance, Ambulance Driver of the Section Sanitaire des Etats-Unis, ("the S.S.U."); from Brooklyn, New York. Sergeant Mitchell Evans, Ambulance driver of the Section Sanitaire des Etats-Unis; born in England.

Sergeant William F. Murphy, Company L, 165th Infantry, 42nd Division, (a teacher of Spanish and French).

Sergeant Walter Weir, Infantry; at Debarkation Hospital No. 5, and at Camp Upton Base Hospital; from Saranac Lake, New York.

Sergeant Otto James, Infantry, (a Lithuanian).

Sergeant Peter Herzig.

Wergeant William D. Fuller.

Sergeant Greenwood.

Sergeant Dennis McCarthy, 165th Infantry, 42nd Division.

Sergeant C. Hodobenko, (a Russian).

Sergeant Stroup, Quartermaster Corps, Third Army, cook and baker; from Charlotte, N.C., came from Army Base, South Brooklyn.

Sergeant Kreugg, cook, gardener at Ward 2. Sergeant "Petersburg, Virginia," Infantry.

Sergeant Robert Coates, 1st Army Headquarters.

Sergeant John Carroll.

Corporal Wm. F. Schmidt, Company G, 306th Infantry. Corporal Patrick Nagle, 307th Infantry, 77th Division.

Corporal Terrell, Distinguished Service Cross, Croix de Guerre, Infantry, 29th Division (Ward 28).

Corporal Firth.

Corporal Knut B. Nelson, Infantry, (a Finn).

Corporal William Fredericks, Infantry, 4th Division.

Corporal Ipes.

Corporal Harper, Company D, 9th Infantry, 2nd Division; a teamster from Middletown, New York.

Corporal George Frank, 2nd Division.

Corporal James Harrison, Infantry, 2nd Division.

Corporal Dalton.

Private Shamansky. j gamblers.

Mechanic Charles Floyd, 2nd Division; from Freeport, Long Island.

Private Lang, Infantry; afterward with 71st Regiment, New York National Guard, at Camp Upton.

Private Abbott.

Private Berger, 308th Infantry, 77th Division.

Private Uberlacher, 307th Infantry, 77th Division.

Private Dreher.

Private Morris Moody, 12th Field Artillery, 2nd Division.

Private Weiss.

Private Arrici.

Private Theo. Romanoff.

Private White.

Private Charles Roberts.



A RECONSTRUCTION AIDE TEACHING RUG-WEAVING.

(Photographed by Miss Nell Walker, R.A.)

Private George Watts, Artillery. Private Gilbert Moreaux, 78th Division; a Belgian Violinist. Private Bernard Duffy, Infantry, Ward 13.
Private Peterson, Ward 13.
Private Peterson, known as "Big Peterson," a Swede. Private William Schroeder, 308th Infantry, 77th Division. Private Stanley A. Naverot, 165th Infantry, 42nd Division; from New York (an acrobat). Private Skeel. Private Walter Dinneen. Private Cockley, Medical Corps, 113th Infantry. Private James Kinney. Private Peter Casey. Private Michael Tierney. Private A. F. Heyne, Infantry, 28th Division; 5835 Pautridge Street, West Philadelphia. Private Charles H. Heath. Private Cohen. Private John C. Kadrowski, (Polish). private Ceci, (Italian). Private Shannon, Infantry, 89th Division. Private Joseph Volensi - a French boy. Private "Patsy" (Jacob) Goldberg. Private McGonigle, 82nd Division. Private Lewis. Private Frank J. McAuliffe. Private John J. Cavanaugh. Private Daniel Mahoney, Company F, 39th Infantry, 4th Division. Private Leroy Wormser, known as "Red." private Charles Mount. Private Matthew Zafferano. Private Benjamin Schwartz. Private Stanley Kovalesky. Private William Miller. Private Jesse Gross. Private Edward O'Connell. Private Wyeth. Private James Roth. Private Lester A. Kramer. Private Andrew Gilroy. Private Seelye. Private Charles Hughes. Private A. F. Snyder. Private Pedro de Bella. Private Delaney. Private Harcrow. Private William A. Gill. Private William Brice. Private Alcibiades Apostolides. Private Richard Lydon. Private Albert Rahrer. Private James Ryan.

"The Watch on the Rhine," Alcoholic or Nervous patients: With Miss Lila A. Anderson, Army Nurse Corps.

Private Walter York.

Private Harry Kain.

Private James Mainey.

Private Martin Preston.

Private William Gorsach.

Private William Roberts, 2nd Division.

CAMP UPTON BASE HOSPITAL GROUP:

Private Layton.

Sergeant Hall. *Sergeant William McGeeney, April 18th, Stomach.
*Private John Turner, May 20th, Heart.
*Private Charleston, May 8th. Private Herrin, pneumonia. Private White, pneumonia.
Private Wills, abscess on lungs.
Private Julio Ros, rheumatism, very sick. Private York. Private Parrott. Private Hunnicutt. Private Harlan Coop.

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THE RED CROSS RECREATION ROOM AT FOX HILLS.

(Photographs by Miss Nell Walker, R.A.)



UNITED STATES ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL NUMBER 41,

Fox Hills, New York.

United States Army General Hospital No. 41, at Fox Hills, New York, was furnished and equipped, ready for the reception of patients in the spring of 1918. It was primarily intended for use as a Debarkation Hospital, and known for more than a year as Debarkation Hospital No. 2. Situated on high rolling ground overlooking the Fox Hills Golf Club, on picturesque Staten Island, it was particularly convenient for the reception of overseas patients because it had its own special dock at the entrance of the Port of New York, and in a few minutes ambulances could easily cover the two miles between the pier and the hospital. The hospital itself was a vast rambling group of fifty or sixty buildings, nearly all of which were connected by enclosed passage-ways. At many points these corridors were crossed by automobile gangways, and wide double doors afforded protection from the weather. The hospital plant crowned a fairly high eminence and trailed down its slope in long lines of ward-buildings painted battleship-grey, many of which were two stories high.

When it was no longer needed for debarkation purposes the hospital at Fox Hills received the name of United States Army General Hospital No. 41. Scores of nurses, patients and Medical Corps men were transferred there from the base hospital at Camp Upton, Long Island, and from other neighboring cantenments. The presence there of many of these old friends, as well as the fact that this had bycome the most interesting hospital near New York in which the Red Cross was still organized along the lines of welfare-work developed during the War, attracted the writer to this particular hospital, where she found many of the Red Cross personnel with whom she had been associated at Debarkation Hospital No. 5 or in the hospital

pital at Camp Upton.

All this was extremely pleasant, though the atmosphere of the institution on Staten Island was quite different from that of the other two military hospitals. Here every one had settled down to a life of convalescence, occasionally interspersed with grave surgical operations. As the hospital at Fox Hills was a general hospital the cases treated there were very varied: medical, surgical, neurological and psychopathic, contagious and so forth. The usual morning routine consisted of medical treatments of different kinds. There were several sorts of physio-therapy; massage, electricity, applications of heat, and baths of all kinds; the replacement of dressings, consultations with the surgeons, orthopedic work, x-ray examinations, and so forth. Dinner was served in the various mess-halls at noon, and supper at five or six o'clock. Whenever possible the afternoons and evenings were devoted to recreation. Tickets for public dinners, afternoon dances, matinees, ball-games, lectures, concerts, and sight-seeing trips were sent daily to the hospital, and as most of the patients had relatives or friends living in and near the city this greatly increased their opportunities for enjoyment. At the Red Cross recreation-house dances were frequently given, as well as moving pictures, boxing bouts, and entertainments furnished by professional people. In fact, life at the hospital was by no means dull. It was, indeed, a delightful place to work or to convalence in, and its community life was cheerful, although necessarily rather quiet.

The Administration Building, of course, was the executive centre of the great plant, for it was here that Colonel Joseph H. Ford, Medical Corps, U.S.A., Commander of the Hospital, had his office, one of many important ones also located there. On one side it was flanked by an enormous building provided as a Murses' Home beside which stood the Murses' Red Cross House. Opposite the Murses' Home were quarters of Colonel Ford and of Lieutenant-Colonel Snyder, the Red Cross House and cafeteria. Close to the Administration Building and on the eminence that over-looked it stood the Red Cross Recreation House in a lawn-covered quadrangle, the centre of social life at the hospital. Down the hill, on the road leading to Fort George, stood the Receiving-Ward with its landing platform for ambulances, waiting-room with many benches for the accommodation of patients, and a long ramp leading uphill into the corridors and wards. Opposite the Receiving-Ward were huge ambulance garages, quarters for men of Medical Corps, and the power-plant.

In January, 1920, there were still about 3500 military patients under treatment at the Staten Island institution, and a large staff of medical officers, nurses and Red Cross workers administered to their needs.

About eighty to a hundred sick officers and members of their families were cared for in the officers' wards; a large group of sick nurses occupied

another ward, and enlisted patients filled the rest of the hospital.

The mess arrangements for so large a number of patients involved the operation of at least six separate messes. The medical officers of the hospital had their own special mess in a building, part of which was used for social purposes, though the larger portion was needed for living quarters. This mess was used by Colonel Ford and by nearly all the doctors connected with the institution. The nurses' meals were provided for them in the Nurses' Home. A very good mess for the ambulatory enlisted patients was served in a dining-hall adjoining the great hospital kitchen, a service-entrance to which was near the road leading up from Fort George. Patients in the officers' ward had a special mess which was served in their own dining-room from a kitchen located in one of their ward-buildings. The Red Cross had equipped a very popular cafeteria in the rear of the Red Cross Hostess House. This was patronized by the Red Cross staff, and often by medical officers, nurses, patients, and the enlisted personnel of the institution.

The hospital grounds were very pleasantly laid out with lawns, tennis courts, and gardens decorated with ornamental plants. Directly in front of the Administration Building stood a flag-pole, surrounded by a grass-plot ornamented with flower beds. Here every night at sunset the flag was lowered into the arms of a waiting sergeant, flanked by two enlisted men, while the hospital bugler played Retreat. Each time this little ceremony was about to take place the doctors and military patients invariably hastened indoors so as to avoid standing at attention. Frequently, this haste was precipitate and occasioned some amusement to the Red Cross staff.

All of us who made the trip to Fox Hills from New York took the boat leaving the Battery at 8.45 a.m. That early morning progress down the bay was always pleasant; there was much to see on every side while the fast Staten Island ferry-boats made their way past Governor's Island, ran alongside the numerous ships at anchor in the harbor, past the Statue of Liberty, and the bell-buoy not far from Fort George. Frequently, there was some difficulty in obtaining an omnibus bound for the hospital, although they were never so crowded in the morning as on the return trip in the evening. Many members of the Red Cross staff lived in quarters assigned to them at the hospital; other workers were residents of Staten Island.

Major John Ward Dunsmore, a portrait painter by profession, who during the War, had been assigned to other posts before coming to Fox Hills, was the Red Cross Field Director of all the workers assigned to this post by the Department of Military Relief of the Atlantic Division, American Red Cross, until the hospital was taken over by the Public Health Service in October, 1920. He was assisted by a staff of Red Cross officers in charge of recreational work of all kinds, athletics and entertainments, but especially of the Home Service work. In the Red Cross House proper Mrs. Dunsmore, wife of Major Dunsmore, was the chief hostess, assisted by Mrs. Thomas, wife of Lieutenant Thomas, the morale officer of the hospital, and Mrs. Charles D. Reid, Jr., whose husband was one of the medical examiners. Mrs. Reid was responsible for the distribution of supplies to the ward-workers from the Red Cross storeroom. Mrs. Henry G. Gennert, the Social Service Director, supervised the work of about fifteen ward-workers and was assisted in this by Miss Lawton, who later on succeeded her in the work. A special Social Service Murse, Miss Maude Wallis, a member of the Red Cross staff, looked after many unusual cases.

Our Hostess House was intended primarily for the reception of visitors of the patients. Here they waited while a guide, one of the many Red Cross volunteers, went in search of their patient. If he were not in physical condition to come to them the guide led the relatives to his bedside. The chief hostess of the building was Mrs. Williams, a woman of most attractive personality. Miss Grace A. Hobbs, formerly hostess at the Camp Upton Base Hospital, presided delightfully over the social activities of the Nurses' Red Cross House. At the Red Cross canteen Miss Frances Kellogg directed a staff of able and devoted canteen-workers, who took turns in being on duty every day, dispensing wholesome



MESS FOR MEDICAL OFFICERS OF THE HOSPITAL.

(Photographs by Miss Nell Walker, R.A.)



VIEW OF THE RED CROSS CAFETERIA.

nourishing meats, soups and sandwiches, as well as appetizing salads and almost irresistible cakes and desserts. The large sunny dining-room, whose principle ornament was a huge fireplace built of rubble stones, was filled with little tables. It appealed to everybody as quite the pleasantest gathering place in the whole hospital. It was no unusual sight to see Red Cross ward-workers taking luncheon with high-ranking members of the medical staff while their co-workers were having a merry luncheon at other tables with doughboys holding the rank of Buck Private.

During the War an efficient and reliable Red Cross Motor Corps supplemented the Army ambulance work as well as offered their cars for the transportation of patients when they were invited to special entertainments given for them in New York. The Atlantic Division also maintained a large marcon limousine in which Miss Sarah Cunningham came several times a week and arranged drives and recreation for the boys.

Most of the wards had been "adopted" by benevolent ladies of Staten Island, who were designated as Godmothers. They looked after the needs and entertain-

ment of their particular wards.

A large, pleasant room in the Red Cross House had been given to the American Library Association, which provided it with an enormous quantity of books of all kinds, fiction, history, and technical reference books, most of the current periodicals and local newspapers as well as newspapers from many other cities. The cataloguing and care of the library at Fox Hills was in the hands of three splendid women: Mrs. Sophie E. Gay and her assistants, Miss Le Barbier and Miss Green. Not alone did they preside over the reading-room itself but they made frequent trips to the wards, with reading matter for men unable to come to the Red Cross House. Their rank was the same as other civilian employees and they wore the greenish clive-drab uniform and bronze insignia of the American Library Association.

Quite the most beloved visitor who came to Fox Hills was Miss Emma Frohman, an independent worker, on whom the National League for Women's Service had conferred a specially designed insignia. She made two or more trips to the hospital each week and almost always brought with her great boxes of dainties of all kinds. How she contrived to bring them so far by subway, ferry-boat and omnibus was always astonishing. When she started on her rounds through the wards she always carried two of the large flat ward-workers' baskets filled to overflowing with sweet buns, coffee-cakes, crullers, rolls spread with welsh-rarebit mixture, sliced layer-cake wrapped in glazed paper and many other surprises, but her benefactions were not limited to edible things, for she nearly always came with invitations to entertainments for the patients whom a little outing would most benefit. The effect of her presence on the morale of the wards that she visited was always most beneficial.

A woman of unusual personality was Miss Emily Goldsmith, whose work at the hospital was more or less independent from any welfare organization. She had come to Fox Hills after having spent several months at Debarkation Hospital No. 5, located in the old Greenhut's store. She wore an olive-drab uniform, the blouse of which was cut like that of a British Army officer, although it was fastened with American Army buttons, and it was further set off by a Sam Browne belt and an overseas cap, which she was seldom without. She was more particularly interested in furnishing entertainments for the patients, but her uniform and her reason for being there were puzzling to patients and staff alike. One boy, more inquisitive and possessed of less tact than some of his friends, pinned this lady down one day and asked her point-blank how she described herself. She smiled, and with an airy wave of the hand, she declared herself to be a "Ray of Sunshine."

THE HOSPITAL LABORATORY STAFF.

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The hospital's laboratory was the center of much interesting work. of the ward-workers had noticed for some time with what diligence the officers and corps-men in this building had labored toward the construction of a fine tennis-court, leveling off and rolling the ground with much patient care and erecting wire-netting to check the speed of balls that went astray. As their building and tennis-court was situated on the same eminence as the Red Cross Recreation-House, although separated from it by a covered passage-way, the matter of pursuing balls down the slope on two sides of the tennis-court was a consideration. Inspired perhaps by these agricultural labors, Lieutenant Shamansky and Lieutenant Whitney, coached by the laboratory technician, Miss Carroll, known to her friends as "Miss Carrell-Dakin," had laid out and planted some very successful little flower-beds outlined in oyster-shells. Daily they could be seen in the warm spring days solicitously bending over tiny pansy plants and geraniums. Medical Corps men, in funny white surgical shirts, were the wielders of watering-cans and rakes. The officers of this department were charged with making blood-tests for the surgeons and doctors, and their work was furthered by three fat sheep who grazed as a rule on the lawn surrounding the Red Cross House.

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MISS DUNN,

Army Nurse Corps, United States Army, in the garden adjoining her Ward at the Hospital.

CHAPLAINS AT FOX HILLS.

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Three Chaplains who were constantly making visits to the wards were Chaplain (Lieutenant) J. J. Burns, U.S. Army; Rabbi B. A. Tintner, a welfare worker wearing the uniform of the Jewish Wellfare Board; and the Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Crosby, an Episcopal rector from New Brighton, Staten Island. They seemed interested in the welfare and comfort of every patient, quite regardless of their church affiliations. Rabbi Tintner, a friend of Rabbi Bleichman, who was for a long time stationed at Camp Upton, and whose marriage ceremony he performed in 1920, and of Rabbi Brown, Chaplain at Debarkation Hospital No. 5, was often encountered in a ward given up to the care of sick nurses, in which there was not a single Jewish girl. On the other hand, Father Burns while devoted and unflagging in his care of Catholic boys, was often found chatting with a group of smiling Jewish and Protestant boys. These splendid clergymen seemed to be always "on the job" and their visits did a great deal to encourage the patients.

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THE HOSPITAL NURSES.

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The Army Nurse Corps was an especially fine body of women, who did their work with devotion and tact. Miss Keener, A.N.C., U.S.A., was their supervisor until General Hospital No. 41 was taken over by the Public Health Service, in October, 1920. Many of them had been nurses in the regular Army before the Great War and others had been recruited by the Red Cross for the war-emergency. Perhaps the most beloved of them all was Miss Dunn, A.N.C., U.S.A., whose comforting and friendly presence cheered even the most despondent of her patients. Miss Dunning, A.N.C., had for a time served with the British forces, and later she became a member of our Army Nurse Corps. For quite a time she was in charge of one of the officers' wards. Two other nurses, Miss Fitzpatrick and Miss Dwyer, A.N.C., were known by the officers as the "hungry and thirsty sisters," because they were always more than eager for a share of the good things sent to patients by their friends and relatives. Patients of all ranks were only too ready to share these little windfalls with others. Evidently, these nurses were not so self-effacing as most of their co-workers. Miss Agnes McCloskey, A.N.C., U.S.A., who had already had much experience in military hospitals, was known to most of us as the "fighting Irish nurse" because of her lovable and pugnacious manner of siding with her patients whenever they were in difficulties. Two friends among the nurses aroused comment among the men because of their peculiar names; the Misses Sundry and Munde, were always known as Miss Sunday and Miss Monday. Their especial work was in the Dental Clinic. Charming little Miss Hopkins deserves particular mention among so many splendid women. She was an especial favorite at the officers' ward, although it is hard to designate any one of these nurses in this way when most of them were favorites.



SURGEON AND RECONSTRUCTION AIDES IN PHYSIO-THERAPY BUILDING.

(Photographs by Miss Nell Walker, R.A.)



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A large staff of Reconstruction Aides was attached to the hospital. These charming young women were affectionately called "Blue Birds" by most of us at Fox Hills because of their pretty blue uniforms. These were set off by stiff white collars and cuffs, large white aprons with bibs and straps, and blue and white caps. They were all specialists along certain lines, and ranked as civilian employees. A large number of them had been trained to administer massage, electric baths and special treatments in the physio-therapy department. Another group of aides taught vocational work and there were several teachers of English and grammer-school subjects. Three large buildings, two stories high, had been set aside for this schoolwork and for teaching handicrafts to ambulatory patients. Many men of foreign extraction were only too glad to avail themselves of the opportunities offered by the Government to improve themselves in English, mathematics and other elementary subjects. In the handicraft shops they were taught weaving on hand-looms, how to make rugs, table-runners, curtains and many small objects; basketry, chair-caning and to make wooken toys; simple pottery, wood-carving, carpentry, the use of decorative paints; how to develop useful little articles in tin and copper; and to make very simple jewelry such as easily made rings, brooches, chains, buckles, and many similar objects. In the vocational work they were taught French and Spanish, radio, commercial advertising, designing, typewriting and stenography.

The aides made visits several times a week to a large number of wards where they taught for half a day. Patients whose recent operations confined them to their beds were taught simple basketry and beadwork, and other light bedside industries which helped materially to lighten the monot-

ony of the ward.

The Head Aide, in charge of all the Reconstruction Aides at the Hospital was an artist, Miss Fayette Barnum, who had given up her New York studio in order to do patriotic work. Miss Gertrude Field, R.A., was chief of Occupational Therapy, and in charge of the different crafts which were taught. Miss Emily Wellington, R.A., was chief of Physio-Therapy. Miss Helen Punnett, R.A., specialized as Vocational Adviser; she held conferences with the patients and suggested the studies which would best meet each man's needs. Miss Nell Walker, R.A., had spent a great deal of time near the Mexican Border and taught Spanish at the hospital. In addition to that she was our official photographer and her photographs were sent from Fox Hills to the War Department at Washington. Two of the aides made an unusual success in their lines of work despite severe physical handicaps. Miss Innes, R.A., a deaf-mute, was so clever at li-reading that only by accident and after many months Lieutenant Wallach discovered her infirmity. Miss Armstrong, R.A., was skillfull at both occupational therapy and as a pianist, although she had lost her right hand. Her wrist was always slipped into the deep pocket of her white apron, and many of us at the hospital didn't realize why this was done,

Our neurological technicians, Miss Leone Bispham, daughter of the famous opers-singer, David Bispham, and Miss Gardner were both very interesting young women. Their specialty was the determination of the response which a patient's nerves made to the different treatments, and they made drawings for the surgeons in the operating rooms before and after operations, tracing nerve-injuries and indicating recoveries as a result of surgical work. In these drawings the course of healthy nerves was painted in with red ink, and green ink showed those that still required stimulating. Our Army surgeons were extremely successful in muscle-grafting and nerve-sutures.



FOX HILLS PATIENTS,
Starting for the Garden Party at Governor's Island.



GROUP OF RECONSTRUCTION AIDES AND A WARD-WORKER,
Bound for Lieutenant-General Bullard's Garden Party.

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The two chief favorites among our ward-workers were Miss Helen Bradish, who had already served in four Army hospitals, and Miss Lily Pearson, a resident of Staten Island, who had been connected with the Fox Hills Hospital since its opening. Miss Pearson was particularly entrusted with the needs of sick officers in Wards 41 and 42, with whom she was extremely popular.

Two very faithful workers were known as "The Twins," because the Misses Kirkham and Salisbury dressed and looked very much alike, and were almost inseparable friends. Their work continued at Fox Hills long after the hospital was

taken over by the U.S. Public Health Service.

Mrs. Henry Butterworth came to Fox Hills after spending many months at Debarkation Hospital Nos. 3 and 4, in New York. She was deeply interested in ward-work, into which she threw herself heart and soul. Her strongly British sympathies had prompted her to devote herself to the British War Relief organization as soon as it was started in New York at the outset of the War, and she continued this work with unflagging zeal while work remained to be done. In the early part of 1920 she received a beautiful medal which was sent to her from Queen Mary's Needlework Guild in England, because of her work for the British cause. The decoration consisted of Queen Mary's monogram enclosed in a circle of dark blue enamel, and this was attached to a handsome dark blue ribbon by means of a beautiful little Tudor rose of gold and white enamel. She was very justly proud of this decoration, which she wore to the hospital for certain important entertainments. Her strong partisanship, however, on one occasion at least, got her into some difficulty. She was visiting one of her regular wards, in which she had many friends. The political situation between England and Ireland was at that time very menacing and Mrs. Butterworth expressed her opinions on the subject in no uncertain terms. Several of the soldiers, who had been born in Ireland, resented these remarks. They tried to be polite but quite clearly their feelings ran high. At last, matters got to such a point that Mrs. Butterworth charged one of the privates with "being no gentleman." Angered beyond the point of self-control he retorted that Mrs. Butterworth "was no lady." The difficult situation was somehow cleared up by the arrival of an outsider and the ward-worker withdrew with very ruffled feelings. In fact, it was some time before she would consent to return to the ward again. A day or two later, Miss Coughlan, a really splendid worker, was detailed to this ward in place of her friend, Mrs. Butterworth. Strong feeling was still rife in the ward, and Miss Coughlan, whose faintly Irish accent was nevertheless quite noticeable, walked innocently into a perfect hornet's nest. Different patients immediately plunged into political discussions, asking for her views of the British situation. Miss Coughlan, whose mind was on her work, answered more or less at random, but what she said plainly offended an English sympathizer. In a very churlish manner he demanded of her a new suit of clothes, a new overcoat, a pair of civilian shoes, and a soft felt hat. Staggered by his demands and insolence, Miss Coughlan mildly pointed out that she had neither the garments nor the means to buy them.

"We're tired of this here toothe-paste, soap and wash-rags! We want something worth while," announced the soldier in a surly tone. "If you can't furnish us with what we ask for, you had better go home and take off that Red Cross

uniform!"

Miss Coughlan, who had never met with anything but kindness from her patients, was unspeakably hurt by these remarks. Without asking if there was something she could do for anyone else in the ward, she beat a hasty retreat with tears running down her face. Moved to compunction, several of the boys followed her out, apologizing for the rudeness that had been shown her. But Miss Coughlan was too upset to return there again that day.



MESS FOR ENLISTED MEN AT THE HOSPITAL.

(Photographs by Miss Nell Walker, R.A.)



FOOD FOR THE FOX HILLS PATIENTS.

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In wards where convalescents were confined to their beds the regular menu and special diets from the diet-kitchen were brought three times a day from the hospital kitchen on low-wheeled trucks in what were practically fireless-cookers. Nurses and orderlies in each ward then prepared the patients' trays in the little ward kitchen which was a part of each building. The nurse and her assistants were responsible for the serving of these foods and for washing and putting away all the dishes and utensils connected with this service. In addition, they usually provided buttered toast and tea or milk at four o'clock each afternoon. We frequently heard about complaints made by patients on the score of food, and of visits of inspection which the American Legion made to the hospital to ascertain the exact quality of the foods supplied. On our daily visits through the wards as Red Cross workers we had ample opportunities of seeing exactly what the invalids received on their trays. Breakfast, we were told, as a rule consisted of fruit, coffee, cereals, eggs and buttered toast. The luncheons which we saw were usually composed of some substantial soup, either a milk-soup or one with a foundation of meat-stock flavored with various vegetables, rice and croutons of toasted bread. In the way of meats there were appetizing cuts of roast or broiled chicken, slices of turkey, and sometimes scrambled eggs. With these were served potatoes in some nice form, and always one, frequently two, green vegetables. The dessert usually was some simple pudding, jelly or nourishing pie. And on each white enameled tray, covered with its white napkin, stood a glass of milk or a cup of tea or coffee. The trays were made still more attractive because the china used in the wards was decorated with a pretty flowered border instead of the coarse, plain, white variety which might have been expected in such an institution. For supper bedpatients received cold meats, or an egg dish; macaroni, creamed potatoes or rice; a salad prettily served, and fresh or preserved fruit, with milk or tea to drink and plenty of bread and butter. Frequently they were given cake and very often we saw ice-cream. The attractive presentation of these foods and the way in which they were prepared occasioned many admiring comments on our part, but notwithstanding every effort of the Army and of our staff of dietitians complaints were nevertheless registered. Undoubtedly, this food was far better than that which the boys would have received at home had they been in health.

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CAPTAIN WILLIAM WILEY JONES,

Medical Corps.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM WILEY JONES,

Medical Corps.

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An officer attached to the medical staff of the hospital, Captain William Wiley Jones, M.C., arrived from Germany on March 1, 1920, and he was at once as-

signed to duty at Fox Hills.

Two of his friends among the Red Cross workers there were told some of his experiences in France and in Germany, where he served in the Army of Occupation on the Rhine. He was extremely well treated by a rich, middle-class family with whom he was billeted in Coblenz. They gave him in every instance of the best they had. He had pictures of the handsome, detached, white stone house in which these people lived, set in the midst of a small park, most attractively laid out with high evergreen hedges and shrubbery, fine gravel carriage-drives and ornamented by marble garden furniture. Captain Jones had been photographed on horse-back with the house as a background; the window of the room that he had been given showed in the picture and it must have been the best corner guest-room that they had. The Captain himself looked a very dashing cavalier as he sat his beautiful bay horse, whose satin coat and well-cared for hoofs clearly spoke of loving care.

His hosts were prodigal in showering attentions on their uninvited guest. Their housemaids seemed to be ever watching for him to leave his room, so as to polish his boots, his puttees, his Sam Browne belts, his brass buckles, the steel curb-chain that secured his spurs. They brushed and pressed his uniforms with almost embarrassing zeal. His linen was always returned to him beautifully laundered. At every turn the Germans seemed to forestall his slightest need.

Captain Jones' hostess had noticed the little picture of a lady which he always kept upon his bedside table. She asked him one day if by chance this was a photograph of his mother. The Captain told her that it was. The next day and as long as he remained with this family his hostess arranged to have a tiny vase of flowers always beside the picture. Maturally, he was touched and pleased by this little attention. However, the German lady went even further, for one day he noticed that Mrs. Jones smiled out at him from a handsome new leather frame that his hostess had supplied. When he thanked her for it she told him that she thought the old frame looked very worn, but lest it might have precious associations she had saved it for him.

Doubtless all this was propaganda on the part of the Boches, but it was far pleasanter for an enemy to receive treatment such as this than to be given an an-

tagonistic reception.

In strong contrast was the treatment which he had received in France, where he came most frequently in contact with the peasantry of the devastated areas during the progress of the War. His Red Cross friends, with whom he was crossing to New York on the Staten Island ferry-boat, asked him how some of the needs of the French peasants were met. In reply, he told the following incident, which unfortunately was not the only case of this kind. In a little shell-riddled town where he and his unit stopped, nearly every woman was so poor at the time of their entry into the French village that she had neither shoes nor stockings. A few had wooden shoes, the others were barefoot, although the weather was cold. However, when his unit moved on a week later every young woman in the village had found means of obtaining not only shoes with high French heels but silk stockings. He was not obliged to go into details. The whole story was told in those few words.



MISS EMMA FROHMAN,
Carrying her famous baskets to the Wards.

"THE WOMAN WHO NEVER FORGOT."

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Unquestionably the most interesting figure among the welfare workers at the United States Army Hospital No. 41 was Miss Emma Frohman, of New York, whose brother, Mr. Charles Frohman, one of the early victims of the War, met death on the S.S. "Lusitania," in 1915. His great phrase, which will ever be associated with his name, was: "Why fear death? It is life's Great Adventure."

Miss Frohman preferred to act as an independent worker, although she was associated with several organizations whose object was military relief. She financed all the work that she personally did in Army hospitals, and also succeeded in interesting many influential people in helping our wounded soldiers. Her friends were scattered through many social circles: fashionable men and women, owners of department stores, prominent restaurateurs, theatrical managers, dramatic stars, and vaudeville artists. Every one was glad to help her, and the cases in which she interested herself covered a wide range of requirements: anything from new clothes and a job, household furnishings, a party for some poor convalescent, or the purchase of an automobile for a patient with one leg. If there was a means of accomplishing her benevolent object Miss Frohman found it. She needed every one's help and every one willingly helped her, including her splendid maids, who were indefatigable in furnishing the endless cakes, buns, sandwiches, and toothsome morsels that she brought twice a week to Fox Hills. We always wondered how she ever got such quantities of things to the hospital.

While Camp Upton was used for the training of the 77th Division she and her sisters, especially Mrs. Davison, who had sons in the service, did a great deal toward furnishing entertainment for the soldiers stationed there. Mrs. Davison was affectionately known as "Mother Davison" by her military friends. They arranged several parties at which theatrical artists, whom they persuaded to come to the camp, sang or acted for the troops. These delightful occasions were almost always concluded by refreshments consisting of hot chocolate, sandwiches and cakes.

The winter of 1917-1918 was a very bitter one, the temperature reaching once or twice thirteen degrees below zero, and much of the time it howered around eight and ten degrees below. Few of the soldiers were accustomed to the constant outdoor life required for military training. They suffered greatly from cold during the hours they were obliged to spend at the rifle ranges, subjected to chilling wind and bitter dampness. Her nephews voiced the needs of the men under their command, who complained that their breeches were not sufficiently warm for these low temperatures. Miss Frohman put on her thinking-cap; she experimented with patterns and materials of various kinds. At last, she devised a garment which she called "leg-warms." It was made of fleecy woolen material designed for wear under a soldier's breeches. So cleverly was it cut that it did not look objectionably bulky; and it was at once warm, light and elastic. Her "leg-warms" seemed ideal for the purpose, and she distributed thousands of them among the members of this division, organizing a group of women who cut and made them. This, as well as her many other wonderful benefactions, won for her deep appreciation from the soldiers.

After the 77th Division left for France she and the members of her family watched the newspapers with deep personal interest for every crumb of war-news. Restless and nervous, as we all were at that time, she sought relief in doing hospital work. The National League for Women's Service had been organized some time before and their work was then in full swing. In the autumn of 1918 our wounded were returning in considerable numbers. In New York they were cared for at Debarkation Hospital No. 1, (Ellis Island); at Debarkation Hospital No. 2,



HIS HONOR MAYOR JOHN F. HYLAN,
Standing beside Miss Emma Frohman.

(Fox Hills); at Debarkation Hospital No. 3, (Greenhut's); at Debarkation Hospital No. 4, (Polyclinic Hospital); and in December, at Debarkation Hospital No. 5, (Grand Central Palace). In addition to the Debarkation Hospitals, General Hospital No. 1, on Gun Hill Road in the Bronx, had been opened since mid-summer.

The National League for Women's Service was one of the first welfare organizations to start a fruit and flower guild for military patients. Some of us offered to supply them with quantities of cut flowers, for in August and and September every one's garden was still filled with a profusion of blossoms; however, ladies of the guild told us that we might send them flowers if we wished, although they were unwilling to let us share in this work even though we had joined their League. The answer was disappointing and ungracious, and their treatment of Miss Frohman was along the same lines. They accepted and published records of the welfare work which she did at that time, taking credit for it as an organization. However, all they ever gave was \$100 to further her very costly undertakings. Out of patience with the handicaps which she met in working with or-

ganizations, Miss Frohman decided to "carry on" alone.

It must have been in October that she first went to Debarkation Hospital No. 3, located in the old Greenhut's Department Store, an empty loft building at Sixth Avenue and Eighteenth Street, which the Government rented for this emergency. The work which she did in Army hospitals was practically done as a memorial to her lost brother. Everybody knew of the circumstances of his death, and how very strong was her desire to do her utmost for our soldiers. She had a characteristic faculty of sweeping obstacles and objections out of her way. and when certain Army officers took exception to her presence near the door of the Receiving-ward in Debarkation Hospital No. 3, where she had gone to hand the boys cigarettes and fruit, she looked them calmly in the eye and said: "General Pershing himself would not keep me away from this ward. I want to be among the first to welcome these men home!" On endless occasions that winter she furnished outings, theatre-parties, and the first drives about the city arranged for our returning veterans. Her friends generously came forward, lending her their automobiles. She also brought gifts and delicacies of all kinds into the wards, although this privilege was permitted to no one else.

Miss Frohman made many visits at Debarkation Hospital No. 1, on Ellis Island, and one of the most memorable things which she did was to furnish that hospital with a piano, something which was greatly needed. This grand piano had belonged to the world-famous opera-singer Signor Enrico Caruso, who had used it

on his concert tours and who gave it to her for the purpose.

Her work at Debarkation Hospital No. 4 was much the same as that which she

did at Debarkation Hospital No. 3.

In 1919 and 1920 she was coming to the military hospital at Fox Hills at least two days a week, her baskets of cakes and buns being used as entering wedges in finding out the needs and peculiar longings of the different patients. During all the time she was there she was indefatigable in planning recreation for little groups of men, as well as great parties to which the whole hospital was invited. Her work will never be forgotten by the host of patients to whom she seemed a glorified Fairy-Godmother. How she ever contrived to accomplish all that she did mystified many of her friends. To a very few, however, she admitted that she felt a Divine Guidance carrying her forward, a force that would not suffer her to halt until her work was done. And throughout her strenuous war-service it is interesting to note that her health was perfect.

In the course of some of her ward visiting Miss Frohman happened upon interesting coincidences. She had paused one morning at a bedside for a few minutes conversation and to give a special buddy of hers an appetizing smooth, brown roll filled with welsh-rarebit mixture, when happening to raise her eyes she noticed the beseeching expression of a boy in the next bed. He was fortunate in having his mother as a visitor, though apparently something special

seemed to weigh upon his mind.

"Well, Buddy, isn't there something that I can do for you, too?" she asked, in her characteristic gentle manner.

The boy's eyes lit up with pleasure, and his mother confessed that above everything else he seemed to have a "hankering" for some old-fashioned chocolate fudge. Now, Miss Frohman had a wide acquaintance among people in other towns



MISS EMMA FROHMAN'S GUESTS AT A PARTY,

Given at the Actors' Home on Staten Island for convalescent officers from United States Army General Hospital, No. 41, Fox Hills, New York.

Miss Frohman is seen standing in the centre.

and cities, who knew about her work and very often sent her delicacies of all kinds for distribution among the wounded.

"It's odd," she exclaimed," I happen to have a box of home-made chocolate fudge in my basket this very moment," and thereupon she handed over the longed for box of sweets.

On her next visit to the hospital the boy who had received the candy and his mother told her that they had found a little slip inclosed with the candy, giving the name and the address of the sender. This lady happened to live in the same town they came from, and to be a neighbor of theirs; this circumstance

greatly increased their pleasure in her gift.

The Actor's Home on Staten Island had for years greatly interested Miss Frohman on account of her connection with dramatic interests in New York. The old actors and actresses who were living there in retirement showed marked sympathy for the work which she was doing at Fox Hills and on many occasions she brought groups of officers from the officers' ward to enjoy the hospitality of these veteran players, who always prepared a little collation and dramatic entertainment for their military guests. These were enjoyable occasions for the officers and the former dramatic stars, who felt that this was their opportunity to express some of their appreciation to our overseas men, and in a measure it was their work.

Some of Miss Frohman's patients surprised her one day by inviting her to a meeting which was to be held in the library of the Red Cross building at Fox Hills. The room was crowded with her boys, who were all vying with each other for the honor of sitting beside her. It was a regular business meeting but the Chairman opened it by a short address in which he announced to Miss Frohman her election as Honorary Commander of the John Purroy Mitchell Post Number 2 of Disabled Men of Fox Hills, the Honorary Commander of the John Purroy Mitchell Post Number 1, in Washington, being Warren G. Harding, President of the United States.

In 1921, at the time of the unveiling of the memorial to the Unknown Soldier, Miss Frohman was chosen as the official representative of her Post and went to Washington bearing letters to Mr. Weeks, then Secretary of State, who had reserved a special seat for her so that she might see these impressive ceremonies. Afterward, she made a visit to her numerous friends who had been transferred to Walter Reed General Hospital from General Hospital No. 41, on Staten Island.

One of her appreciative co-workers at Fox Hills said to her one day when she spoke of the quantities of letters she still received from her wounded buddies:

"Ah, Miss Frohman, those men will never forget what you did for them!"
"I shall never forget what they did for me," she answered quite simply.

It was during her work in the hospital at Fox Hills that she was given the title of "The Woman Who Never Forgot."



LIVING-ROOM AT THE OFFICERS' WARD,
General Hospital No. 41, Fox Hills, New York.

THE OFFICERS' WARD,

UNITED STATES ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL NO. 41,

FOX HILLS, STATEN ISLAND,

NEW YORK.

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Lieutenant Patrick F. Shea, 89th Division,

Miss Lawton, American Red Cross Hostess,

Lieutenant Charles R. Wallach, Dental Corps.

Of

UNITED STATES ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL NO. 41.

FOX HILLS,

STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK.

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One of the men who suffered more terribly than most of our patients was Patrick F. Shea, a Lieutenant of the 89th Division, who was long a resident at Fox Hills. He had received his Commission at one of the big Army schools in France after serving in the ranks with the 26th Division during the War. We never knew how he came to be injured, but he was at General Hospital No. 41, on Statem Island, for nearly two years after the signing of the Armistice, suffering with bone-infection of the leg and other complications. Usually, he was cheerful; but at times, when he had his bad turns, the whole corridor in Ward 42 was hushed.

Pat was a tall, slender lad, very white and frail, with a broad Irish smile and heaps of "grit." Every one loved him, and during his long stay at the hospital friends had helped to make his little room more attractive than were those of patients who came and went. There were pretty curtains in his windows, an adjustable reading-lamp stood by the bed, he had a big Morris chair, a handsome centre table, pictures, rugs, and handsome quilts for his bed. His room was so unusual and he himself so winning that he al-

ways had rather too many guests for his own welfare.

On account of his very delicate health and because he was frequently bedridden, poor Shea had had almost none of the fun that fell to the lot of patients able to get about. One day he confided to Miss Emma Frohman, a sister of Mr. Charles Frohman, who went down with the sinking of the S. S. "Lusitania," that though he was not a New Yorker, he was just pining for a glimpse of Broadway. Miss Frohman remembered this wish of the sick lad's, and she consulted Shea's physician, pulled wires, and finally when the time was ripe, she came to Shea with the announcement that he was going to give a party. A favorite scheme of hers for keeping up the courage and morale of very sick patients was to remind them occasionally that they would surely have a dinner-party or a theater-party, just as soon as the Surgeon declared them able to take an outing. Pat was told that he might invite his special friends and comrades in the ward to a dinner at the Hotel Waldorf with Miss Frohman; afterwards they were to go to the theatre. On the appointed day ambulances and cars came to fetch them and they started for New York, fourteen strong.

While they waited a moment in the corridor of the Waldorf-Astoria until their table was ready, a page came toward them intoning: "Lieutenant Shea: Lieu-

tenant Shea!"

Pat Shea looked startled, and grinned. Could it be for him? He turned to Miss Frohman, saying:

"Do you suppose they are calling me? I wonder who could possibly know that I was coming to the Walderf?"

"Ask him," suggested Miss Frohman.

The call really was for him. A large box of cigars was handed to Shea with his name written on a card. No one knew who had sent it, but perhaps their hos-Pat beamed with joy, and his face was flushed with tess may have had some idea.

A very wonderful dinner was set before them that night, to which they all did full justice. The great "Oscar" had seen to it himself, for he had known Miss Frohman a long time and realized how much the feast meant to those wounded men.



PATIENTS IN COSTUME AT THE FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION AT UNITED STATES ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL NO. 41.

(Photographs by Miss Nell Walker, R.A.)



After dinner there was plenty of time to see the lights on Broadway. They drove up the great thoroughfare to Fifty-ninth Street and came down Fifth Avenue, where they turned into Forty-fifth Street, on which the theatre is located. Pat's eyes shone like stars. It was just what he had wanted so long to see!

The play, in which several famous actors and actresses appeared, was excellent. After the performance, the principal stars in the production, who knew that Miss Frohman was in the house, invited her to bring her guests to meet them in their dressing-rooms. It was an experience of great moment to the soldiers, and a fascinating thing to talk about when they returned to the hospital. Pat dreamed and talked of it all for days; it was a landmark toward recovery, and it encouraged him to hope for more. No one but a patient knows how much these landmarks mean. Often he wondered about the sender of those Waldorf eigars, but he never found out whence they came.

Encouraged by this party, Pat decided to buy himself a car. That his left leg was gone at the hip mattered not at all to him. He could manage the brake with one hand and the clutch with his right foot! The whole Hospital wanted to help him learn to drive, they were nearly wild at the chance. So many offered to instruct him that he did not know whom to choose. Days followed when he poured over the automobile catalogues which other enthusiastic patients gathered for him.

At last, Shea's touring-car arrived; it was a second-hand one, but very glossy. Every one went to see it, as it stood twinkling in the sunshine, quite near his bedroom window. He could not think of sending it to a garage, but kept it parked day and night in the court next to his ward.

Nothing daunted our Pat, and as he had a touring-car he must needs take a "tour." Just before Decoration Day, 1920, the doctors at last gave Pat a leave of ten days in order to visit his mother in Waterbury, Connecticut. They probably thought he would take a train, for he certainly started off in a hospital omnibus. Somehow, somewhere, he was met by his car and reached Waterbury in due course of time. It took most of his leave to recover from the fatigue of the trip, but Pat said it was worth it! At the expiration of his leave, the car returned to Statem Island and again took up its accustomed place in the courtyard next his ward, where it remained most of the summer.

After three or more months of standing day and night in the open in all sorts of weather, and occasional charges about the Hospital grounds by Shea, also a few joy-rides indulged in by his Buddies, the car lost much of its gay appearance. Its varnish became dull and streaked, and a few of the curtains broke away from their moorings.

The Fourth of July was a gala occasion at Fox Hills. Since the opening of the hospital this holiday had been celebrated by the coming of a professional circus, the performers of which gladly gave their services. It was customary to begin the show with a Grand March, in which the patients at the hospital also joined. Those who could do so walked in costume. Others, not well enough, turned their infirmities to splendid account by camouflaging their wheel-chairs to represent chariots, or victorias, and a very favorite arrangement was the semblance of an aeroplane, to which the chairs lent themselves especially well.

Lieutenant Shea, however, had the very finest conveyance of them all. His famous touring-car had been given a good coat of body-polish; its nickel had received loving care, and, with a few flags and crepe paper enrichments, it was quite the star of the occasion. He had invited a few of his best friends to ride with him in that thrilling procession, and who should be sitting on the front seat beside him but Miss Emma Frohman! Dear Pat's eyes glistened with pleasure, and his face was very pink as he slowly piloted the car past Colonel Ford, the Commanding Officer of the Hospital, and the special guests invited for the afternoon.

A little more than a year later poor, koyish, gentle Pat Shea, who had been sent to the Walter Reed General Hospital in Washington, joined his Buddies in the Great Beyond just before the ceremonies which were arranged in honor of the Unknown Soldier.



PATIENTS AT THE OFFICERS' WARD:

Lieutenant Charles R. Wallach, Dental Corps,
Lieutenant Patrick F. Shea, 89th Division,
Lieutenant T. E. Warren, M. T. C. (Standing),
Miss Armstrong, Reconstruction Aide.

PADDY SHEA. Ye're a broth of a boy, Paddy Shea, An' yer heart's full of joy Every day, Wid yer chatter an' chaff, An' yer smile an' yer laugh Sure ye drive all the blues Far away, Paddy Shea. Ye were in the advance, Were ye not? Fightin' "Somewhere in France", When a shot, Wid a roar an' a rip Took yer leg at the hip, But somehow, ye're glad That ye fought, Are ye not? Oh, there's big work to do Here today, An' we need men like you Bright an' gay, Who wid death always flirts An' who laugh at their hurts, So we thank GOD for your Smilin' way Paddy James H. Heron. ----00000----(Presented to Miss Emma Frohman by the author.)



CAPTAIN ARTHUR D. EDMONDS,

Cavalry.



MISS LINNA ROBY, R.A., HELPING CAPTAIN EDMONDS WITH HIS BEAD-WORK.

CAPTAIN ARTHUR D. EDMONDS,

Cavalry.

so many war-casualties of one sort or another resulted from someone's carelessness! It was never known why the anti-toxin serum administered to Captain
Arthur D. Edmonds, of the Cavalry, was imperfect, bit his illness dated from the
time the anti-toxin and para-typhoid injections were made. He was on the eve
of departure for France when an Army surgeon gave him the unlucky "shots" which
resulted so disastrously. The arm in which this fluid was injected became badly
infected and the blood carried the poison throughout his right side, even into
his brain. He became almost immediately paralyzed, losing the use of his leg
and arm, and most of the sight in his right eye. But the worst feature of it all
was that the poison affected the fluid in the semi-circular canal of his ears, so
that he lost the power of maintaining his equilibrium. He was unable to stand,
or to walk on crutches, as he could not keep himself from falling either backward
or forward.

He was still so young, and life would have held so many possibilities for Arthur Edmonds had it not been for his terrible mishap, that all of us were particularly interested in his future prospects. Owing to his limited eyesight, which he had to safeguard very carefully at Fox Hills, he refused the vocational adviser's suggestion of taking a course in mechanical drawing and design. He explained that only one tenth of the lens in his right eye remained to him, and he feared to put too much strain on his sound left eye. Captain Edmonds was a man of very gentle, uncomplaining character whom everyone in the hospital loved, and he made many influential friends among our civilian visitors.

In the spring of 1920 he was discharged from General Hospital No. 41, receiving three-quarters of the pay of a First Lieutenant, because the Army felt it could do nothing more for him.

The pathetic features of his case appealed strongly to the owner of a great estate at Mount Kisco, and when he left Fox Hills this lady invited him to spend a month at her magnificent country place with her children and grandchildren. In order to insure his comfort he was given a suite of rooms on the ground floor, and during his visit his kind hostess provided a trained nurse, who watched over his physical condition. It was a very lovely experience after the three years which he had spent in army hospitals. The young people of the household went dashing about the countryside on horseback and in motor-cars, and came to tell him each day all that was going on. They also brought most of their friends to meet him. His own activities were naturally limited, but quiet drives and other entertainments enlivened his days, and it was with deep gratitude and regret that he left the home of these charming friends.

By no means satisfied with the surgical treatment which he had received at the hands of the Army, lovely Mrs. Moses Taylor came to his help and procured him the best medical attention obtainable in New York City. Two years after his discharge, thanks to her interest, he was able to walk very comfortably with the aid of a cane. In spite of hes terrible disability congenial work has been found for him, and he has taken his place as a happy and useful member of society.

CAPTAIN PAGE VAN RENSSELAER STIRES.

Quartermaster Corps.

Captain Page Van Rensselaer Stires, an officer of the Quartermaster Corps, brother of the Reverend Doctor Ernest M. Stires, rector of St. Thomas's Church, New York, "spent the War" at the port of Marseilles, where he was stationed in France for two years in charge of the embarkation of troops and supplies to the United States. His health had been good until the beginning of 1920, when he was serving on a Government ship in which he went from the Port of New York to Charleston, South Carolina. The sea trip made in depths of winter was very rough, and in some way he was rather badly hurt. He thought little of the matter at the time, but his injuries developed alarmingly and as soon as he could be relieved from duty he was sent to General Hospital No. 41 for treatment.

His special responsibility on the ship was for the safety of the cargo, which involved not only costly supplies but the contents of a safe. The entire value of this property amounted to over \$400,000, for the safe delivery of which he alone was responsible and for which he had acknowledged the receipt over his sole signature. The trip was a stormy one not alone from the point of view of weather, but because the sailors and soldiers on board gave their officers more or less trouble, and he was very glad when they reached port. In due course the property was handed over to the care of another officer, and in checking up the contents of the safe they discovered that \$15,000 was missing. The unaccountable disappearance of this large sum of money presented grave possibilities. Captain Stires was completely at a loss to account for the shortage, as he had taken every precaution in guarding the safe and its contents. As a matter of form charges were preferred against him, and since he was in immediate need of medical attention he was sent to the hospital at for Hills.

It was some weeks before the injury to his leg had sufficiently recovered to permit of his getting about, and his first trip away from the hospital was made to the Headquarters of the Commanding General in charge of the port of Embarkation, in Hoboken, New Jersey. Here he laid the matter before Major-General David C. Shanks, U.S.A. Captain Stires had been greatly worried by the charge against him he realized that it warranted a trial by court-martial, and he wished the matter cleared up as soon as possible. The General advised him to wait until he was in better health, but Captain Stires insisted that he could have no peace of mind until the case was settled.

"Well, Captain," said General Shanks, "if you insist upon it we can have the trial right here and now."

Messengers were sent hurrying about headquarters, the papers in the case were laid before the General. Other officers were hastily summoned from their desks, and the case was tried. The next day or so Captain Stires returned to Fox Hills, and a week later we all rejoiced to hear that he had been acquitted.

Lieutenant Warren was one of several officers in the ward who strongly disapproved Captain Stires' determination to demand immediate trial by court-martial.
Although the charges against this officer were withdrawn, Lieutenant Warren insisted
that a court-martial of any kind, whether favorable or unfavorable, damaged a man's
military record. We of the Red Cross knew nothing about matters of this kind, but
listened respectfully to the words of wisdom which this young officer, with brief
military experience, let fall.



LIEUTENANT JACOB BUCKSTEIN'S METHOD OF TREATING CERTAIN TYPES OF DIGESTIVE TROUBLES.

Administering food from a Thermos-bottle.

(Photographs by Miss Nell Walker, R.A.)

Captain Joseph Patrick McAvoy, an officer of the American Red Cross, who was stationed for many months at Camp Upton, was sent to General Hospital No. 41 from Camp Dix, N.J., suffering with a digestive trouble of long standing. During his stay at Camp Upton, "Handsome Mac," as he was called, sometimes helped in entertaining patients who lingered in the Red Cross House by taking them for a drive in a car belonging to one of the ward-workers. It was while they were away on one of these expeditions that he outlined a plan he was inclined to adopt when his Red Cross work was finished. Another Red Cross officer, Captain Gulickson, a great pal of his, had told him about wide stretches of umimproved farmlands which could be had for the asking, west of the Rocky Mountains. Captain McAyoy and Captain Gulickson thought it a wonderful idea to buy a large tract of this land, which they could take up by paying a small sum and improve in such a way as to make a substantial profit. The ward- worker and her patients asked him how he was going about it. He said that his equipment would cost him almost nothing. He could build his house, in all probability, from the lumber which he cleared away from a wood-lot on his land; this woul give him both fuel and a little log house. With both partners working at this job and the assistance of neighbors in the community it ought to be quickly accomplished and at small expense. Of course, they had to have two riding horses, so they would have to build a little stable, and as soon as they saw their way clear they hoped to have a car. One of the party objected that the roads in that part of the country might be fatal to an automobile, but he waved this aside as unworthy of consideration. As the ground had not been impoverished, a garden ought to produce fine vegetables. had heard there was plenty of grass in that neighborhood, also that hay could be had by anyone who cared to go and harvest it. They hoped to induce other farmers or speculators to take up land in this vicinity and Captain McAvoy thought that if they were sufficiently numerous the railroad might be persuaded to run a single track through that section. He pointed out that if you chose your land with this in mind the railroad might even be made to connect with some trunk line, which would greatly enhance the value of their property.

But Captain McAvoy was not entirely absorbed in the idea of mere farming. He had two other "side-issues" up his sleeve. One of these was to raise guineapigs, which he understood required little care and that multiplied rapidly. These he hoped to sell to the Government for experimental use. He had also heard that the Government needed cows for vaccine and other medical purposes, and imagined that the abundant grazing about his farm meant that they would not require much care. He thought that a few thin old cows could be bought very cheap and pre-

pared for medical use.

steam through the tribe. He

Stunned by his views on agricultural endeavors, the ward-worker asked him if he had ever before doen any farming, saying that the simplest garden, the most obliging guinea-pigs, and even his very thin cows, needed care and water, to say the least. If there were only two partners to do all the wood-cutting, carpentry and other work about the place she thought they might be more than busy. Captain McAvoy's buoyant enthusiasm would brook no discouragement; and apparently he was eagerly awaiting the time when he and his friend could start their operations out West.

Even at Camp Upton he had been suffering with digestive trouble which became so trying at Camp Dix, while he was working for the Red Cross, that he was finally sent to the hospital at Fox Hills. Lieutenant Buckstein, our specialist in work of this sort, had developed a treatment no very widely known at this time. It consisted in giving the affected organ a complete rest. The patient swallowed a length of narrow rubber tubing, which was carried down to the desired point by little leaden weights, attached by means of catgut. In about a day the catgut had been digested, releasing the leaden weights, which passed off through the intestines. During six weeks or more Captain McAvoy, part of the time in bed and part of the time able to walk about, kept the rubber tube continually down his throat. The extremity of it was brought around back of the teeth and along the cheek so that the end projected alightly through the corner of his mouth. It was attached to his

ear by a little gold eyeglass cord, for fear of being entirely swallowed. He could drink as much water as he liked, but all his nourishment entered the duodenum through the tube. The patient could feed himself with hot liquid food, which was kept always ready in a specially arranged thermos bottle. From being noticeably under weight and far too slender Captain McAvoy put on so much flesh that long before he could leave the hospital all his uniforms had to be let out.

All those who took this treatment spoke of the results with warm enthusiasm, though the ailment and rubber tube were more embarrassing than an affected arm or leg.

LIEUTENANT THOMAS WARREN,

Motor Transport Corps.

Lieutenant Thomas Warren of the Motor Transport Corps, was taken seriously sick with inflammatory rheumatism the first of February, 1920. The night that he became ill he felt unable to leave the big Motor Transport Garage at Fifty-seventh Street, New York, and a cot from a dormitory used by the men was arranged for him in one of the offices in the building. The next morning, as he seemed to be so much worse than the night before, he was bundled into an Army ambulance and despatched to Statem Island. The trip to Fort George was made without difficulty, but it was a different matter trying to buck the deep drifts of snow all the way up the steep road leading to the hospital. A blizzard was in progress and the hospital was almost marooned on its hilltop for nearly a week. Army supplies were holding out well, but the Red Cross canteen had sold its last crust of bread. But for the Army's generous help, the resident Red Cross personnel would have had to go hungry during several days.

It was almost a week before Lieutenant Warren was aware of his surroundings, and his convalescende lasted until Decoration Day. Much of
that time he was a bed-patient; however, when at last he recovered sufficiently to be able to get about a little he was the life of many a party in
the ward.



CAPTAIN WILLIAM J. CONDON,
Medical Corps, 77th Division, A.E.F.

An officer of the 77th Division, Captain William J. Condon, M.C., was immensely popular in the officers' ward. He was still suffering from the effects of a wound which he received in France in the course of the gallant performance of his duty. A soldier of the Division had been wounded in the throat by a machine-gun bullet or a piece of shrapnel, and was in a very critical condition when Captain Condon found him bleeding on the battlefield. Heedless of his own danger, for the ground was being sprayed by machine-gun bullets, he took the time necessary to perform a difficult operation of trachectomy. When he had almost finished he felt a sharp stab in the leg, but completed the operation, which saved the patient's life. Shortly after that both wounded were carried to a dressing-station. The Captain was a man of imposing presence, whose handsome face was surmounted by almost snow-white hair, and he looked one through and through with kindly, keen, blue eyes.

Captain Finm, a member of New York's famous regiment, the old 69th, was a great sufferer, who had been confined to his bed during almost three years. For some reason his feet and legs were in very bad shape, and he could get little use of them. The extremities were practically lifeless, to a point somewhat above the ankle and the surgeons wanted to perform and operation, insisting that he would never be well handicapped by these diseased members. Captain Finm, however, still hoped that he might recover, and he stayed on at Fox Hills until October, 1920, when he and very many others were transferred to the Walter Reed General Hospital in Washington.

Like many of our famous general-officers Major Powers, a resident of long standing at the officers' ward began his military career in the ranks. He served as a private and non-commissioned officer for twenty-two years before becoming a Lieutenant. Shortly after leaving the hospital he retired from the Army with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel because of disability incurred in the line of duty.

Lieutenant Gookin, Medical Department, of the 63rd Pioneer Infantry, was stationed at Tours during the greater part of the War. He was never at the front, but his left foot had been badly injured, and some very interesting bonegrafting was done for him at Fox Hills. The pieces of bone needed in his case were taken from his own arm and rib. When he was well enough, although he was a patient, he gladly shared the duties of the ward-surgeons whenever they asked him to. His considerate regard and generosity toward the other officers was deeply appreciated by every one in the ward.

The right hand of a Captain in this ward had been injured in such a way that the surgeons had to resort to muscle-grafting. In order to facilitate the work a little slice of fat from his own abdomen was borrowed and placed over the healing surfaces on the inside of his palm. He himself was deeply interested in the operation and explained the matter to his ward-worker as he lay in bed recovering from the abdominal operation.

Captain Clarence A. Clifton, Coast Artillery Corps, had an unusual and fascinating fad. For years he had been a collector of postage stamps. This proved a great resource during his stay at the hospital and he often worked for hours over six or more gigantic books filled with stamps, many of which were very rare and valuable. The arranging of these treasures required almost endless time, and just then he had it in abundance.



PATIENTS AT THE WOMEN'S WARD OF THE HOSPITAL,

Mrs. Charles R. Gill, Wife of Captain Gill, Medical Corps,
Miss Armstrong, Reconstruction Aide,
Miss LaRivere, Signal Corps.

MISS EVELINE CLAIRE LA RIVIERE,

United States Army Signal Corps.

Most of the patients in Ward 40 were sick nurses, whose health had broken down because of their war-work. However, one patient, Miss Eveline Claire La Riviere had been a telephone girl in civilian life, and as her parents were prench-Canadians she spoke French and English almost equally well. At the time of the War she enlisted in the United States Army Signal Corps as a telephone operator, and had been a bed-patient at Fox Hills for nearly a year. One of the ward-workers was immediately attracted to her by the French books on her bedside table and her pleasant personality. She made a charming picture in her dainty bed-jacket and boudoir cap, as the late afternoon sun flooded her little cubicle.

Two other patients in the ward, Miss Jewell and Miss Oram, had been members of the nursing staff at Camp Upton before they suffered severe illnesses which finally occasioned their being transferred to General Hospital No. 41, and as they were particular friends of the ward-worker, she invited them both to tea at the Red Cross cafeteria one afternoon. Over the tea-cups the conversation naturally drifted toward the invalids at the nurses' ward, which was the only one at that time in which women patients were being cared for. Miss Jewell and wiss Tryon were rejoicing that day because every nurse on the ward had rebelled at the presence there of the wife and baby of an Army Sergeant, whose removal they had insisted upon, as they did not wish to have it said that the baby was really the child of one of the nurses. Malicious gossip had more than once made victims of these women who had so gallantly served the armies of their country in time of war. Very sensitive and resentful because of remarks which had come to their ears, they would not tolerate the presence of this child in their midst.

The ward-worker, who was still thinking about the pretty Signal Corps girl, whose handsome and wholly unfamiliar blue serge uniform hung near the patients bed, questioned them at some length about Miss La Riviere. With bated breath Miss Jewell and Miss Oram told the secret which few of them knewand which was never referred to except in whispers. Miss La Riviere's case had been very baffling to all the doctors and surgeons at the hospital. She complained of dreadful pains up and down her spine; that she was unable to stand alone or to get out of bed. Her color was good and she seemed capable, inspite of her infirmity, of enduring the considerable amount of exertion involved in going to moving pictures in her wheel-chair, and she had no difficulty in finding plenty of willing swains to push it up the long ramp leading into the Red Cross House. Her little band of devoted slaves gladly acceded to her modest requests, and often she played at cards with them for hours at a time, propped up in bed against many pollows. Anyone who has tried to do this will admit that it is a rather tiresome proceeding. Taking all these things into account, our officers of the Medical Corps, whose repeated examinations by x-ray and other means seemed to indicate that her physical condition was fairly good, devised a scheme to prove their contention. Every morning she was taken to the bathroom connected with the ward in her wheel-chair. The chair was rolled into a little bath-tub compartment where she locked herself in for her morning bath. Quite unsuspected by Miss La Riviere the surgeons one day installed x-ray apparatus in the two adjoining bathrooms, and while she bathed several x-ray pictures were taken of her through the thin pine-board partitions of the bathroom. When they were developed the negatives showed that she had been standing erect in the tub. Notwith standing these pictures, and never dreaming that they had been taken, she continued to insist that she was unable to stand upright, or to walk even with the help of crutches. Her case was complicated by her claims on the Govomment for back pay, for salary and for the compensation required because of her injuries incurred in the service. She seemed to have more strength than she would admit, but in any case she was really far from well.



LIEUTENANT KENNETH LE ROY AUSTIN, Medaille de Reconnaissance.

Wearing the uniform of a French Poilu; and that of an American Officer, on which can be seen his three French and four American service-stripes.

(Both photographs taken in France.)



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SOME OF THE PATIENTS

In The

ENLISTED MEN'S WARD,

UNITED STATES ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL NO. 41.



SERGEANT HENRI WERLEMANN, Section Sanitaire des Etats-Unis, Medaille de Reconnaissance.

SERGEANT WILLIAM MURPHY, Of the "Rainbow" Divisiom.



During 1920.

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Enlisted men, as was only natural, constituted by far the greater number of patients under treatment at the hospital. Every branch of the military service was represented among them, as was the case in the Debarkation Hospitals. There were several sergeants who had served with the French Army in the Section Sanitaire des Etat-Unis before the United States entered the War. The most distinguished of these was a Wall Street man, Sergeant Henri Werlemann, whose parents had come from the Netherlands, although he was born in American. He had been decorated by the French Government with the Medaille de Reconnaissance for his work as an ambulance driver. Another very interesting patient was the Englishman, Sergeant Mitchel Evans, who belonged to the same organization. Both Sergeants frequently called on Lieutenant Kenneth Leroy Austin in the officers' ward, who had served with them abroad in the S.S.U. and who was also a wearer of the Medaille de Reconnaissance. Lieutenant Austin had been a Poilu in the French Army for eighteen months, and contrived to be transferred to the American Army, in which he won an officer's commission. He showed us pictures of himself wearing the humble uniform of a French enlisted man, the ill-fitting blouse, trousers and rolled puttees seeming to affect his whole outlook on life; and another, taken in France, in which he appears in his officers' olivedrab uniform, with his Sam Browne belt and overseas cap. On his sleeve can be plainly seen his three French and our American service-stripes. The effect of the war on a man of his highly sensitive nature had been very disturbing, and though far from capable of earning a living because of his insufficient recovery, he demanded and obtained his discharge in 1920.

Sergeant William F. Murphy, one of the four Sergeants William Murphy of Company L, 165th Infantry (New York's "Old 69th" Regiment) was one of several soldiers of the 42nd or "Rainbow" Division. He was a great friend of the Reverend Father Francis Duffy, Chaplain of the regiment, and before he went overseas he had been a teacher of Spanish and French in a large Catholic School. The Sergeant was a great favorite with all the patients as well as with the Reconstruction Aides and Nurses. His experience with the National Guard and as a non-commissioned officer of the Army, had taught him how to smooth out many difficulties for the other enlisted men. He was taking advantage of the opportunities afforded by the educational work which was provided at Fox Hills and continued his study of the two languages

in which he had specialized.

He was often willing to give the ward-workers little reminiscences of the months which he had spent on the Mexican Border or in France. One of the ward-workers who had heard more or less about conditions on the Border questioned him at some length about other members of his regiment, inquiring particularly about Anthony Reed, who had come home with a rather pessimistic account of his experience in the South. Anthony had told her that during the number of months which he spent there he had never once been detailed for target-practice. We gathered that there were not enough rifles for all the men to get this training. He also stated that most of his time had been spent taking care of the horses and mules or assisting the cook in the preparation of vegetables. These little facts had clung to the ward-worker's memory, and finding this splendid opportunity to get more information on the subject she questioned the sergeant along these lines. A humorous smile lighted up the Sergeant's face. Her question must have sounded artless to the old campaigner.

"We had plenty of rifles, there was no shortage of them," said he.
"Anthony was a hard boy to handle, he seemed to have a talent for "queering" himself with the officers. We couldn't keep him in the guard-house all the

time, so we kept him at K.P. (Kitchen police)."



PRIVATE NAVEROT and MISS PEARSON, A.R.C.

SERGEANT KREUGG In his garden, Ward 2.



PRIVATE STANLEY A. NAVEROT, 165th Infantry, 42nd Division.

A friend of both the Petersons, Private Stanley A. Naverot, 165th Infantry, 42nd Division, was one of so many soldiers whose disability prevented a return to former professions. In civilian life he had been a solo trapeze performer for one of our big circuses where his niece is still a star, and as he had been wounded in the leg he would never be able to return to this line of work again. He was a great favorite with patients and staff alike.

SERGEANT KREUGG AND SERGEANT STROUP.

Two army cooks were being cared for in wards not far apart. Sergeant Kreugg had undertaken the care of the garden plot immediately in front of his ward, Ward 2. Almost single-handed he had turned over the ground in this rather large enclosure by means of improvised and borrowed tools. From somewhere he had obtained a length of garden hose; occasional visitors to the ward had given him an old rake with missing teeth, a rusty trowel, a broken-down wheel-barrow, a very wornout spade, and a few stray flower-pots, which he hid and carefully guarded under one corner of the ward piazza. However, as the spring and summer advanced his garden did him great credit. In the center were circular flower-beds, edged with little budding-plants. It was traversed by neatly kept walks, and at one end he had arranged a small vegetable plot where he carefully nursed anaemic rows of tomatoes, lettuce and green corn. The soil was very poor and dreadfully in need of fertilizer, but he told some of us with pride that he had supplied his buddles more than once with radishes and lettuce, and that he hoped to be able to give the boys fresh tomatoes. He was a great favorite with Miss Dunn when she was moved from the officers' ward to Ward 2.

The other cook and baker, Sergeant Stroup, of the Quartermaster Corps, 3rd Army, was brought to Fox Hills from the Army Base in South Brooklyn, suffering with dyspeptic trouble. He had served with the Army of Occupation on the Rhine, and while in Germany he was billeted in the house of some Cerman country people, to whom he became strongly attached. Because of his friendship for them he had formed a habit of saving each day a few soft rolls or a loaf of white bread of his own baking, which he brought back to "his family" for the sheer pleasure of seeing them eat. The most appealing member of this family was a sweet German girl, whose milk-white teeth sank hungrily into his delicate rolls. "She acted like any little hungry puppy," he said, and it must have been years since the German family had reveled in so much beautiful white bread. The Sergeant's interest in the pretty German girl became more and more marked, but he also remembered the proverb which seemed to apply in his own case that "a burnt child fears the fire." Before going abroad he had been engaged for some months to an old school-friend of his in North Carolina. His business called him away for a time and when he returned he was unpleasantly surprised to find that his fiancee had married someone else. His pride was greatly shaken, and he was deeply pained at the course that she had taken. Therefore, when he felt that he was becoming attached to Minna he decided to put her to every test that he could think of, so as to insure himself against making a mistake, as he "was afraid of getting stung again."

He put her to a test for drunkenness: "his" family always had beer or homemade wine at table, and often he pressed her strongly to take more than the single glass which she allowed herself, but never once could he make her yield in her resolve.

Frequently, when she was taking fowls and garden-truck to market in a town near by, he asked his friends to watch her so as to make sure that she had not gone



A CLASS IN WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

(Photographs by Miss Nell Walker, R.A.)



PATIENTS STUDYING COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING.

there to meet other men of her acquaintance.

Just to see what she would do, he accused her one day of coloring her cheeks with paint and powder. Indignant and only too able to prove the contrary, she stooped and dipped her hand into the little brook beside which they were walking, pressed her moist palm upon the gravel of the path, and scrubbed her cheeks as hard as she could with sand and water. Then she wiped her face with her handkerchief, which revealed no tinge of rouge. Tobe sure she merely looked more glowing and winsome than ever. "There was nothing doing along that line," said the Sergeant.

He admired her immensely because she was the "best-muscled woman" he had ever seen. She could handle with ease a 100 kilo basket filled with grapes under which he almost staggered, and it was customary for her to help her family in the vineyards. Completely satisfied by all these tests, he greatly wished to marry her, but neither the American Army nor her German parents approved of the match.

One afternoon at a prearranged time, he drove in an automobile to a point on the road immediately below the vineyard. Minna had been expecting him and hardly waited for his horn to blow before scampering down the steep hillside. She jumped lightly into the car and they were off, but not without attracting the attention of her parents, who tried to follow and overtake them, and clattered screaming down the hill, through the vineyard. But they were unsuccessful in their attempt to frustrate the eloping couple.

Luxembourg, a more or less neutral ground, was not far away and it is there that they were married by a Catholic priest. After their marriage Sergeant Stroup and his bride returned home where they were received, if not with cordiality, at least with philosophy, by Minna's parents. His Sergeant's pay, owing to the depreciated condition of the German mark, amounted to three or four thousand marks a month. He was, therefore, able to live almost like a wealthy man, and lavished handsome clothes and furs on his bride. He insisted upon her engaging a maid, as he could well afford to pay oen, but Minna, who never in her life had hoped for such a luxury, at first refused to employ one. He insisted so much that after a while she did take a maid just to please him, and she kept her until he sailed for the United States. Then, with German thrift, the Sergeant's wife and her mother thought it best to economize the salary which the maid would have received.

Sergeant Stroup confided to the ward-worker that he was very worried to know what steps to take to bring her to America. A marked disapproval was still evident on the part of the American Government in regard to marriages contracted by our soldiers with German girls.



A CLASS IN JEWELRY-MAKING AT THE HOSPITAL.

(Photographs by Miss Nell Walker, R.A.)



MISS CROLIUS, R.A., TEACHING WOOD-CARVING.

SERGEANT JOHN CARROLL AND PRIVATE GILBERT MOREAUX.

It seemed the irony of fate that many of our soldiers at Fox Hills were wounded in such a way that they would be unable to resume their former professions. Sergeant Carroll was becoming well known as a dancer in musical comedy at the time of his enlistment. Had the bullet that struck his leg wounded one of his arms instead it would not have so greatly mattered. His livelihood, however, depended on his dancing, and with one of his legs badly injured he was, for a time, at a loss for another vocation. Fortunately, he could sing a little, and the Government developed this talent to such an extent that he now has a powerful voice of great beauty, which he uses with much taste and feeling. His friend, Gilbert Moreaux, a lad of French or Belgian parentage, had just reached a point where he could support himself confortably as a violinist when War was declared. It was his misfortune to be wounded in his right arm, and for a while he entirely despaired of ever being able to play again. During his stay at Fox Hills, in February, 1920, he underwent his 9th operation, and by dint of patience and much skillful work on the part of the Army surgeons he recovered most of the former strength of his bowing arm. He has steadily progressed in his art and now successfully teaches many pupils in the pleasant studio apartment which he and his wife occupy.

PRIVATE GILHOOLEY

A famous patient in another ward was Private Gilhooley, known as "the Great Gilhooley," who had undergone a long and very trying series of operations. He was the despair of his surgeons for he always managed to dispatch a buddy in quest of enough liquor to make him very drunk before every operation. It was the worst possible preparation for the ordeal he had to face. His attitude, however, seemed to be that his hold on life was slender and that as whiskey was one of his few pleasures he must:

"Make the most of what he yet might spend Before he, too, into the dust descend."

Most of the men knew the way to an illicit saloon not far away, the keeper of which had been heard to remark that even the commanding officer of the hospital had not enough power to close his place.

"If he dared to close my place I'd manage to "break" Colonel Ford;" he threatened.



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SERGEANT C. HODOBENKO.

Sergeant C. Hodobenko, a Russian, was very popular with the other men in Wards 24 and 25. During his stay at Fox Hills he had made the most of opportunities offered him by the Government for educational and vocational training. In the way of vocational work he showed marked aptitude for basketry and weaving on hand-looms. He made some very good lamps, baskets, tea-trays, chairs and several rugs; and also did unusual wood-carving. His pieces were so attractive that a few of us wanted to purchase them, but he would never part with his best work, although he consented to fill a few special orders, and we often found him wrapping up great bundles of these things for shipment home.

Sergeant Hodobenko was never so happy as when he was talking about Russian art or music. Several of us loved to ask him for the pretty Russian equiv-

alents for common English words, which he was only too willing to give us.

One April day he came up to his ward-worker, who was having lunch at the Red Cross canteen, and told her the wonderful news that he had been married the week before. Of course, she asked him about his happy bride, and then he indicated Mrs. Hodobenko, seated at a small table near by. She was one of our two official interpreters at the hospital. In a few moments his ward-worker advanced to congratulate her. Instead of seeming pleased Mrs. Hodobenko was evidently much put out. This was the first intimation given to any of the patients or staff that she had changed her name, and for some reason she wanted to keep the matter secret for a few weeks longer at least. But Hodobenko was far too exuberant and proud to keep it to himself any longer. Perhaps the many household furnishings which he had been at work upon for months were planned in anticipation of furnishing his own home.

A friend of Sergeant Hodobenko, Corporal Nielson, who was born in Finland, had the adjoining bed in Ward 25. He and the Sergeant were both delighted one day to see some books of Russian fairy tales which their ward-worker had brought over to Fox Hills to show them. Quite a little discussion on the subject of Slavic art and music resulted, and Corporal Nielson, a very intelligent fellow, in comparing Finnish and Russian art described the Russians as being more temperamental than his countrymen, adding that their music and painting was also much more vivid and intense. Personally, he greatly preferred Russian pictures that were painted in a minor key. Someth ing in them, he didn't know what, appealed to him very powerfully.

This soldier saved the life of his Captain on one occasion when the officer lay wounded, exposed to the enemy's fire. Corporal Neilson, regardless of personal danger, was fortunate enough to escape being hit by the enemy as he carried the Captain back to safety. The circumstances of the case were such that he merited a

D.S.C., and his action had been cited in General Orders.



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PATIENTS FROM WARDS TWENTY-FOUR AND TWENTY-FIVE AT FOX HILLS.

Private Charles Roberts,
Private Brindisi,
Private Arrici,
Private Romanoff,
Private Frank J. McAuliffe.



REPRESENTATIVE MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

Privates Cohen, Ceci, Kadrowski, and Shannon.



Privates Uberlacher and Dreher, Corporal Moody and Private Weiss.

The convalescents in Wards 24 and 25 formed a congenial group. For three years they had all been trying to recover from the wounds received in France. wany of them had formed strong friendships, and they laughed over little ward jokes that they had in common. Their ward-worker was at first puzzled to know the reason for the roar of laughter that usually accompanied the repeated requests for soap made by one particular patient. She had filled this order several times before someone told her that Private Swain was habitually a non-bather. He seemed, in fact, to have developed a conscientious objection to water and soap. As a result, his near presence was resented by his companions. One of the other men insisted that Swain had already accumulated some twenty-five cakes of Palm Olive soap, as well as a goodly store of tooth-paste and tooth-brushes, shaving soap, shaving-brushes, pocket-combs, wash-rags, handkerchiefs - which he never seemed to use - and endless packages of smoking and chewing tobacco. One boy, indeed, insisted that he must be planning to set up in business as a push-cart peddler of little toilet articles. In connection with this boy's tendency to hoard, many of them quite frankly admitted that, as they were shortly expecting their discharge-papers, they thought it prudent to lay in a fair supply of some of these useful things. On the whole, however, the boys were by no means selfish nor grafters.

They were merciless in bestowing doubtful compliments upon each other. Private Uberlacher, of the 77th Division, more than six feet tall and very stout in proportion, was the recipient of endless jests, which he took very good-natur-Apparently, he realized that "nobody loves a fat man". Their particular ward-worker, who had a very soft spot in her heart for all members of this Division, arrived upon the scene one day when one of the meetings of their "admiration society" was in progress. Private Dreher, whose sarcastic wit was often aimed at the good-natured giant, was saying:

"Say, Bud, I hear your mother keeps pigs. Is that so?" "Why yes, we keep Berkshires," answered Private Uberlacher.

"I thought so," said Dreher, with a malicious grin. "She certainly knew how to raise you, all right."

No one ever saw big Uberlacher really angry and he did many kind turns for everyone, even for the teasing Dreher.

A mutual friend of theirs was Private Morris Moody, an artillerist of the 2nd Division, whose appearance in no wise suggested artillery work. He was very boyish looking, tall, slender with rather delicate features and pale blond hair. His fine blue eyes had a very manly expression. One day he lay in wait for his ward-worker whom he caught alone in the hall and showed her a very beautiful bead bag, which he was just finishing for his mother. For a long time he had been wondering what the commercial value of such a bag might be.

"It must be worth all of sixty dollars," she told him. "I'm sure that at Tiffany's or at Gorham's you will find similar ones costing about that price." "Oh, I wouldn't sell it at any price," Private Moody answered, "and I'm I've made it just for her, and I've had

sure Mother will think the world of it. to sew on every bead with my left hand."

A particularly nice man in the ward was Private Charles Roberts, whose white hair would lead anybody to think him a man of sixty years. He was asked one day whether he had been a member of the old regular Army because he seemed so much more quiet and settled than some of the other men.

"Settled? I should think I was settled," he answered. "I've been almost completely paralized for so long. I never was in the Army until I was

drafted for the War."

It was the ward-workers first intimation that Private Roberts was still

a young man in years.

He and his mother were seated together one day on the piazza of the ward, they looked for all the world like contemporaries even to the texture of their Few people would have guessed that they were mother and son. At that time, he had recovered enough to walk with some difficulty, although he was often obliged to use a wheel-chair, and his hands still gave him a good deal of trouble.



CORPORAL HARPER,
"Going over the Top."

CORPORAL DALTON and PRIVATE COMINSKY.



CORPORAL HARPER, Infantry, 2nd Division. In making her rounds through the convalescent wards a ward-worker who alwave went about the hospital with her camera slung over her shoulder under her Red Cross cape in the hope of taking a few snap-shots, stopped one day to speak to Corporal Harper, an infantryman of the Second Division. The Army had done all that it could for his injured right hand, and he was daily awaiting his dis-She asked him what work he expected to take up on entering civilian charge. life. The Corporal said he thought he would like to be a teamster; he had drivon and taken care of horses and mules before and liked such outdoor work. "Will your hands be strong enough to manage a team of hard-mouthed horses?" she asked. "Yes, I can do it easy," said he in a queer little drawl that was very characteristic. "I don't think much of these automobiles for real work. me a horse or a mule any day!" But this bit of conversation was only preliminary to obtaining a snapshot of the soldier. He readily consented to pose for her and they went out behind the barrack where she asked him to assume a real fighting man's attitude. The ground was somewhat uneven at that point, and with stern mien and holding an insginery fixed bayonet, Corporal Harper took the pose of a soldier "going over CORPORAL DALTON AND PRIVATE COMINSKY. In Ward 25 two of the patients were evidently strongly drawn to each other by a similarity of tastes. Both of them were devoted to games of cards: not to mince matters, Corporal Dalton and Private Cominsky had become inveterate gamblers. Dressed in anything except a United States Army uniform most people would have thought them out out for the parts of "Lefty Louie" or "Gyp, the Blood." Although perhaps each of them has now become a banker or a clergyman, they would have admirably typified East Side gummen at that point in their existence. One of these boys, his eyes glued to a handsome ring wo rn by their wardworker, remarked one mornings "Say, that ring's worth a bunch of money!" "Oh no, it isn't," the Red Cross woman assured him. "You know we're not supposed to wear things of this sort in the hospital. It looks too frivolous with our uniforms. Today, I put it on unintentionally." "Gee. I know a diamond when I see one. I'm glad you don't come through these barracks at night-fall. I'd murder you for that ring!" And he had every appearance of meaning it.

Corporal George Frank of the Second Division, whose friends called him. "Whitey," because of his very light yellow hair, was evidently actuated by some-What the same point of view as the two "gamblers". On a fine May morning, when

their ward-worker expressed the wish that she might take some of them for a drive in her car, he pricked up his ears and askeds "What kind of car have you, Sister?"

"Just a Dodge," she answered. "Well, a Dodge car would suit me fine," said he. "Any woman with an automobile and a bank account that is big enough, can have me," he asserted with evident seriousness. "I'm just looking around for a nice, little old maid, or a widow, who'll take good care of me for the rest of my life."
The ward-worker, laughing, pointed out that she might easily be his mother.
"Never mind," said he. "I'm sure you'd be good natured."



PRIVATES DUFFY and PETERSON.



SERGEANT HARRY HUXFORD,

Medical Corps.

Sergeant Harry Huxford, Medical Corps, was one of many Southerners at the hospital. His charming, graceful manners would have done credit to any New York drawing-room. Some of us who had known him at Camp Upton were glad to find him again at Fox Hills, though his stay there was short, and he was returning to the civilian occupation he had held before the War, that of clerk in a shoe store in Charleston, South Carolina.

PRIVATES DUFFY AND PETERSON.

Privates Duffy and Peterson had adjoining beds in Ward 14. Both of them had had long and very trying cases. Private Duffy suffered from an abdominal wound and Private Peterson had been hurt in the leg by falling off a truck some time after the signing of the Armistice. A Red Cross woman making her rounds one day noticed Duffy in evident distress. She asked him if there was anything that she could do for him and he told her that he wanted a rosary and a prayer-book. Tears were coursing out of the corners of his eyes and he also wanted a handker-chief, for which she hurried over to the Red Cross House. He thanked her and told her that he was especially ill that day because a hot water-bottle that someone had given him to ease his pain had burst in the night. The scalding hot water had drenched his bed and surgical dressings, and he lay for two hours in that condition. At last a Corps-man put him on a stretcher and wheeled him over to the operating-ward where a surgeon renewed his dressings - always a matter of much suffering to him, for at that time he had thirteen drains.

One morning, shortly after Private Duffy's mishap, the bones in Private Peterson's injured leg suddenly broke while he lay in bed because of the tension of the muscles. The sound was almost as loud as the report of a pistol. His bones had become infected with osteo-myelitis. He treated the matter somewhat as a joke, although it was a great disappointment to him that his recovery should suffer this additional set-back. A great joy and comfort to Peterson was his friendship for a Motor Corps girl of the National League for Women's Service. She often came to see him during visiting hours, and they were married after his transfer to Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, where they now have a little apartment not far from the hospital.

PRIVATE PETERSON.

Another Private Peterson, known as "Big Peterson" because he was somewhat taller than Private Duffy's friend, although both Petersons were tall men, had a host of friends at Fox Hills. His parents came from Finland and he was a man of considerable education and attraction. Before the War he had been employed as shipping clerk by the firm of Knoedler and Company, the art dealers of Fifth Avenue, and he hoped to return to them again as he loved his work. Messers Knoedler and Company had been most kind to him and had done a great deal to help him during his convalescence.

A number of soldiers were sent home from the Army of Occupation because their conduct did not conform with military standards. Their salaries of thirty dollars a month, exchanged into marks, gave them an income whose purchasing power was almost equal to that of a millionaire, and they told us at the hospital that they were certainly living "the life of Reily" during their stay in Germany. Champagne and wine they drank like beer, until the Army thought it best to send them home. Not wishing to darken their military records by giving the real reason for their return they were sent home as "nervous" cases. We jokingly called them the "Watch on the Rhine," and they obligingly posed for a photograph with their nurse, Miss Lilly Anderson. They were, however, difficult patients to handle, and although they were dressed only in bedroom slippers and hospital garments some of them managed to slip away down the hill to the mysterious saloon-keeper and returned much the worse for wear bringing along bottles of whiskey. The doctors cut short these excursions by confining "The Watch on the Rhine" to the guard-house, where they raised a fearful din, and one member of the group was stopped in the act of beating a comrade over the head with a club which he had made of a whiskey-bottle wrapped in a bath-towel.



Committee for Increase of Population in Germany.

sir:

On account of all able bodied men having been called to the colors, it remains the duty of all those left behind for the sake of the Fatherland, to interest themselves in the happiness of the married women and maidens by doubling the number of births.

You name has been given to us as a capable man, and you are herewith requested to take on this office of honor, and to do your duty in right German style. It must be pointed out that your wife or fiance will not be able to claim divorce; it is in fact hoped that the women will bear this decision most hereically for the sake of the war.

You will be given districts; should you feel not capable of coping with the situation, you will be given three days to get someone in your place; on the other hand if you are prepared to take on a second district as well, you will become officer and receive a pension.

An exhibition of women and maidens, as well as a collection of photographs is to be found at our office. Your good work should begin at once; it is to your interest to submit a report of the results after nine months.

N. L. O. Swiss Major General Staff.

OFFICIAL ORDER FOUND ON A GERMAN PRISONER.

This translation was presented by a patient at General Hospital No. 41, at Fox Hills, New York.



MAJOR JONES, MEDICAL CORPS, AND HIS ASSISTANTS, PERFORMING AN OPERATION AT GENERAL HOSPITAL NO.41.

(Photographs by Miss Nell Walker, R.A.)



A CASE OF HARD LUCK.

One day a ward-worker had gone to the hospital in her car to take some special patients out for a drive. It was seldom that she tried to do this, for Staten Island is difficult to reach. As she was leaving the hospital she saw a sick-looking soldier, leaning on two canes, who stood on the steps of the Red Cross Hostess House. That meant that he must try to secure a seat in the omnibus which connected with the New York ferry. If he went to the regular stopping-place for automobiles, in front of the Administration Building, he probably would be obliged to stand all the way to Fort George. He was, of course, very glad of a lift in a comfortable private car, and on the way to New York he told her something of his story.

He had received a shrapnel wound in the leg and when his first operation

He had received a shrapnel wound in the leg and when his first operation was performed he was quite ignorant of surgical ways. The person whose duty it was to have him starved and prepared for taking an anesthetic, overlooked it, and on the morning of the operation the ward-man brought him his breakfast, as usual. Then someone came for him with a stretcher, and shortly afterward in the operating ward, he was given ether. He said this resulted in dyspepsia, which

lasted several months.

His leg was kept in a plaster-cast for three months, and a splint had been put on to lengthen the limb; all the time he lay very still. Then he discovered that his other leg had become permanently stiffened - a quite avoidable trouble, had anyone taken the trouble to exercise it for him or to warn him of his danger. The splint did its work only too well, for it lengthened his womded leg two inches more than the sound one, so that he could hardly walk. Then the doctors applied a splint to the other leg to draw it out in order that both would match. With his legs nearly stiff from the hips down, it was found that the bones had become infected, and in 1920 the poor fellow was suffering much pain.

The ward-worker asked him what work he was fitted to do. He answered that he did not know. He had received no high-school or professional education; however, before the War, he had conducted a prosperous little hand-laundry in the neighborhood of Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street. His leg-bones had become too brittle to enable him to stand long, and if he sat still for any length

of time his poor legs pained him almost unbearably.

"Oh, I'll make out somehow," he said. "I have such a wonderful wife. Besides, I have been so lucky."

"Lucky?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed. Why, Sister, I have no right even to be alive, after all I have been through. I've got my life. That's a lot!"

He was just one of several hundred quite as badly disabled patients whom it was her luck to meet.



A CLASS IN ENGLISH AT THE HOSPITAL.

(Photographs by Miss Nell Walker, R.A.)



MISS NELL WALKER, R.A., TEACHING A CLASS IN SPANISH.

Sergeant William Murphy, 165 Infantry, 42 Division is seen against the window.

There was always something new and interesting at the hospital. Patients and nurses had a way of being shifted around to unexpected wards, and when a wardworker was assigned to a ward with which she was not familiar there was always the chance of an adventure. Three of the least popular wards were numbers 17, 18, and 19, contagious and psychopathic wards. In visiting contagious cases the Red Cross women were usually not allowed to go into the rooms in which contagious patients lay. They were told that they might walk swiftly down the halls to the office at the rear or by following covered walks or piazzas reach the office where the wardmen, nurses, and sometimes the doctor, would tell them of any special needs. The nurse often tacked a card on the door of a patient's private room, giving the name of the contagious disease from which he was suffering. But as this was not always done, we were sometimes scolded for having stood chatting with men suffering from cases of mumps, measles, pneumonia, dyphtheria, etc. For some reason, none of us were ever taken sick.

The psychopathic ward, popularly known as the "nut" ward, was not so hazardous, for really violent patients were restrained with straight-jackets or confined in dormitories protected by iron-barred doors and windows. A few little private rooms had a square hole cut in the door, permitting the passage of a man's hand or head. The ward-worker from Ward 24 was sent to Ward 18 one morning to inquire if the patients there needed anything from the Red Cross supply-room. One of the corps-men, who knew her, greeted her with the remark:

"There's one of your friends in here today. He's in that cell there."

"Really!" exclaimed the ward-worker. "Who can it be?"

Hearing her voice a man's face appeared at the window. It was one of the corps-boys from Ward 25.

"Why, Buddy, what are you doing here?" she asked.

"Nothing," he answered. "I got mad at the nurse and "sassed" her, so they sent me down to the "nut" ward. That nurse knows better, anyhow. She just done it to be mean. Honest, I ain't no "nut"! I know one when I see one. They just thought it was a good way of putting me in exile."

"Isn't there something I can do for you?" asked the ward-worker, handing some chewing-gum and a handkerchief through the window on a chance. He thanked her, but there was no thing he especially needed that day. However, from a distance the nurse on duty had seen the gesture.

"What did you give him?" she asked.

"I gave him a little chewing-gum," was the answer.

"Oh, I am so sorry," remarked the nurse. "We simply cannot give these boys chewing-gum. Just to annoy us they have taken to making spit-balls of it which they throw at the ceiling. They are very troublesome to remove and it is such a disgusting habit."

But this was not the only unpleasant thing they had found to do. In the passage-way leading to these special wards there was a fearful spot on the wall where some patient had smashed an egg. judging by the stain, it must have been thrown from quite a distance. Some of us asked the men why they did these unpleasant things. They usually answered that they had gotten "sore" at a nurse or doctor and wanted to vent their ire in some way. Others had found that the relatively fragile plaster-board could easily be broken with a well directed blow or kick. In numerous places the plaster had been smashed in at a convenient height, and hundreds of passing men had used these holes as cuspidors, though their aim was not always of the best. The Red Cross and various welfare agencies tried to improve matters by pasting posters of all kinds over these openings, but the men knew very well where they were and soon they reappeared. These defacements to the hospital structure earned us bad marks at the hands of the American Legion when they came on trips of inspection to General Hospital No. 41. They also declared our floors "not clean" because, according to regulations, they had been given a coat of black oil. Legion could not resist giving us another bad mark on the score of dirty windows. When one considers that the hospital boasted more than 4,000 windows of 12 panes each, both sides of which and the corners had to be very clean in order to look presentable, and which the first shower of rain would soil, the magnitude of the task of keeping up the appearance of such an institution can be easily realized. Patients were very reluctant to lend a hand in the work of washing windows or cleaning of any kind, and the number of enlisted men of the Medical Corps stationed at Fox Hills sufficed only for the work required of orderlies.



COLONEL JOSEPH H. FORD, MEDICAL CORPS, UNITED STATES ARMY.

Commander of General Hospital Number 41, Fox Hills, New York.



TWO OF THE AMBULANCE DRIVERS, Of the New York Motor Corps, A.R.C.

The annual garden-party given in the late spring by the Commanding General stationed at Governor's Island is an occasion which society in New York looks forward to as one of the social fixtures of the year.

In 1920 the garden-party was held on an ideal day for such an entertainment; a day in early June, radiant with warm sunshine and fanned by a soft North wind. The beautiful lawns of the post were thronged with officers in smart olive-crab uniforms and women in handsome summer gowns. Lieutenant-General Robert Lee Bullard and his daughter, the host and hostess of the occasion, had included among their guests a large group of patients from the Army hospital at Fox Hills, and sharply at one o'clock, about seventy-five patients, Reconstruction Aides, and two members of the Red Cross staff left the hospital in ambulances provided and driven by members of the Red Cross Motor Corps. The men came chiefly from the convalescent wards. The ambulances in which we rode took us by ferry-boat to New York, where they boarded the private ferry-boat plying every half-hour between Manhattan and Governor's Island.

The garden-party took place on the parade ground near the officer's quarters. Shortly before two o'clock it was already encircled by interested spectators, many of whom had found seats on benches and camp chairs. However, our party from Fox Hills had been assigned to places on a flag-draped reviewing stand, among other expecially honored guests and Miss Emma Frohman was with Army friends in an adjoining box. Most of the Reconstruction Aides, thinking only of the mid-day temperature, had come dressed only in their blue and white linen uniforms, though a few of them had had the foresight to take along their Oxford gray capes, the collars of which were laced with distinctive purple and white braid. For some reason a number of patients had not quite understood the nature of the entertainment to which they were invited and as the day was warm they came in their clive-drab woolen shirts. Those of our party who had come in this fashion were distinctly taken back by the fashionable tone of the gathering, and one man comforted himself with the reflection that he was glad he had at least shaved!

A varied program for the entertainment of the guests had been arranged that afternoon. There was an interesting program of athletic events, the most thrilling of which were some fencing matches and prize fights, as well as a polo game, and some very fine choral singing. Throughout the afternoon a huge Navy dirigible baloon, the C-10, hovered over the field, together with a number of aeroplanes in battle formation, one of which looped the loop twice in succession, as well as performing several other difficult feats. An officer at this Post, Colonel C. B. Humphrey, showed much interest in the group of convalescents to whom he pointed out interesting features of old Fort Jay.

The pleasant hours passed all too quickly. So absorbed were we all in the different events which followed in rapid succession that few of us noticed the sun's dis appearance behind a great mass of thunder-clouds, toward the end of afternoon. Patients and aides, feeling now rather chilly, were bundled again into the Red Cross ambulances and started for the boat to New York. It was, however, quite impossible to find room on the Army's little ferry-boat for the hundreds of guests who were all trying to reach New York at the same hour.

The party from Fox Hills, not knowing what else to do until the boat returned, put in their time encircling the Island; they passed Castle William, where the conscientious objector, Bergdoll, was just then in durance vile; passed the endless corrigated iron warehouses, which lined the water's edge; the parade ground and the officers' quarters, and finally the chapel and the Administration Buildings, before reaching the ferry once more. There were many little brushes along the way between rival ambulances, each group of patients cheering on their driver with: "Don't let her pass you Captain, (or Lieutenant, as the case might be), step on the gas!" Gheers went up from the passengers of the fastest ambulances, groans from those in the cars that had been out-distanced, altogether it was a boisterous and perhaps undignified journey around the Headquarters of the Second Corps Area, but it was none the less delightful and entertaining.



PATIENTS AND RECONSTRUCTION AIDES,
Who were guests at the Governor's Island Garden Party in 1920.





LIEUTENANT GENERAL ROBERT LEE BULLARD,

Commanding Officer of the Second Corps Area, conversing with a fencer at the Garden Party, given at Governor's Island.



GARDEN PARTY GUESTS FROM UNITED STATES ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL NUMBER 41.

When we finally reached New York the same sort of rivalry continued between the different cars all the way up Lafayette Street. Our driver regretted that she was not driving her favorite ambulance, and assured us that ordinarily she could easily have passed all the other cars.

At six-thirty the whole party reached the Hotel Commodore where they had been invited to attend a dinner given for them by a gentleman and his wife. Our patients and the "Bluebirds" were even more distressed in town at the informality of their appearance than they had been at General Bullard's wonderful

garden-party.

It had become the custom at the hospital to celebrate Independence Day with a circus; the performers gladly volunteered their services for these occassions which were looked forward to for weeks by all the patients. The circus people brought along a wonderful equipment of tents, some of them decorated with different colored stripes and little flags and they gave an unusually fine program in honor of the veterans. Nothing was lacking, bareback riders on their fat white horses, a number of amusing clowns, freaks, side shows, snake-charmers, a band, - everything that goes to make up a wonderful circus, - and last but not least, peanuts, pop-corn and pink lemonade.

The afternoon's program began with a Grand March, in which the artists appeared; following these came all of our patients who were able to walk, and after them a detachment of convalescents in wheel-chairs, each chair in the line of march or its occupant being gaily camouflaged in one way or another. The ingenuity shown by our boys was striking, but the most admired vehicles were the wheel-chairs transformed to look like aeroplanes. Captain Arthur Edmonds' chair was one of these, and he told us afterward that though he had enjoyed himself enormously at this celebration he had not realized the extent of his own weakness. The noise, the heat and the excitement of it all tired him dreadfully, and it took him at least two weeks to recover; but it almost seemed worth while for he had a marvelous time. Private Hoy, from Ward 8, was another aeroplane enthusiast, his only disguise being a small charcoal mustache that made him look very rakish. Privates Peterson and Duffy were wheeled in the procession by two of the aides. They had gotten themselves up regardless, and only their best friends recognized them in feminine garments. Private Duffy wore a long graceful gown and a wide picture hat, trimmed with a drooping plume; Private Peterson's costume was that of a Turkish lady, even to the striped bag-trousers, thin faceveil, and a turban topped with an aigrette. They could not, however, resist making a funny contrast between their delicate costumes and the heavy marching shoes used by soldiers over-seas. Our patients, wearing a great variety of amusing costumes, filed by the Commanding Officer, Colonel Ford, and a large number of guests, especially invited for the afternoon as well as scores of admiring relatives and friends of the patients. The day was fair and like most Fourths of July, it was broiling hot, but that only seemed to add to every one's gaiety and diminish the supply of pink lemonade.

Lieutenant Pat Shea and his famous automobile were not the least admired among that throng of merry-makers. The car had won a distinction all its own because of its exploits, and that day it carried as guest of honor Miss Emma Frohman, who sat on the front seat beside the driver. She was known to every one at the hospital where she was immensely popular and her appearance was greeted by much cheering and applause.

After the circus performance a number of athletic events took place. There were field-sports for patients and men of the Medical Corps; a basket-ball game for the nurses and reconstruction aides; and a crutch-race for patients, as the men gaily turned their infirmities to account and ran off an exceedingly funny race. The victory of one man who ended first by carrying his crutches in his hands was contested by the other men, who had stuck to the conditions of this race.

An all day excursion up the Hudson River on board one of the municipal steamboats was given on August 11th. Every patient able to leave the hospital was invited as well as the entire staff of medical and Red Cross officers, nurses, reconstruction aides and corps-men. It was one of two arranged through the kindness of Miss Frohman. She obtained for us the use of the New York City steamboat, the "Correction," somewhat after this manner. Miss Frohman and Commissioner Grover A. Shalen, of the Department of Plant and Structure, happened to meet that summer on a ferry boat. As they stood talking together a large excursion boat filled with gay young people passed near by.

"How I wish I could arrange something like that for some of my buddies at

Fox Hills!" she exclaimed without thinking.



ONE OF THE BOAT-EXCURSIONS,

Arranged for everyone connected with the Fox Hills Hospital, August, 1920.





MUSIC AND REFRESHMENTS ON THE BOAT-EXCURSION.



"When would you like to have the boat, Miss Frohman?" asked her companion. The unexpectedness of his question found her unprepared. She had not dreamed of anyone making such an offer.

However, a week or two later Mr. Whalen, who had gotten in touch with the

Mayor's Committee of Women, put the steamboat at her disposal.

The morning of the trip dawned brightly and every one at the hospital was in holiday mood. It was the first affair of the kind which they had enjoyed and it appealed to them strongly. At about half-past ten the invalids and the staff from the hospital gathered at the boat-landing at Quarantine where Miss Frohman had arranged to have the boat stop, because it was more convenient for the large number of wounded, since this dock was only about two miles from Fox Hills. The boat itself was gaily decorated from stem to stern with fluttering little pennants.

Hardly had we all left the pier when the women of the Mayor's Committee began circulating among our patients, carrying trays filled with cigarettes, bananas, and crullers, not to mention candy by the pail. Our boat stopped near the Battery to take aboard His Honor, the Mayor of New York and Commissioner Whalen, through whose kind offices this party was made possible. Mr. John F. Hylan was accompanied by his body-guard, a short little man in a grey business suit, who remained always ostentatiously beside him. Our patients were generous in their cheers of the city's chief executive, and he went about among them dispensing orangeade and other nice things. Of course, the presence of the Mayor on such a picturesque occasion was followed by the inevitable flock of moving-picture men, who photographed him with groups of our convalescents in many poses. His stay on the ship was necessarily short, for the Mayor of New York is a very busy man, but he seemed to enjoy his visit and when he left it was with mutual regret. The soldiers were disappointed that he was not going with them all the way.

As soon as he had left, the boat resumed her journey up the river and luncheon was served. Sandwiches of all kinds appeared, also hard-boiled eggs, potato-chips, milk, coffee, and lemonade. The collation finished with ice-cream and cakes.

The boat made her way slowly up the Hudson as far as Yonkers where we saw the German cruiser, "Ost-Friesland," manned by American sailors, at anchor in the river. This ship was the more interesting to all our soldiers because it had been captured from the enemy during the War. At four o'clock, when we turned homeward, more ice-cream and more cakes appeared to take the place of afternoon tea; and the indefatigable Mayor's Committee of Women, many of them in canteen dresses, served a supper before the men finally landed once more at Quarantine that evening. was a never to be forgotten occasion.

A large group of wounded men from the officers' ward were among the patients, though the majority of them were privates and non-commissioned officers. There was a good deal of dancing on board, some of the music being furnished by our patients who had brought along a number of small musical instruments, but principally by a fine brass band, the members of which allowed themselves but little rest.

Another party of this sort which Miss Frohman organized was quite as successful and was arranged on much the same lines a few weeks later.

The first week in September, Colonel Joseph H. Ford, M.C., United States Army, left Fox Hills with Mrs. Ford on a three months leave of absence. His connection with the hospital had lasted for almost a year, and the many problems in-volved in administering this huge organization had left him very tired and much in need of change. Before he left the hospital, however, a beautiful farewell reception and dance was given in his honor in the Red Cross Recreation House. It was attended by all those connected with the institution, who greatly regretted the departure of this splendid officer.

On October 14th all the welfare workers who had been connected with the Fox Hills hospital during its operation by the Government assembled in the Nurses' Red Cross House previous to the hospital's passing into the hands of the United States Public Health Service. Lieutenant-Colonel Snyder, M.C., United States Army, presented each one of us with oxidized silver crosses as souvenirs of our war-service at this Post. The crosses, marked "United States Army General Hospital No. 41", bore the medical caduceus, emblematical of Army medical work, and were suspended from a marcon ribbon also identified with this branch of the service, on which were fastened little silver chevrons according to the time which each worker had served. For nearly all of us it was the last visit to Fox Hills, and we were



CELEBRATING THE FOURTH OF JULY AT FOX HILLS.

Visitors, Members of the Hospital Staff, and Patients watching the games.

(Photographs by Miss Nell Walker, R.A.)



A RACE ON CRUTCHES.



PRIVATE HOY OF WARD 8,
His wheel-chair camouflaged to resemble an aeroplane.

(Photographed by Miss Nell Walker, R.A.)

regretful to break the ties of our pleasant association together. However, all the patients in condition to be discharged had gone, others in bad physical shape had been transferred to Walter Reed General Hospital in Washington, and other special hospitals. With the coming of the Public Health work conditions at the hospital were to be quite different, and the need for a Red Gross organization along the lines perfected during the War, was no longer required. For the last time we all crowded into the perilous old omnibuses bound for Fort George and boarded the ferry-boat bound for New York.

To each of us the opportunities of all kinds of service had been overwhelming and inspiring. None of us would ever forget the patient, plucky way in which our soldiers had fought to regain the health they had sacrificed in defence of their country, nor the considerate way in which they tried to help these in

worse plight than themselves.

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PLAN OF GENERAL HOSPITAL NO. 41, Fox Hills, Staten Island, New York. Museus'
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CONCLUSION.

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In conclusion, it gives me pleasure to offer this tribute to the men with whom I was associated during the three years spent as an American Red Cross worker in United States Army Hospitals - Camp Upton Base Hospital on Long Island, Debarkation Hospital Number 5, New York City, and General Hospital Number 41, at Fox Hills, New York. The patients that I personally met must have numbered not less than nineteen thousand. They were suffering from all manner of diseases and from wounds of every type, yet I never heard one word spoken by them that could be objected to as immodest or profane. The truly gentlemanly qualities of our soldiers and of American manhood generally as reflected by them was a constant source of astonishment, admiration and pride not only to myself but to all my co-workers.

E. W. D.

